



# CREEPY STORIES

Don't Go in the Basement: Inside the  
Most Haunted Houses in Existence



Roger P. Mills

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# **Table of Contents**

Introduction

Chapter 1:

*Amy Archer's Murder Factory*

Chapter 2:

*Violence and Heartbreak in Malahide Castle*

Chapter 3:

*House for the Dead*

Chapter 4:

*The Lost and Angry Ghosts of Föhlingen*

Chapter 5:

*The Spirits of South Vermont College*

Chapter 6:

*The Monstrous Henri Landru*

Chapter 7:

*The Cursed House of Venice*

Chapter 8:

*St. Paul's Most Haunted House*

Chapter 9:

*America's Ancient Ghosts*

Chapter 10:

*Red Mary's Bloodlust*

Conclusion

# **Introduction**

There are plenty of people in the world who will live their lives without ever stepping foot in a real haunted house. These fortunate souls can contentedly spend their days without worrying about a malevolent spirit disturbing their sleep. However, not everyone is so lucky...

This book covers houses in Ireland, Germany, Italy, and America. They are each their own unique brand of terrifying. In these homes, people have lived, died, and been reincarnated. Their walls have trapped their former occupants, and condemned them to roam its lonely halls for eternity.

Before you read any further, you should know that these homes were sites of truly demented deeds. The things that go bump in the night are rarely pleasant. You will find no solace or happy endings here...

This book will take you into the lives of those who experienced these houses first hand. These people lived through, and in some cases instigated, unspeakable horrors all within the safety of their own homes.

If you're ready to be terrified and to have nightmares tonight, it's time to begin 'Creepy Stories'...



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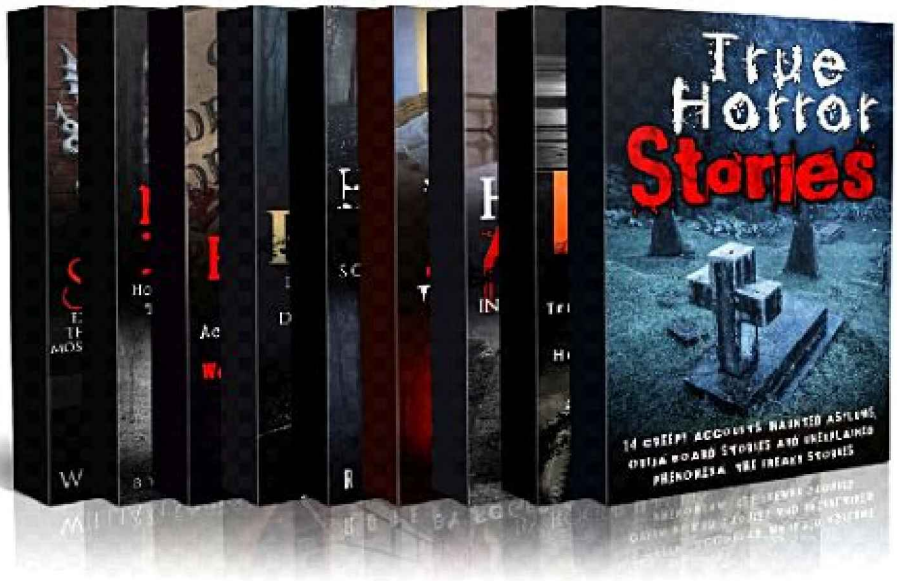
## **Roger P. Mills**

Roger is a non-fiction author that enjoys writing about our worlds conspiracy theories, true paranormal stories and ghost stories. Over the years it has always staggered him as to how many unexplained mysteries there are in history.

A small town in Romania is where Roger likes to call home with his wife and dog. Here he finds the inspiration to write and explore all the unusual happenings of our world.

If you're into unexplained phenomena, the paranormal and conspiracies that have happened in the past and continue to happen, then be sure to check out his books.

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# **Chapter 1:**

## **Amy Archer's Murder Factory**

A small bell above the door jingled as a woman stepped inside the local store. “What’ll it be today, Ms. Archer?” the shopkeeper asked.

“Just some arsenic please, the largest container of it you have will do.” the woman responded.

The shopkeeper turned his back to his customer and as he retrieved the inventory, he called out, “Still having trouble with rats?”

As the woman spoke, her voice was clear and firm, “Like you wouldn’t believe. They are everywhere and no matter how much poison I put down, they keep coming back. Soon enough they’re going to put me out of business and then all I’ll have is a large, rat infested home. I’m hoping this will finally do the trick.”

“Well this is the strongest stuff I’ve got and if it’s not enough, you can always come back for more.” The shopkeeper smiled warmly at Ms. Archer as he placed the sizable box of arsenic on the counter. She opened her purse and rummaged around for the correct change. The purchase complete, the shopkeeper watched Ms. Archer as she walked to the door.

He wondered at the seriousness of her rat problem. For months on end she had been coming to his shop and buying enough arsenic to kill hundreds if not thousands of rats. “Hmm,” he said to himself, “must not be any ordinary rats.” The bell tinkled once more, signaling that another customer required his assistance. Instantly, all thoughts of Ms. Archer and her rats left his mind...

Death is a natural part of life. It’s inevitable that you and everyone you know will one day be buried six feet underground. The end of one’s life is meant to be a peaceful experience. Freed from the constraints and

demands of a nine to five job, many people use their final years of life to explore their hobbies and passions that they didn't have time to do when they were younger.

For those without family members able to look after them, they are often sent to a home where they can be looked after by someone twenty-four hours a day.

In 1901, Amy Archer along with her husband and daughter moved into John Seymour's home. John Seymour was an elderly man who was a widower and needed someone to look after him and his house. The small Archer family and John Seymour lived together peacefully for three years until John passed away from old age.

John had left his house to his remaining living heirs who decided that they would let the Archers continue to live in the home and care for local senior citizens. For three years, the Archers learned the ins and outs of running a home for the elderly. They learned how to ensure that their clients enjoyed their final years on earth. Eventually, the Seymour family decided they didn't want to keep the home and opted to sell it.

The Archers' next move was to buy a house of their own where they could operate the 'Archer Home for the Elderly and Infirm'. Amy and her husband, James, ran the home together until he died in 1910 from Bright's disease. Before his death, Amy had taken out an insurance policy on James which gave her enough money to keep the home open after his death.

By this time, Amy had become a well-known and respected member of the local community. She was active in the church and even donated a stained-glass window. People knew that when their relatives got older, they would be well taken care of by Amy Archer. However, a room in the Archer house came at a high price. The client could either pay a large lump sum or, if they didn't have money offhand, they could pay on a week to week basis. Either way, the Archers were guaranteed to have financial security.

Three years after James's death, Amy remarried a man named

Michael Gilligan. Michael, like Amy, had been married once before and already had four children of his own. Amy and Michael crossed paths as he was a wealthy man who was considering investing in the Archer Home. He had taken notice of how well liked and respected Amy was and saw potential to expand his fortune.

The couple only had three short months together before Michael died from what the coroner's report called "severe indigestion". Fortunately for Amy, her second late husband had left the entirety of his estate which was enough money to ensure that Amy would have everything she needed, and then some, for the foreseeable future.

Despite the sudden death of Michael, things ran smoothly for Amy in the Archer Home for the Elderly. She always had people seeking her services and never faced financial peril. Her clients were generally amenable and their family members who knew Amy, found her more than competent to care for their loved one.

As with any home designed for people to spend the final years of their life, Amy had to deal with her fair share of death. Between 1907 and 1910 when James died, twelve people had died under Amy's care. These deaths were often written off as being the result of old age or the immune system finally shutting down. Nobody thought too much of this rather high number and though the families mourned the loss of their relative, they never questioned that Amy Archer had done everything she could to look after them.

That is until one late spring morning in 1914...

Franklin R. Andrews was one of the younger and more active tenants of the Archer Home. He was sixty-two years old, but still retained all the vigor and energy he possessed in his younger years. He was far from an invalid and spent as much time outside as he could. On the morning of May 29th, Franklin woke up to soft sunlight streaming in through the thin curtains in his room. It warmed his face and he hurriedly got dressed.

Franklin stepped outside and took a deep breath of the fresh spring air. It was a perfect day. To the casual observer, Franklin was the picture

of happiness. His eyes glittered as they danced amongst the garden's bright flowers. He would periodically kneel to remove a pesky weed and to make sure that each plant was getting the sunlight and water that it needed to flourish. Just by looking at him, on that bright spring day, no one would have suspected that Franklin R. Andrews would be dead before the next day's dinner...

Seemingly out of the blue, Franklin fell fatally ill and though Franklin didn't know it, this would be the last morning he would ever have with his beloved flowers. His otherwise healthy disposition rapidly deteriorated and left his family wondering what could have possibly killed their relative that they all expected to live for many years to come.

As was customary when a resident of the Archer House passed away, Amy contacted the nearest living relatives who came to retrieve the deceased's belongings. In Franklin's case, his siblings were the ones who showed up to clear out his room so that Amy could open it up for another client.

The shock of their dear brother's death had shaken the Andrews family to its core. No matter how many times they tried to understand what happened to Franklin, they were left feeling as though they were part of a particularly bad dream. They hoped they would wake up and their brother would be there, same as always, and they would all sit in the garden and laugh about how much a dream had scared them.

Unfortunately for the Andrews, things weren't going to get better. In fact, they were about to get much worse...

Upon searching through their brother's things, Franklin's siblings stumbled upon a series of letters that had been written between himself and Amy Archer. In the letters, Amy tried to manipulate a large sum of money from Franklin. Franklin's sister, Nellie, was particularly unsettled by the letter and found it extremely odd that the woman they had entrusted to care for their brother wanted him to give her more money for no logical reason.

Nellie took the letter to the district attorney's office where she



implored him to open an investigation into the Archer Home. Almost immediately, Nellie was written off as a hysterical woman, unable to properly grieve her brother's death. However, Nellie was not to be so easily discouraged. She knew that in the relatively short time period that the Archer Home had been open, it had a rather high mortality rate.

Every bone in Nellie's body was telling her that something wasn't right about how her brother had died and that Amy Archer had something to do with his death. She refused to simply let it go and thought that if the law wouldn't listen, then maybe the press would.

The local newspaper was enthralled by Nellie's tale. They couldn't be positive that the story was true, but it would certainly sell. The very next morning, the paper ran the story with the headline 'Murder Factory'.

In the article, it detailed how Amy Archer had manipulated old and infirm individuals to give her their money and once she had gotten every penny out of them that she could, she killed them. The sensational nature of the article forced the police to open an investigation into what was happening in Amy Archer's home.

They combed through patient records and tracked down the families of those who had died under Amy's care. Local shop owners came forward and claimed that Amy had frequently bought large amounts of arsenic which she said she used to get rid of the large number of rats in her house. The police had amassed a considerable amount of evidence against Amy Archer. However, the final nail in Amy's coffin came from her victims.

The bodies of Michael Gilligan, Franklin Andrews and three other people who had died in the Archer Home were exhumed. The police had the rotting, decayed bodies tested for traces of arsenic. Significant amounts of arsenic were found in all the bodies, so much that it was determined they had all died from arsenic poisoning.

For her crimes, Amy spent many years in prison before being declared mentally insane and was transferred to a mental facility where she would spend her final days on earth.

Despite the horrors and the evil that occurred in the Archer Home for the Elderly and Infirm, the building is still standing. It remains unknown exactly how many of her clients Amy Archer murdered in cold blood.

The site of Amy's horrific crimes has since been converted into an apartment building, but many locals believe that the evil energy of Amy Archer lingers on...

## **Chapter 2:**

### **Violence and Heartbreak in Malahide Castle**

The wind howled through Malahide Castle's grounds, picking up freshly fallen snow and making it twirl in a dizzying dance. A small man, only about four feet tall, held his head down against the bitter cold and scurried across the grounds. The cold was the last thing on his mind.

In his normal state of mind, the wind would have cut him to the bone. He wouldn't have even thought about stepping outside. But things were changing at Malahide and he craved the extreme chill, hoping it would help clear his mind. He needed to get his thoughts in order before he spoke to the Talbots. As his employer and the owners of Malahide Castle, his fate ultimately rested in their hands.

"All right, focus!" he muttered to himself. He searched the recesses of his brain for the first moment he saw her. He'd been sitting in his room at the top of the tower when he saw the caravan arrive. King Henry VIII had captured a dangerous woman trying to encourage the Irish to rebel against the crown. As loyal and trusted subjects to the king in Ireland, he had the prisoner sent to the Talbots' home, Malahide Castle.

From his room, he couldn't quite make out any distinctive features but something about her immediately charmed him. She exuded grace and power and couldn't have been more different from the prisoners he usually encountered.

"Puck!" someone yelled through his closed door, bringing him to attention. "Come on out! We've got a new one for you!"

Known simply as Puck, the Malahide Castle jester was very good at his job. Whenever he was called, he always came right away. His small room in one of the castle's towers was kept impeccably clean and he

never caused any trouble with the other people working in the castle. If he wasn't expected to perform for the castle's occupants, he could almost always be found contentedly spending time by himself.

He scrambled across the room and reported to the man in charge of moving the prisoners. This part of the tower was particularly gloomy. Small cells lined the walls and there was very little natural light that filtered in.

The shadows from the fire flickered across the guard's face. "This is Lady Fitzgerald," the guard said and motioned to a figure behind him. Someone pushed her forward into the light. "The Talbots have asked me to tell you that you are to keep a close eye on her. If she gets out she is a dangerous threat to the crown."

"Yes sir." Puck responded.

The men who brought Lady Fitzgerald pushed her into an empty cell and Puck locked the door...

A strong burst of wind nearly pushed Puck over into the snow and instantly brought him back to the present. He was wearing his jester's costume which offered very little warmth on such a cold winter night. 'That was the beginning,' he thought to himself, 'or at least that was the beginning as I remembered it.' The following days and weeks were a blur. Every day he would report to the Talbots to be assigned his tasks for the day and everyday he was sent back to the tower to watch the mysterious female prisoner.

Puck tried to remember who had spoken first. Every moment he had spent with her felt like a hazy dream and he struggled to cobble together bits of coherent memory. At any moment, the Talbots would wish to speak with him about what had happened but how could Puck speak truthfully if even *he* wasn't sure what had happened.

He remembered that he started to think that Lady Fitzgerald couldn't be as dangerous as the king thought. He found her to be truly delightful. She was warm and kind and even though she was a prisoner, Puck

enjoyed the hours he spent guarding her. But just because he thought she wasn't a hardened criminal didn't mean he was in love with her. Did it?

Puck shook his head and tried to rattle the idea out of his brain. He wasn't stupid. He'd noticed when the other guards began to talk about how he was the most watchful guard they'd ever seen. He couldn't help it that he took his job seriously and wanted to serve the Talbot family in any way he could.

He wasn't sure when silly gossip gave way to vicious rumors that he had developed feelings for an enemy of the state. Regardless, the Talbots knew and rumors could get you killed.

Something moved in the corner of Puck's eye. He paused and looked all around him. The castle was dead quiet and all he could hear was the sound of the raging wind. He shivered and continued his walk.

Suddenly, someone ran up behind Puck and held him tightly to their chest. A gruff voice whispered in his ear, "Puck, you must die."

"If I must die, let it be known that I will haunt this castle and everyone in it." With that, the man stabbed Puck and left his body in the cold.

To this day, Puck has kept his promise. In the 19th century, a member of the navy was invited to Malahide for a dinner party. As the soldier approached the castle, a very short man in a jester's costume stopped him from going any further.

The small man began to pester the soldier. The soldier grew angry that this man thought he could speak to him in such a disrespectful way. He lunged at the jester, but at the moment when his hand should've hit the jester it was instead met with empty air...

Even modern day visitors to Malahide have spotted Puck. He rarely appears in a full body apparition as he did to the soldier but he is often seen lurking in the background of photographs.

Though Puck is one of the more active spirits of Malahide Castle, he

is certainly not the only one. There is another spirit with a broken heart who continues to haunt Malahide's lonely halls.

Walter Hussey was a young soldier who was briefly stationed in Malahide village. During his time there, Walter fell in love with a beautiful local girl. His family was overjoyed that he had finally found someone he wanted to marry.

As Walter couldn't leave Malahide, his father petitioned the Talbots to let him get married in their castle. Since Walter and his father were both lords, the Talbots readily agreed. As Walter prepared for his wedding, some enemy soldiers ambushed him and struck him dead. Today, it seems as though the ghost of Walter Hussey has never recovered from being murdered on his wedding day. His spirit has been spotted in Malahide castle with the horrific wounds that would be his undoing.

A former Chief Justice and his wife Maud Plunkett have also been seen in Malahide. The Chief Justice was Maud's third husband and many believe that Maud was a rather possessive wife. She was known to fall into fits of jealous rage that would end with her chasing her husband through Malahide. When they are spotted, the Chief Justice and Maud are seen engaging in a major argument that concludes with the Chief Justice running away.

The most startling spirit of Malahide is a man named Miles Corbet. When Cromwell's force took over Great Britain, any families in Ireland who had been given castles by the king were evicted and Cromwell placed one of his followers in them instead. To show his appreciation for Corbet's loyalty, Cromwell gave him Malahide Castle.

From the very beginning, Miles was not well liked by the locals. He was firmly against Catholicism and went so far as to stage an attack on Malahide's Abbey. The locals, whose families had lived in the area for centuries, were furious that this man showed a complete lack of respect for their religion. He was absolutely despised by the locals.

When Cromwell lost power and the monarchy was restored, those

who had been loyal to Cromwell and advocated that King Charles I should be killed, were subject to punishment. Though he tried to escape by fleeing Ireland, he was eventually captured and returned to Malahide. Here Corbet met his fate.

For the crime of high treason, Miles Corbet was hanged, drawn, and quartered. At the time of his death, Miles Corbet was practically unrecognizable. Today, Corbet has a reputation for being one of the most disturbing spirits in Malahide. His brutal behavior when he was alive and his gruesome death have made his spirit restless...

Whenever he is spotted, he pauses for a moment and looks at whichever unfortunate soul has stumbled across his path. His cool gaze takes in the person who stands before him, but before there is a chance to scream, his ghostly form is violently ripped apart and scatters on the floor.

For crossing a king, Miles Corbet has been condemned to spend eternity repeating his horrific execution...

## **Chapter 3:**

### **House for the Dead**

It was a clear night. The moon and stars illuminated the slick black surface of the road. An old car tumbled through the night, overpowering the melodic hum of the crickets. Inside the car, two men sat in peaceful silence, each fully engrossed in his own thoughts. For at least an hour, neither of them had said a word as they drove through the Vermont night.

Suddenly, an odd sound yanked both of them out of their private reveries. The car let out a pathetic noise and slowly sputtered to a stop. The men looked at each other. “What now?” one of the men asked.

“Now we figure out what’s wrong, hope it’s not serious and that we can be on our way again within an hour.” The other replied as he opened his door and stepped out into the night air.

From the cool light given off by the stars, the man could make out the outline of a large house nestled just off the road. The house was completely dark and the man decided there was no reason waking the house’s occupants up if they could fix the car on their own. “Can you hand me the flashlight that’s in the trunk?” he asked.

The other man retrieved the light and left the trunk open. “All right, you hold the light and I’ll check under the hood to see what’s wrong.” As the two men struggled and assessed the damage, a warm glow suddenly illuminated the darkness. The two men turned to see where the light was coming from and saw that someone had turned a light on in the house.

“Well I don’t know about you,” said the man holding the light, “but it doesn’t seem like this plan is working out too well. Maybe we should see if whoever turned the light on can help us and if not, maybe they have a phone we can use.”



“Yeah, all right.” said the other man, as he wiped the grease off his hands on his blue jeans. The two men quickly cut across the home’s front yard. Neither of them would say, but they both felt as though something wasn’t quite right about the house and that it would be in their best interest to spend as little time here as possible...

One of the men raised his hand to knock on the great wooden door. His fist thudded against the dense wood as they waited for someone to come downstairs and answer the door. The seconds slipped by into minutes and still no one came to the door. The man who knocked stepped back away from the door and looked up at the window they had seen the light in. Where there was once a cheerful glow, a sign that the men weren’t completely alone had been replaced with complete and utter darkness.

“Huh,” the man muttered to himself, “They must’ve gone back to sleep.”

“What do you see?” his friend asked as he joined him in the yard, “Oh, that’s strange. Well, I suppose we’re on our own. We better get back to it so we don’t have to spend the night here.”

Side by side, the men rushed back to the car. They picked up where they left off and prayed that the car would be up and running sooner rather than later. As the men were finishing up fixing the car, they heard someone breathing heavily over their shoulders. “Hey man,” said the man working on the car, “do you think you could stop breathing so loud? It’s distracting.”

“That’s not me.” the other man replied, “I thought that was you.” They both decided to shrug it off and assume that the other had merely been playing a joke on them. Suddenly, they heard the car’s trunk being violently slammed shut.

“What the hell was that?”

“Damned if I know.”

The men wearily walked around to the back of the car. Someone, or

something, had closed the trunk that they had intentionally left open. As the men stood near the back of the car, all the car doors were flung open and yanked shut again. But before the men could even think, the same mysterious force slammed the hood of the car shut.

The two men looked at each other in disbelief.

“Let’s get the hell out of here.”

“Don’t have to tell me twice.”

The men climbed into the car and raced off into the night, eager to get as far away as possible from the mysterious house. For the rest of their drive, the men did everything they could to put the disturbing encounter out of their minds; but, no matter how hard they tried, it kept slipping back into their thoughts. Who had turned the light on? Why did they ignore the men when they knocked on the door? And most importantly, who or what was messing with the car doors?

It would be some time before the men got even close to the answer. Little did they know that the answer would torment them even more than the questions.

This is the story of the Bowman House...

When Ella Bowman fell ill, her parents immediately feared the worst. John and Jennie Bowman had already lost a daughter when she was still an infant and they were terrified at the prospect of losing another. In the nineteen years Ella had spent on earth, her father had grown especially fond of her. He was proud of her beauty and wit and thought her to be truly marvelous. Jennie also cared immensely for Ella, but John and Ella had a special bond just between the two of them.

As the days went by the sickness progressed, John and Jennie sat by Ella’s bedside and watched as all the signs of youthful vitality were drained from their daughter’s disposition. They were helpless as the doctors tried everything they could think of to cure Ella Bowman, but to no avail. When the fateful day came finally came, John and Jennie were utterly devastated.

All the pain they had felt with their firstborn resurfaced and was magnified tenfold. It weighed dark and heavy on their minds, possessed their every thought, and initiated a painful period of profound grief. In the end, the pain of losing both her children was too much for Jennie and she passed away within a year...

Suddenly, John found himself completely and utterly alone. When Jennie was alive, there was someone to share his grief with but now the three people that meant more to him than anything else in the world were taken from him. As John fell deeper and deeper into his grief, he looked for anything that would alleviate the pain.

His immediate solution was to create a place where he could visit his family while also honoring their memory. Thus, John commissioned an extravagant mausoleum be built in his family's honor. The mausoleum included a life-sized statue of John walking into the tomb with a wreath, a life-sized statue of what his first daughter would have looked like, and busts of Ella and Jennie.

Once finished, all three bodies were moved from their original resting place to the mausoleum. However, the gloriousness of the mausoleum did little to soothe his grief. He then poured over countless books, seeking ways to heal the heavy pain that had descended upon his soul.

It was during a particularly frantic study of books that John came across the theory of reincarnation. At the time, the occult had gained mainstream popularity. Séances and ghosts were no longer confined to the fringes of society and instead became ideas embraced by the middle and upper class. The more John read about the occult and reincarnation, the more he was convinced that one day he, his wife, and two daughters would be reunited.

He threw himself into designing a home where he, Jennie, Ella, and their eldest daughter would be able spend eternity. Just as no expense was spared on the elaborate mausoleum, everything in the home was of the finest and highest quality.

John was able to spend the last ten years of his life in the beautiful home and even though he knew that his time on earth was ending, he believed that he would be back soon enough.

Just before he died, John had a fund set aside that was to only be used to maintain the house and keep it in the exact shape he left it in. A caretaker was hired who would make sure all the rooms were kept clean, the clocks were properly wound, there was a fire in the fireplace, and that the table always be set for dinner in case the Bowmans wanted to have a meal together.

Eventually, the money ran out and the house could no longer be maintained to John's specifications. Many people familiar with the Bowman house believe that most of the house's strange occurrences began when the Bowman's furniture was sold and the house was opened for people to rent for the summer months.

One summer, William Snow was charmed by the grand old home and decided it was the perfect place to spend the summer with his wife and daughter. The Snow family was immediately enchanted by the house. Even though it no longer looked as it did when John owned it, the care and love he put into the house was still apparent. Unfortunately, as soon as the sun went down the Snow family was less than pleased with their accommodations...

Mrs. Snow would periodically wake up in the middle of the night to see the ghostly figure of Mrs. Bowman standing at the foot of her bed. As soon as she would open her mouth to scream, Mrs. Bowman would vanish into thin air. Mildred, William's daughter, got about as much sleep as her mother did. All night long strange, terrifying sounds would reverberate around her room, making it impossible for her to get a full night's sleep.

What's more is that Mrs. Snow and Mildred would often hear the distinct sounds of a baby crying. A baby never lived in the Bowman house, but could it be that John and Jennie's first daughter was finally reunited with her family?

To this day, the Bowman house and mausoleum remains a spot of intrigue. People often see candles flickering in upstairs windows and vague shadowy figures move behind the thin curtains. Occasionally, the police have been called to the house as neighbors thought someone had broken in. Every time the police showed up to investigate, there was never any trace that anyone had been inside.

In recent years, it has been turned into a bookstore that specializes in texts on, ironically, haunted houses, and a museum. The home's current owners take great care to make sure that they and any visitors to the house are off the property by nightfall.

Every evening, as soon as the home's living owners lock the front doors, the Bowman family returns to their beautiful home...

## **Chapter 4:**

### **The Lost and Angry Ghosts of Fühlingen**

When Eduard von Oppenheim commissioned the construction of a lavish mansion and stables with the intention of opening a riding school outside the German village of Fühlingen, he couldn't have predicted the horror and sorrow that would occur in his beautiful home.

Unfortunately, Eduard didn't have much time in his magnificent home as the land wasn't suitable for horses. This left an extensive compound completely abandoned.

During World War II, the Nazis ended up taking over the grounds and used it as a place to contain forced laborers. One of the young men who was a laborer on the property fell in love with one of the local girls in the village. Though the boy had never interacted with the girl as laborers were not allowed to talk to other people, the girl's father soon caught onto the boy's feelings.

The man was furious that a laborer had dared to fall in love with his daughter and vowed to do everything in his power to keep him far away from his beloved daughter. He decided to tell the Gestapo about his suspicions and let them handle it as they saw fit. The Gestapo were quick and brutal with their punishment of the boy. He was denied the ability to defend himself and was deemed guilty as soon as the Gestapo spoke with the girl's father.

The young man was separated from the rest of the laborers and hanged as an example of what happened when a laborer forgot the strict rules imposed upon him.

Today, the lonely figure of the young man remains on the property where he was killed. Some believe that he is looking for the girl he loved

while others think he wants to take revenge on the men who executed him.

After the war, a powerful Nazi judge moved into the mansion. There was a massive movement to find and capture anyone who had played a key role in making the Nazi party as powerful as it was. The judge knew that if he was caught, he would surely be tried for war crimes and most likely executed.

The judge decided to discreetly buy and move into the old home under a false name. The house was isolated and he assumed that if he kept to himself, the villagers would never suspect him of being a Nazi official. However, word soon got out that the man living in the old labor camp was once a Nazi. The villagers were furious that a Nazi had tried to hide amongst them and were intent on turning him over to the proper authorities.

When the judge heard the news that his identity had been uncovered, he panicked. There was no doubt in his mind that he would be convicted for what he did during the war and he didn't want to surrender to the enemy. A small part of him may have even hoped that one day the Nazi party would rise again and he would help them regain control of Germany.

The judge raced to the second floor where he hanged himself from the rafters. Ever since then, a full body apparition of the judge hanging from the ceiling has been spotted and in the exact spot where he died, people are overcome with the pungent odor of decay...

Since the Nazi judge's suicide, the house has been left to decay. Nature has begun reclaiming the structure and it seems unlikely that someone will have the time and the effort to restore the home. This has made it a popular destination for teenagers looking for a cheap thrill.

However, with the spirit of the heartbroken young man killed in the prime of his life and the ghost of a vengeful Nazi judge, many of these uninvited visitors get more than what they bargained for...

## **Chapter 5:**

### **The Spirits of South Vermont College**

It was an exceptionally dark night. A South Vermont College security guard pulled up to the large building he oversaw for the next twelve hours. Before stepping through the great door, the guard paused a moment to make sure his uniform was in order. When everything met his standards, he stepped through the door and into a dimly lit hall.

“How you doing tonight, pal?” a man behind a desk asks the guard.

“I’m doing alright, how about yourself?” the security guard responds. “Anything I should know about before I take over?” He always enjoyed this small formality of his evenings. Sometimes the guard he was relieving would have a wild story about a kid getting too far in over his head and the two of them would share a look of camaraderie, thankful that they were both well past that age.

“Nope, it’s been quiet as all get out. Must be that time of year when no one has time to party and everyone holes up and studies.” The security guard chuckled as the guard behind the desk grabbed his things and began to head out for the night.

“Well, have a good night.” The man said, before stepping across the threshold and into the darkness. The security guard gave his coworker a curt nod before settling in for the night.

The night shift could easily go one of two ways. Either it would be dead quiet and as the hours drifted by, the guard would struggle to keep his eyes open. Or, one of the students would do something incredibly stupid and he’d have to help the student while also placating the inevitable crowd of onlookers.

He hoped tonight would be quiet, giving him a chance catch up on



the book he'd been reading. As he opened his book, he heard the soft click of a door being closed. He decided not to think too much of it. If it was a student, he didn't care as long as they didn't cause a riot. Furthermore, the building was drafty and a breeze could have easily shut one of the doors.

As the hours slowly crept by, the security guard felt his eyes get heavier and his mind wander. It was at that point in the evening when staying awake felt nearly impossible.

Abruptly, the guard leapt out of his chair and shook his arms. He brought his hands to his face and hit his cheeks a few times before taking a deep breath. That usually did the trick and kept awake for at least another half hour.

The guard checked his watch and sighed when he realized how long it was before he could go home to his warm and cozy bed. Just as the guard was settling back into his chair, he heard something odd emanate from the depths of the building. It instantly unsettled him and affected him to his core...

The sound was unlike anything he had heard while on duty before. He was used to the noises associated with parties, students sneaking in and out of rooms, and all other types of typical college sounds. However, no matter how hard he tried to place it, he had no clue what the noise was coming from.

Worried that something may be terribly wrong, the security guard decided to call the administrative offices and get some more people in the building before investigating where the sound was coming from. A small group of people rushed over and the tiny party carefully, slowly, quietly crept through the old building.

As the sound got louder, the security guard tried to go over in his head what he had been trained to do if there was an intruder but his mind was completely blank. "It's in here." someone said. The security guard looked up and saw they were standing outside of an unassuming office on the third floor. Everyone turned to look at him and it took him a moment

to realize that they all expected him to be the one to open the door.

The security guard did his best to swallow his fear and gripped the cool doorknob. He picked through his extensive key collection before he found the one that would unlock the door.

“Everyone stand back.” the guard said. He took one final breath and tried to prepare himself for whatever awaited him in the office. He turned the knob and pushed on the door. It only moved a couple of centimeters. The guard turned to the group and said, “There’s something blocking it, I need everyone to help me shove the door open.”

With everyone working together, they could force the door open and they all tumbled into the room. It was totally silent. Nothing appeared out of the ordinary, and a search of the small room for any intruders showed no sign that anyone or anything had been in the office just minutes ago. The security guard turned to look at what had been blocking the door and saw that someone had shoved a large, heavy desk in front of the door frame.

‘That’s odd.’ the security guard thought, ‘these offices only lock from the outside and yet someone was able to move the desk. But why blockade the door if it’s already locked? And what made that weird sound?’ Unfortunately, the answers to these questions would inevitably lead to even more questions.

Though the building was operating as a college at the time of this odd encounter, it was originally designed as part of the sprawling Everett estate...

Edward Hamlin Everett was a smart man. He had established himself as one of the wealthiest men in America by running a glass bottle empire. From a relatively young age, Edward had established himself as the ‘Bottle King’. He was the primary manufacturer of glass bottles in America, not to mention the fact that he had designed the metal top that can still be found atop beverages on glass bottles. His business savvy and ability to stay ahead of the competition extended to his personal life also.

The wealthy bachelor finally settled down with a woman named Amy King whose family ran a large glass factory in Newark, New Jersey. A factory that Edward bought just before the couple was formally wed.

Edward and Amy had a happy marriage and ended up having three daughters together. However, as good as his private and public life were, Edward wasn't a man to be content with what he had. He was always looking for more.

This pursuit led Edward to purchase five hundred acres in the town where he had spent his younger years. On the property, Edward commissioned the construction of a house that would be the most magnificent residence in the local area. At this point in his life, Edward had quite a few homes across America with a chateau in Switzerland, and every single one was truly impressive. This one was to be no different.

Not long after moving into the home, Amy passed away. There is a lot of ambiguity and speculation surrounding her death which has led many to believe she is the presence that continues to reside in the mansion. Though her death report says she died after battling a serious illness, rumors persist that she drowned either by suicide or was murdered.

Regardless, the tragedy of Amy's death was the beginning of the Everett family's misfortune...

Ten years after Amy's death, Edward remarried a woman named Grace Burnap. By this point, his two eldest daughters had already moved out of the house and were living their own lives, while the youngest would soon be old enough to leave.

The three girls were fiercely loyal to their late mother and were disgusted that their father had even considered getting married again. Not to mention the fact that Grace wasn't too much older than Edward's eldest daughter.

Tensions between Edward's first three daughters, his new wife and the two children he had with her were inevitably strained. Once Edward

died, it was discovered that Edward had left almost the entirety of his estate to Grace. His oldest daughters were furious. They were convinced that their father had been manipulated by Grace to reduce their claim to his fortune.

The girls contested the will in court, claiming that their father wasn't of sound mind when he wrote his will and that Grace had taken advantage of him. The court agreed with the daughters and gave them each roughly a third of their father's estate while whatever remained went to Grace and her children.

It is believed that the mysterious nature of Amy Everett's death and the animosity over who would inherit Edward's estate has kept Amy trapped in this world. A figure wearing a simple white dress is often seen floating around the building and grounds.

Her spirit continues to haunt the estate and frighten anyone who sets foot on the Edward Everett Estate...

## **Chapter 6:**

### **The Monstrous Henri Landru**

Henri Landru was not like other boys. From the outside, a passing stranger wouldn't be able to notice any discernible difference between young Henri and his peers. His parents adored him and his older sister. Even though he grew up poor, his mother and father did everything they could to make their children's lives as happy as possible.

Unfortunately, no amount of parental love and care would repair the part of Henri that was horribly wrong...

When Henri started school, he was one of the best students in his class. He was extremely bright and found his schoolwork easy and unfulfilling. He felt there was something inside of him that set him apart from the other children. Something that wasn't satisfied with reading books and reciting lines.

After school, Henri was drafted into the French Army where he became a sergeant. Upon being discharged, he began a romantic relationship with his cousin who he ended up marrying and having four children with. There are few records of what the relationship between Henri and his cousin, Remy was like. However, most people agree that it was not a happy marriage and left both parties unfulfilled.

It is believed that this boredom with his surroundings is what led him to commit his first crime. One day, Henri set his sights on the first victim of his conniving ways. Who this person was has been lost in time. However, this person played a crucial part in the path Henri's life would eventually take.

It is unknown what Henri took and how he did it, but the fact remains that Henri was caught and thrown in prison for his first theft. Instead of

placating Henri's criminal desires, this first experimentation in illicit activity thrilled Henri. From that moment forward, he knew that this was who he was at his core.

Upon hearing the news that their only son had been imprisoned for theft, Henri's parents were utterly distraught. They couldn't understand what had pushed him to do something so out of line with the morals he had been raised with.

They spent hours questioning themselves about where they had gone wrong and what they could have done differently. Mr. and Mrs. Landru carried the blame for Henri's crimes on their shoulders and saw his mistake as an indication of their failure as parents.

Tragically, the news of Henri's crime would irreparably destroy his family. Mr. Landru was so distraught that his son was now a criminal that he ended up killing himself. One would logically assume that a parent's suicide would be a cruel wake up call to one's moral failings. However, Henri Landru was incapable of having a humane reaction to his father's death.

He spent much of his young adult life committing similar crimes and was frequently in and out of prison. At the time, no one knew that theft was an extremely mild beginning to Henri Landru's criminal career.

At the behest of his wife, Henri found a job at a used furniture shop in Paris. The work was mindless but it allowed Henri to meet Paris's wealthy widows. It was here that Henri Landru crafted a truly devious plot...

One morning, Henri took out an ad in the lonely heart section of a local newspaper. People who posted in this section were often looking for companionship of some kind and it was a way of meeting people in a large city who were in different social circles. It was an extremely popular feature that many people regularly read.

Henri knew that many of the widows in Paris would be approaching middle age and would be concerned that they would never find another

husband. Thus, Henri crafted a persona for himself that he thought would be irresistible to the women he wanted to attract. He claimed to be a widower who wanted to get married again. He said he was financially secure and wanted to meet someone who was also comfortable financially.

At the time, Henri was still married to his cousin but this fact was conveniently excluded in his ads.

It didn't take long before women began responding to the mysterious widower looking for love. He did not include his name in the paper as he decided to introduce himself to each woman with a different name. To maintain a believable charade, Henri kept a small notebook where he scrupulously recorded which name he used with which widow. This would ultimately be his undoing...

One of the first women he met was Madame Jeanne Cuchet. Jeanne was immediately infatuated with Henri. She found him to be the most charming man she had ever met and she quickly began fantasizing about their future. Henri even took the time to bond with Jeanne's son, André.

A man who she was interested in and who her son adored was almost too good to be true so when he asked her to move into his home in a neighborhood just outside Paris, she eagerly agreed.

During their courtship, Henri was able to convince Jeanne that she should let him take care of her money. Shortly after Jeanne signed her funds away to Henri, she and André vanished. For six years, Henri would target vulnerable women and ask them to move in with him.

Occasionally he went so far as to make the women think they were husband and wife. The relationship would abruptly end for no discernible reason once the woman placed Henri in charge of her money.

Things were working out well for Henri Landru. He had developed a scheme that gave him a constant flow of income and he had meticulously covered his tracks so that no one would be able to link him to the women's disappearances. That is until the sisters of widows Henri

seduced became concerned for their relatives' wellbeing.

Madame Pelat and Mademoiselle Lacoste had both spent weeks trying to track their sisters down. They had written letters and nobody else seemed to have any idea where their sisters had gone. It was as if they had just vanished into thin air. These women didn't know Henri's real name but they knew where he had been allegedly living with their sisters and they had a clear idea of what he looked like.

The women contacted the police and told them they were worried that the man their sisters had started a relationship with had done something terrible. The police rushed to Henri's home with a warrant for Landru's arrest. As the police scoured Henri's home for evidence, they uncovered a gruesome story that continues to haunt France...

When a woman responded to Henri's ad, he would initiate a courtship that ended in murder. Once the woman trusted him, Henri would invite her to stay in his home. After effectively stealing their life's savings, Henri would kill the woman, dismember her body and burn her remains. Nearly three hundred bone fragments and human teeth were found on Henri's property, primarily near his kitchen oven.

Henri never confessed to the crime so it remains unknown what was the initial cause of death.

At his trial, Henri was convicted for brutally murdering eleven innocent people. He was sentenced to death by the guillotine in Versailles. His severed head was preserved and wasn't buried with his body.

Today, those who wish to stare into the face of a true monster can see Henri Landru's real head in the Museum of Death in Hollywood. However, for most people, a visit to the home where Landru committed his crimes is often terrifying enough...



## **Chapter 7:**

### **The Cursed House of Venice**

In the 1470s, Giovanni Dario was one of the most powerful men in Venice. He worked for the Venetian government and few people were surprised when Giovanni bought and renovated a large home on the Grand Canal. There are no clear records on when the home was constructed, what was there before, or when Giovanni finally moved in.

For the entire time Giovanni lived in Ca' Dario, the house was just like any other house. There was nothing particularly significant or out of the ordinary about it, aside from the fact that it was exceptionally beautiful. The true strange nature of the house didn't begin until Giovanni passed away and his daughter, Marietta inherited the home.

At the time, Marietta was a grown woman with her own family. She and her husband, Vincenzo, moved into the home with their children. In the beginning, things seemed okay. Marietta and Vincenzo easily adapted to life in the beautiful home and their children loved all the extra space they now had.

The records on what exactly went wrong are unclear but at some point, in their stay in Ca' Dario, Vincenzo faced financial ruin. The extravagant lifestyle the family had been used to leading was suddenly no longer feasible and Vincenzo was ashamed to have failed to provide for his family. For reasons unknown, Vincenzo was brutally stabbed to death.

The shock of her husband's death shocked Marietta. She struggled to cope with the loss of Vincenzo and ended up drowning herself in the Grand Canal. Not long after the death of his parents, one of Marietta and Vincenzo's children was targeted and killed by hired assassins.

Three tragic deaths in such a short time span is often more than

enough to make a home a hotspot for paranormal activity. However, the curse of Ca' Dario was only beginning...

The locals began to worry. It was unusual for an aristocratic family to be struck with so many deaths all at once. They began to wonder if what wiped out the family wasn't entirely of this world. The site where the house was constructed was rumored to be an old Templar graveyard. A theory developed that the spirits of the Templars were angry that their gravesite had been desecrated and were taking revenge.

The rumors that the house was cursed persisted for nearly two centuries. No one would buy the home and no one wanted to move in. It sat empty until one of Vincenzo's distant relatives decided to try to sell the home in the 19th century.

A wealthy man who owned a diamond business named Arbit Abdoll bought the Ca' Dario. Shortly after moving into the home, Abdoll was completely broke and died destitute. He was forced to sell his final asset, Ca' Dario, to a scientist. The next owner didn't fare much better...

Rawdon Brown bought the Ca' Dario in the 1800s. Like Arbit Abdoll, Brown had intense financial trouble while living in Ca' Dario and was forced to sell it. There are rumors that Brown spent the rest of his life homeless.

The house sat empty until an American millionaire named Charles Briggs bought the Ca' Dario. Briggs had every intention of restoring the home to its former glory and while he lived there he did everything he could to renovate the home.

Briggs did not live in Ca' Dario alone. Another man lived with him. At first, the Venetians were wary of the eccentric American and his friend but they wished him no ill will. However, as time went on, it became apparent that Briggs and the man he lived with were more than just friends. The two were lovers which was illegal at that time in Venice.

Briggs was forced to leave Ca' Dario and Venice and fled to Mexico with his lover. The relationship was never able to recover from the time

spent in Ca' Dario and Briggs's lover killed himself shortly thereafter...

After Charles Briggs, the next owner of the house was a famous Italian singer named Mario Del Monaco. Mario had established himself as one of the great operatic singers of his time and to celebrate his many successes, he decided to buy himself Venice's most beautiful home.

Before buying it, Mario had toured the home and even though he was familiar with the local legend about the house being cursed, he didn't put too much stock in the stories. He believed that the misfortunes of the previous owners were merely coincidental and had nothing to do with real estate.

When the day he was to sign the papers and finally claim ownership of Ca' Dario finally came, Mario was overjoyed. He excitedly drove his car to the office where he was to officially make the Ca' Dario his own. Suddenly, the unthinkable happened. Mario Del Monaco was involved in an extremely serious car accident that would break all his ribs and force him to receive kidney dialysis for the rest of his life.

After spending close to a year in the hospital and returning to the public eye, many people claimed that the accident had a terrible impact on his voice. His career would never reach the soaring heights it did before the accident. Needless to say, Mario Del Monaco backed out of the deal to buy Ca' Dario.

When Del Monaco backed out of buying the house, Ca' Dario was once again empty. It wasn't until the 1970s that Count Filippo Giordano became the house's next victim. During his short time in Ca' Dario, Count Giordano was brutally murdered by a man believed to be his lover. His killer eventually escaped to London where he too was killed.

Right after Giordano's death, the house was back on the market. This time it was bought by Christopher Lambert, the manager for the famous British rock band The Who. While living in Ca' Dario, Lambert became increasingly dependent on hard drugs. His addiction ended up souring his relationship with The Who until he was arrested for possessing illicit substances.

Lambert sold Ca' Dario to Fabrizio Ferrari who, after moving in, lost a lot of his large fortune and 'accidentally' hit his sister with a car. Following Ferrari, the home was purchased by Raul Gardini, an Italian billionaire who ended up killing himself within Ca' Dario's walls. Gardini would be the last person to formally own and live in the building.

In recent years, there have been a few prospective buyers. Most notably, the American director, Woody Allen was considering buying the home before he eventually backed out. Today, Ca' Dario remains empty and abandoned as it patiently waits for its next victim...

## **Chapter 8:**

### **St. Paul's Most Haunted House**

Dr. Delmar Kolb had recently been offered a job at a small arts school in St. Paul, Minnesota. It wasn't the most prestigious of schools but the salary was good and they offered him an apartment in the building's basement. As a starving artist, it was an offer that was impossible to refuse.

The building where Dr. Kolb was to work and live, known locally as Griggs Mansion, was most frequently described as 'cavernous'. Originally a private home with twenty-four rooms, the architect had made the ceilings exceptionally high. This gave the impression that Dr. Kolb was entering a place of reverence and gave no indication of domestic comfort.

Though the building slightly intimidated him, Dr. Kolb was eager to get started. A fellow staff member gave him the grand tour which ended in his small subterranean living quarters. Before taking the job, Dr. Kolb was told that he would not be living alone in the basement.

The space beneath the school was so large that it had been divided into a few apartments that were occupied by students. The idea of being surrounded by college students didn't particularly thrill Dr. Kolb but he had to admit that he was relieved that he wouldn't be the only person underground.

Dr. Kolb quickly settled in and adapted to life in the school. He was generally well liked amongst the students and even had a little bit of time to work on his own pieces. It seemed to Dr. Kolb that everything had turned out better than he expected. Little did he know that nightmares lurked in the basement's shadows...

One evening, after a particularly strenuous day, Dr. Kolb began his nightly routine. He undressed, put on his pajamas, brushed his teeth, and made sure that an alarm was set for the next morning. Almost as soon as his body touched the thin mattress the school had given him, he was sound asleep.

Suddenly, Dr. Kolb jolted awake, his body was covered in sweat. What felt like frigid fingertips, had grazed his forehead and he frantically looked around his room while he tried to steady his breathing. Unable to make out anything in the all-consuming darkness, Dr. Kolb ran to the light switch and turned on the overhead light. He was totally alone.

Dr. Kolb warily walked back to his bed. He could feel his hands shaking but was powerless to stop them. As he laid back down and closed his eyes, sleep eluded him. He tossed and turned all night and had never been so grateful to hear the shriek of his alarm clock.

In the light of morning, it was much easier for Dr. Kolb to rationalize what had happened the night before. ‘Perhaps it was just an exceptionally vivid dream.’ he told himself. But something inside knew that that wasn’t the real answer...

The next couple of days passed by rather uneventfully, aside from the fact that Dr. Kolb continued to lose sleep and spent the day in a zombie like trance. Eventually, the tiredness got the best of Dr. Kolb and two nights after the incident he felt himself fall into a deep, blissful sleep. These few moments of tranquility were short lived.

Once more, Dr. Kolb found himself inexplicably awake in what he guessed was the middle of the night. He sat up and blinked a couple times, hoping that his eyes would adjust. What Dr. Kolb saw that night would haunt him for the rest of his life...

At the foot of his bed stood an exceptionally tall man in a well-tailored suit. “Get out! Leave or I’ll call the cops!” Dr. Kolb yelled at the man, assuming he was an intruder. The man simply fixed his cold, dead eyes on Dr. Kolb before turning around and disappearing through a brick wall.

This wouldn't be the last time that an occupant of Griggs Mansion would encounter the strange man in the suit. After the art school closed, the building became a private home once more.

A man named Mr. Wenschke bought the house in the early 1960s with the intention of using the large space for both a home and an office. In an ironic twist, Mr. Wenschke was an established author of books about the occult. A few years after moving in, Mr. Wenschke's professional work would invade his private life in a truly terrifying way.

When he was doing research for a book, Mr. Wenschke often spent hours in the home's library. Here, he surrounded himself with hundreds of books and became oblivious to the outside world.

During one particularly long session in the library, Mr. Wenschke suddenly realized that he was getting rather tired and should take a break. He gathered his notes and organized the books on his desk. As he began to stand up and looked to the doorway, his blood suddenly ran cold...

A thin man wearing a suit was staring directly at him. Before he had a chance to utter a sound, the man simply vanished into thin air...

The Griggs Mansion passed through numerous owners, none of them staying for more than a couple of years. The large number of people who had stayed in the house makes it nearly impossible to know who the man in the suit is. Is he a former owner? Or perhaps he was just a guest who ended up overstaying his welcome. We will likely never know.

As spooky as a well-dressed ghost is, the man in the suit isn't the only spirit to haunt Griggs Mansion's halls. With six different spirits, Griggs Mansion is frequently thought of as the most haunted home in the city of St. Paul. It is believed that a former gardener who was obsessed with keeping the property in absolute perfect condition can be seen in the library, rummaging through countless books on various plants.

There is also the spirit of a maid who committed suicide on the building's fourth floor. The young woman was in a relationship that she thought was going to last forever. She believed with every fiber of her

being that she had found her soul mate. Unfortunately, this story doesn't end with a wedding and a happily ever after.

The young man left the maid and broke her heart. She was devastated. The pain she felt drove her to climb to the fourth-floor landing and hang herself from the high ceiling. To this day, visitors to the home have felt intense anxiety and depression whenever they cross the fourth-floor landing. Oddly enough, this feeling almost immediately disappears as soon as one continues down the stairwell.

The building today is a private home and the owners aren't particularly welcoming to visitors interested in the home's spirits. Even though few people had entered the mansion in recent years, locals tend to steer clear of the mansion after dark and pray that whoever or whatever is haunting Griggs Mansion stays trapped within its cavernous halls...



## **Chapter 9:**

### **America's Ancient Ghosts**

It was easily one of the most beautiful rooms in the mansion. The entire home was truly magnificent but it was the ballroom that took people's breath away. The young tour guide had gotten a summer job showing people around Belcourt Castle. She loved being surrounded by so many beautiful, old things all day long. There was so much history in the castle that made its way across the Atlantic and to this home in Newport, Rhode Island.

As she led a group through the grand entrance, she could hear people gasp in disbelief. She walked forward and paused where she always did, next to a genuine suit of armor, to address the group.

"This is the ballroom," she said. "Part of what makes this home so unique is that nearly every room is based on a different European style of design. This specific room was inspired by and designed in the style of French Gothic."

She paused a moment and let the group soak in all the ballroom's glory. The vaulted ceilings and large stained glass windows was reminiscent of an ancient cathedral. She'd always found it a bit odd that the room meant for revelry closely resembled a place of worship. "In this room, the original owner, Oliver Belmont would host extravagant parties when he stayed here in the summertime."

As she had been talking, the group had begun to fan out across the room. They were all enthralled by the intricate attention to detail and the Old-World artifacts that lined the walls. She decided to let the guests investigate the room for themselves and come to her if they had any questions.

Suddenly, a male voice hissed in her ear, “Get out.” The girl jumped. She looked around but none of the guests were near her. ‘It must have been my imagination.’ she told herself. She’d heard rumors that Belcourt Castle was haunted but she’d never really believed them. She assumed the stories of fifteenth century ghosts was just a way to entice people to visit the castle.

The girl shook her head and decided to move around and check if anybody had any questions. As she began to walk across the room, the voice returned, “Get out.” it commanded. Repeatedly, the voice demanded that the girl “get out.” There was no denying the voice now. Panic flooded her body as she feared something terrible was happening.

“Alright everyone,” the girl said, “time to move on.” The young guide quickly finished the rest of her tour. As soon as she delivered her closing remarks, the girl hurried out of the castle, wanting to put as much distance between herself and the disembodied voice in the ballroom as possible. That was the last time the girl would ever set foot in Belcourt Castle...

Newport, Rhode Island is the summertime playground of America’s elite. Huge, expansive mansions cover the coastline, each one bigger and more extravagant than the last.

However, there is one mansion that stands out more than the rest. It is unique not in its size, though it is exceptionally large and had sixty rooms at the time of construction. What makes the Belcourt Castle far more fascinating than any other home in Newport is that it holds spirits from all over the world.

Though the history of the house itself is relatively short, the building has held countless ancient artifacts. These artifacts were displayed by the home’s numerous owners and many people believe that the spirits of Belcourt Castle aren’t former owners or people who experienced a great tragedy on the grounds, but spirits that were attached to the artifacts the various owners bought and collected.

Many of these artifacts were brought in by the Tinney family. The

Tinneys bought Belcourt Castle at a relatively small price as the home had been left abandoned for quite some time. The facade had started to decay and no one had taken the time to take care of the house.

The Tinneys decided to turn Belcourt Castle into their family project. They moved their family in and began a lifelong journey of repairing Belcourt Castle and returning it to its former glory.

On top of being well versed in restoring old homes, the Tinneys were avid collectors of European artifacts. When the original owner, Oliver Belmont, commissioned the house, he filled it with various treasures he had acquired from all over the world. Though many of these artifacts were eventually moved out of the home when Belcourt was sold outside of the Belmont family, the practice of collecting historic artifacts in Belcourt carried on.

Out of the Tinneys entire collection, there are two that are the source of significant paranormal activity. The first is the suit of armor in the ballroom. This suit was designed in the sixteenth century and was worn by an Italian knight.

When the Tinneys started becoming suspicious that they weren't the only ones staying in Belcourt Castle, they asked a medium to visit the home and try to contact any spirits that may be present. The Italian knight was one of the first spirits to come forward...

The Tinney family was familiar with the knight's activity. His screams could often be heard echoing across the cavernous ballroom and whenever tours passed in front of his armor, his helmet would often turn of its own accord. However, until the medium arrived, the Tinneys had no idea who the knight was and why he was trapped in this world.

Through the medium, the Tinneys were able to learn the knight's story...

The knight had been traveling with other knights as they prepared for battle. Suddenly, enemy forces caught the knights unaware. They were ambushed. The knight had no time to defend himself and was mortally

wounded. He called out to his compatriots and begged them to bring him back to safety. The knights ignored his cries for help and left him completely alone to die a painful death.

The second spirit that the medium was able to contact was a German monk. Throughout their years collecting artifacts, a wooden carving of a monk had come into the Tinneys possession. Initially, the Tinneys displayed the statue in their bedroom. That quickly changed when Harle and Donald Tinney were mysteriously awoken in the middle of the night...

Harle and Donald were sleeping peacefully in their bed. Donald had grown up in Belcourt Castle and Harle was a tour guide when Donald's parents ran the place so they were both familiar with the grand old house. They were no longer startled or frightened by the odd creaks and groans that echoed through the long halls in the middle of the night.

However, one evening something was amiss. Harle and Donald jolted awake when they felt someone else was in their room with them...

They fumbled in the darkness to turn on the lights and make sure that everything was okay. Suddenly, Harle's blood ran cold. At the foot of their bed was a man wearing an old brown robe with a hood. Terrified that someone had broken into their home and was playing a cruel trick on them, the Tinneys hurriedly turned on the lights. The man was gone.

It was in the morning that the Tinneys realized that the man they had seen at the end of their bed looked remarkably like the monk in their wooden carving. After that, the carving was moved next to the first-floor restroom. At the time the medium came, a full body apparition of the monk was often spotted drifting between his carving and the great hall.

The medium could quickly contact the monk who asked him who was he was looking for. The monk responded that he wished to be moved to the home's chapel. The Tinneys were more than happy to oblige and the carving was displayed in the chapel. Today, the spooky figure of the German monk is often seen preparing for mass in the chapel.

Aside from the knight and the monk, Belcourt Castle is also home to a British soldier, a samurai warrior, and a medieval French king and queen who push anyone who tries to sit in their chairs.

The Tinneys have since moved out of the castle and it is once again vacant. However, Belcourt Castle is never completely empty...

## **Chapter 10:**

### **Red Mary's Bloodlust**

The first thing people noticed about Mary McMahon was her blood red hair. Its vibrant color made it nearly impossible for Mary to go anywhere unnoticed. It seemed to emit its own small source of light against the gray backdrop of Ireland's ever cloudy sky.

As the owner of such remarkable hair, Mary exuded a sense of power. She was tough as nails and never let anyone get in the way of what she wanted.

Very little is known about her first husband, Daniel. The two didn't have much time together as man and wife as Daniel died early on in their marriage. Upon his death, Daniel left his large fortune to his wife. Mary used this money to attract another husband, Conor O'Brien whose family owned the infamous Leamaneh Castle.

Mary and Conor poured most of Mary's money into the castle. They extended it considerably and made it one of the grandest homes in the county.

As Oliver Cromwell overthrew the British monarchy, Conor left to fight against Cromwell's army. Conor's family were well known friends to the crown. In fact, the castle had initially been a gift from one of England's kings to the O'Brien family. This made Conor a major target when Cromwell's forces invaded Ireland.

According to legend, one of Cromwell's top generals was the mastermind behind the scheme to take out Conor O'Brien. The general personally chose five of his most capable soldiers and tasked them with killing Conor. The soldiers were given disguises so that Conor wouldn't be able to properly defend himself when they attacked.

Conor had been making his way from Leamaneh to join the fight when the soldiers struck. Caught completely off guard, Conor was easily disarmed while one of the soldiers plunged his sword in Conor's side. As Conor collapsed on the cold, hard earth, the soldiers galloped back to their camp to alert the general that Conor O'Brien had been killed.

The few servants Conor had brought with him to help transport his things, instantly ran to their master's side. His blood ran heavy and thick. It turned the earth black. One of the servants made a makeshift bandage to try to stop the bleeding.

Conor struggled to speak but could summon up enough energy to lift his arm and point in the direction of Leamaneh Castle.

The servants carefully mounted Conor on a horse and returned to the castle as quickly as they could. As the great stone structure rose in the distance, the servants started to shout as loud as they could, hoping to get Mary's attention. Sure enough, the loud cries of terror brought Mary to a window in the castle's tallest tower.

"He's been struck, ma'am!" one of the servants yelled. "Your husband needs your help!"

Mary stared down at the earth far below her. A crisp breeze whipped across the treetops and tousled her red hair. From the ground, it looked as though her entire head was covered in dancing flames. She gripped the thick stone walls and let the chill seep through to her bones.

"Ma'am!" the servant called again, "What should we do?"

All at once Mary understood what was happening. Her second husband was on the brink of death and when he passed, the government would force her out of her home. There was nothing she could do for Conor now. His death was simply a matter of time. Mary cleared her throat and her voice rang out across the men waiting below. "What do I want with dead men here?" she cried.

Mary didn't wait to see how the servants reacted. She immediately turned from the window and raced to her bedchamber. She pulled out the

most beautiful dress she owned and called for a horse to be prepared for her. As soon as she was ready, Mary raced as fast as she could to the nearest village Limerick.

In her extravagant dress, riding atop a handsome stallion, and with her red hair flowing in the wind behind her, Mary attracted quite a bit of attention. Once she reached Limerick, she went to the camp where Cromwell's soldiers were staying. If she wanted to keep her home she would have to marry the enemy who, for the time being, had conquered her country.

Mary confidently strode into a room filled with soldiers. Without saying a word, the entire room went silent. Every man turned toward Mary, hoping to meet the formidable woman's gaze. Mary surveyed the scene before her and once she was content that she had everyone's attention, she proclaimed that she would marry any of Cromwell's officers.

The men were stunned into silence. Nobody dared to move. Suddenly, a man named Captain Cooper stepped forward and offered himself up as her future husband. Mary wasn't particularly concerned with who the man was, if his presence insured her possession of Leamaneh Castle.

The two were wed as soon as they found someone to officiate the wedding. Mary brought Captain Cooper to Leamaneh Castle where he roamed the halls that Conor had walked just days before.

For the first couple of days, Mary and Captain Cooper were cordial to each other. She made her disinterest towards him apparent but he wasn't too bothered as he was content to be living in a castle and to never have to worry about money again.

Mary didn't go out of her way to avoid Captain Cooper, it was her home after all and she would go and do as she pleased, but she certainly didn't seek him out. Despite their infrequent interactions over their cursory union, this was not a peaceful marriage. Captain Cooper quickly grew tired of his new bride's coldness towards him and decided to



confront her.

The two of them were alone in the tower, something that rarely happened in the few days of their marriage. Mary ignored Captain Cooper the first time he called out to her. He gradually came closer until he was right behind her. The sound of his voice made her jump.

“Mary, I think we should talk.” he said.

Mary sighed and gave a noncommittal nod that meant she would listen to whatever he had to say but she shouldn’t be relied on to give a reply. “When are you going to get over your husband?” Captain Cooper asked.

“He couldn’t keep you safe, but I can. He’s dead and buried six feet under but even if he had lived, the two of you would’ve been ruined. He must’ve been quite the coward to go on supporting the crown even after Cromwell took over.”

Mary’s eyes locked with Captain Cooper’s. Something in her gaze told him that he had gone too far. His back was to the window and the fall would end in certain death. Suddenly she charged at Captain Cooper. Shocked at his wife’s outburst and physical strength, he was powerless to defend himself. Mary didn’t stop pushing Captain Cooper until he’d tumbled out the window...

Captain Cooper was the first of over twenty husbands Mary McMahon murdered. It is believed that for most of her adult life, Mary would marry a man for just over a year, at which point she would murder them. Eventually, Mary’s enemies caught up with her and after she killed her twenty fifth husband, they captured her. They dragged Mary to a hollowed-out tree on her land. Two strong men shoved her in the tree trunk and sealed her inside where she ended up starving to death.

Though the castle is now in ruins, people have claimed to have seen Mary McMahon wandering amongst the crumbling stone. Some believe that she is looking for another husband while others claim she is seeking revenge against the men who imprisoned her and submitted her to a truly

gruesome fate.

Though her motives are unclear, you'll know you're in the presence of the dark spirit of Mary McMahon when you see her blood red hair...

## **Conclusion**

These stories represent a broad collection of the world's haunted houses, but there is so much more to each of these houses that wouldn't fit in these pages. The history of hauntings and the accounts of eyewitness encounters are endless.

This book is far from all inclusive. There are haunted houses all over the world. There just might be one near you.

If you ever find yourself in the neighborhood of one of them, be sure to visit. Only in bright daylight of course. Who knows, maybe one day your encounter will terrify people for generations to come...

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# True Ghost Stories

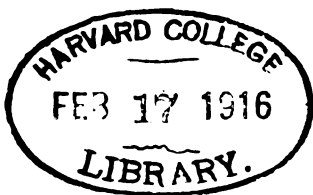
BY  
HEREWARD CARRINGTON

*Author of "The Physical Phenomena of Spiritualism," "The Coming  
Science," "Death: its Causes and Phenomena,"  
"Death Deferred," etc.*



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**To**  
**MY DEAR FRIENDS**  
**THE MARSHALLS**





# CONTENTS

<b>BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH .....</b>	<b>7</b>
<b>PREFACE .....</b>	<b>9</b>

## CHAPTER I

<b>What is a Ghost? .....</b>	<b>13</b>
<b>The Terror of the Dark .....</b>	<b>14</b>
<b>What is a Ghost? .....</b>	<b>18</b>
<b>Historic Investigations .....</b>	<b>20</b>
<b>Death Coincidences .....</b>	<b>21</b>
<b>Are They Due to Chance? .....</b>	<b>24</b>
<b>The Explanation .....</b>	<b>26</b>
<b>Experimental Apparitions .....</b>	<b>27</b>
<b>Telepathic Hallucinations .....</b>	<b>32</b>
<b>Ghosts Which Move Material Objects .....</b>	<b>37</b>
<b>Photographs of Ghosts .....</b>	<b>38</b>
<b>The "Double" and the Spiritual Body .....</b>	<b>40</b>
<b>What Happens at the Moment of Death .....</b>	<b>43</b>
<b>How the Soul May Leave the Body .....</b>	<b>47</b>
<b>Theories of Haunted Houses .....</b>	<b>51</b>
<b>The Clothes of Ghosts .....</b>	<b>55</b>
<b>Telepathy from the Dead .....</b>	<b>57</b>
<b>The Psychic Atmosphere .....</b>	<b>59</b>
<b>Forms Created by Will .....</b>	<b>60</b>
<b>Physical Manifestations .....</b>	<b>62</b>
<b>Can Haunted Houses be "Cured"? .....</b>	<b>63</b>

## CHAPTER II

<b>Phantasms of the Dead—I .....</b>	<b>65</b>
<b>A Russian Ghost .....</b>	<b>65</b>
<b>Grasped by a Spirit Hand .....</b>	<b>71</b>
<b>"I Am Shot!" .....</b>	<b>74</b>
<b>"Heave the Lead!" .....</b>	<b>75</b>
<b>The Rescue at Sea .....</b>	<b>78</b>
<b>How Ghosts Influence Us .....</b>	<b>86</b>
<b>How a Ghost Warned the King .....</b>	<b>90</b>
<b>The Stains of Blood .....</b>	<b>93</b>
<b>Face to Face .....</b>	<b>96</b>
<b>"Julia, Darling!" .....</b>	<b>98</b>
<b>The Cut Across the Cheek .....</b>	<b>99</b>
<b>The Invisible Hand .....</b>	<b>100</b>

The Apparition of the Radiant Boy .....	104
Fisher's Ghost .....	106
Harriet Hosmer's Vision .....	109
The Apparition of the Murdered Boy .....	112
The Ghost in Yellow Calico .....	116

## CHAPTER III

More Phantasms of the Dead—II .....	120
Compacts to Appear after Death .....	120
Lord Brougham's Vision .....	122
The Tyrone Ghost .....	125
Dead or Alive! .....	128
The Scratch on the Cheek .....	135
A Ghost in Hampton Court .....	139
Half-Past One O'clock .....	147
My Own True Ghost Story .....	155

## CHAPTER IV

Haunted Houses .....	163
The Record of a Haunted House .....	165
B—— House .....	170
Willington Mill .....	174
The Great Amherst Mystery .....	176
Brook House .....	186

## CHAPTER V

Ghost Stories of a More Dramatic Nature .....	194
Disease-Phantoms .....	194
The Tale of a Mummy .....	198
Face Slapped by a Ghost .....	204
Alone with a Ghost in Church.....	207
A Haunted House in France .....	210
A Haunted House in Georgia .....	213
Shaken by a Ghost .....	220
The House and the Brain .....	221

## APPENDIX A

Historical Ghosts .....	230
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## APPENDIX B

The Phantom Armies Seen in France .....	236
---	-----

## APPENDIX C

Bibliography .....	245
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## PUBLISHER'S NOTE.

**HEREWARD CARRINGTON**, author of "True Ghost Stories," is well known in this country, and in Europe, as a prominent scientific writer on psychical and occult subjects. He has been a member of both the English and American Societies of Psychical Research for more than 15 years; has written over a dozen books on the subject—a number of which has been translated into foreign languages (such as Japanese and Arabic), and he has lectured in London, Paris, Rome, Venice, Milan, Genoa, Turin, etc.—before scientific organizations. His writings are well known, and have earned him a high place in psychical circles. He is a late member of the Council of the American Scientific Society, of the American Geographical Society, and of the American Health League. He collaborated in the "American Encyclopædia," "The Standard Dictionary," etc. His experience in the investigation of psychical mysteries is unrivalled. He has travelled all over the country investigating "cases," spending nights in "haunted houses," and accounts of his investigations have appeared in the Reports of the various Psychical Societies, and also in his own publications.

In "True Ghost Stories," Mr. Carrington presents a number of startling cases of this character; but they are not the ordinary "ghost stories"—based on pure fiction, and having no foundation in reality. Here we have a well-arranged collection of incidents, all thoroughly investigated and vouched for, and the testimony obtained first-hand and corroborated by others. The chapter on "Haunted Houses" is particularly striking. The first chapter deals with the interesting question, "What is a Ghost?" and attempts to answer this question in the light of the latest scientific theories which have been advanced to explain these supernatural happenings and visitants. It is a book of absorbing interest, and cannot fail to grip and hold the attention of every reader—no matter whether he be a student of these questions, or one merely in search of hair-raising anecdotes and stories. He will find them here a-plenty!



## PREFACE

The following little book endeavors to bring together a number of "ghost stories" of the more startling and dramatic type,—but stories, nevertheless, which seem to be well authenticated; and which have been obtained, in most instances, at first hand, from the original witnesses; and often contain corroborative testimony from others who also experienced the ghostly phenomena. Some of these incidents, indeed, rise to the dignity of scientific evidence; others are less well authenticated cases,—but interesting for all that. These have been grouped in various Chapters, according to their evidential value. Chapters II. and III. contain well-evidenced cases, some of which have been taken from the *Proceedings and Journals* of the Society for Psychical Research (S. P. R.), or from *Phantasms of the Living*, or from other scientific books, in which narratives of this character receive serious consideration. Chapter V., on the contrary, contains a number of incidents which, —striking and dramatic as they are,—cannot be included in the two earlier Chapters, as presenting real evidence of Ghosts; but are published rather as startling and interesting ghost stories.

Chapter IV., devoted to "Haunted Houses," contains brief accounts of the most famous Haunted Houses, and of the phenomena which have been witnessed within them. Appendix A gives a list of a few of the important "Historical Ghosts," Appendix B describes the "Phantom Armies" lately seen by the Allied troops in France—while Appendix C lists a number of books of Ghost Stories which the interested reader may care to peruse. A short Glossary, at the beginning of the book, explains the meaning of certain terms used,—which are not, perhaps, ordinarily met with in books of this character.

In the Introductory Chapter, I have endeavored to explain, very briefly, the nature and character of Ghosts; what they *are*; and the various scientific theories which have been brought forward, of late years, to explain Ghosts. I hope that this may prove of interest to the reader; in case it does not do so, he is invited to "skip" directly to Chapter II., which begins our account of "True Ghost Stories."

I wish to express my thanks in this place to the Council of the English S. P. R. for special permission to quote and to summarize several striking cases here reproduced; also to Miss Estelle Stead, for permission to utilize several cases previously printed at length in Mr. Wm. T. Stead's collections of Ghost Stories. H. C.

## GLOSSARY OF TERMS USED

**AGENT**—The person who, in thought-transference experiments, endeavors to impress his thoughts upon the “percipient” or “receiver.”

**DEATH-COINCIDENCE**—A case in which an apparition or other ghostly phenomenon has taken place, at the moment of the death of the person represented by the phantom.

**GHOST**—An apparition, a phantom. Some contend that all ghosts are “subjective” or purely mental (hallucinations); others that some ghosts are “objective”—that is, space-occupying entities, which exist apart from the seer, who sees them. These points will be found fully discussed in this book.

**HALLUCINATION**—A mental experience, in which a phantom is seen, a voice heard, etc., when there is no real external cause for this seeing or hearing. Hallucinations are more complete than mere “illusions.”

**PACT**—An agreement, entered into before death, between two persons, that, whichever one dies first, shall appear to the other one. These are here called “Pact Cases.” [A Pact may also mean an agreement between a necromancer of

some spirit-intelligence, as in Magic; but the word is not used in that sense in this book.]

**PERCIPIENT**—The receiver of the telepathic or other message. The one who experiences the phenomenon.

**PHANTASM**—A phantom; an apparition; a "ghost." The word is more inclusive than any of the words suggested; and is used by preference, by most psychic students.

**TELEPATHY**—Mind-reading; thought-transference.



# TRUE GHOST STORIES

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## CHAPTER I

### WHAT IS A GHOST?

Ghosts have been believed in by every nation, at every time and at every stage of the world's evolution. No matter where we may go, we find them stalking through the pages of history;\* and even in our own cynical and materialistic age, we not only find "ghosts" still; but the evidence for their existence is stronger than ever! It is nonsense to say that "no sensible person believes in ghosts," because many thousands of them *do*. Why do they believe? Would they believe if they had no cause to do so?

The "terror of the dark," which we all have more or less, from which every child suffers (how intensely!) during its early years—a terror which is, to a certain extent, shared by animals and even insects—does all this signify nothing? Those who have looked into this question thoroughly, believe that there is, in every truth, a

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\*See Appendix A.

terrible reality justifying this instinctive fear; that evil and horrible things lurk about us in the still, wierd hours of the night; that there are truly "powers and principalities" with which we often toy, without knowing or realizing the frightful dangers which result from this tampering with the unseen world. Yes; there is a true "tyranny of the dark." Phenomena and ghostly manifestations take place in darkness which would never occur in light; and which cease when a light is struck. All ghostly phenomena are associated with darkness, and the "wee small hours of the night."

All this is exemplified in the following interesting narrative, which I may entitle:

#### THE TERROR OF THE DARK

"All my life I have been afraid of the dark," said an acquaintance to me the other day, when we were discussing psychical matters. "I know that it is childish," he continued, "and I ought to have outgrown it years ago; but, as a matter of fact, I haven't. After all, isn't there some reason for the fears that we all feel, more or less, at that time? Doesn't the Bible speak of 'the terrors of the Dark;' and are not all animals, and even insects, afraid of the dark—so much so

that you cannot induce them to enter a dark place if they can help it? Light not only enables you to see what is around you; but it acts in a certain positive manner over 'the powers of darkness,' whatever they are, and prevents their operation. All spirit mediums will tell you that materialization and manifestations of that character cannot take place in the light; it prevents their occurrence. So, after all, as I said, isn't there some reasonable ground for one's fear at such times?"

I said nothing; but gazed into the fire. After all, were not his arguments somewhat impressive?

"But," continued my friend, "it is not altogether because of these speculative reasons that I fear the dark; it is because of a terrible experience I once had, and which has left me terror-struck, ever since, whenever I am left without light even for an instant. I will tell you the story, and let you judge for yourself.

"It was several years ago; in an old house we rented at that time, and from which we removed soon after the event I am about to relate. I was afraid of the dark, even then, and always left a night-light burning by the side of my bed when I went to sleep. One night I woke up, feeling the springs of the bed on which I was lying

vibrate in a peculiar manner, impossible to describe.

"Looking up, I saw, standing by the side of my bed, a young man, dressed in rags, having a face ghastly white, and showing every indication of dissipation. He was regarding me intently.

"I shall never forget the shock I received on beholding that figure; not only because of the unexpected appearance; but because of the fact that I could perceive the opposite wall and furniture *through* the body. I knew at once that I beheld a spirit; and my blood ran cold at the thought. What I had dreaded all my life was at last fulfilled!

"My next thought was 'I am so glad the night-light is burning. What should I do if I were in darkness?' As though the form read my thoughts, and was intent on torturing me to the limit of endurance, it leaned over, and the next instant had snuffed the candle! The phantom and I were alone in the black darkness!

"Words cannot describe my feelings at that instant. The blood froze in my veins, and the tongue clave to the roof of my mouth. I tried to speak, but could not. I only held out one hand as if to ward off the awful presence by pressing it away.

"The next instant I felt the bed-clothes gently

turned down on the further side of the bed, and partly pulled off me. The springs of the bed were depressed, and I knew that the fearsome visitor was crawling into bed! It would lie down by my side; perhaps touch me; perhaps—who could tell? The agony of mind I experienced in those few moments I shall never forget! My only wonder is that my reason did not give way!

“Then a curious thing happened. Even in the state of mind, as I was then, I could perceive that the bed was gradually rising up again into its normal position. The weight upon it was growing less and less. Finally, it was again level, and I felt the bed clothes carefully replaced over me. The phantom had withdrawn!

“For hours I lay awake, not daring to move. After what seemed a century, the first faint shafts of light fell across the room, betokening the welcome morn. Finally glorious day broke. Glorious light! Hateful darkness! Cannot you see why I hate it so?”

But, fortunately, this evil and horrible side of ghost-land is not universal.

Ghosts do not always present themselves as so formidable and gruesome! Some of them prove helpful; others seem to wish to right a wrong; some even seem to have a sense of humor! So

there are all sorts of ghosts, just as there are all sorts of people; and the variety is just as great in the one case as in the other.

#### WHAT IS A GHOST?

But, after all, what *is* a ghost? What do we mean by this? Where do ghosts live, and how? What do they do with themselves? How do they manifest? Why do they return? These are some of the questions which the average man asks himself—unless he totally disbelieves in them.

Most men, it is true, disbelieve in ghosts—unless they have had some experience to convince them to the contrary. Yet, after all, why should they? As Mr. W. T. Stead once remarked:

“Real Ghost Stories! How can there be real ghost stories when there are no real ghosts?”

“But are there no real ghosts? You may not have seen one, but it does not follow that therefore they do not exist. How many of us have seen the microbe that kills? There are at least as many persons who testify that they have seen apparitions as there are men of science who have examined the microbe. You and I, who have seen neither, must perforce take the testimony of others. The evidence for the microbe may be

conclusive, the evidence as to apparitions may be worthless; but in both cases it is a case of testimony, not of personal experience."

The average conception of a Ghost is probably somewhat as follows: That it is a thin, tall figure, wrapped in a sheet, walking about the house, clanking chains behind it, and scaring out of his wits anyone who sees it. According to this view, a ghost would be as material and substantial a thing as a buzz-saw or a lap-dog, and exists just as fully "in space." Such, however, is not the conception of the ghost which modern science entertains. Many investigators who have examined this question closely have come to the conclusion that ghosts *do* actually exist; but when we come to the more troublesome question: *What are they?* we are met at once with difficulties and disagreements. The recent scientific theories and explanations of the subject are complex and subtle; and necessitate a certain preliminary knowledge on the part of the student in order for him to understand them. I shall explain as briefly and clearly as possible exactly what these theories are. For the moment, I wish to speak, first of all, of the history of psychic investigation; and particularly that portion of it which deals with apparitions or "ghost hunting."

## HISTORIC INVESTIGATIONS

Here and there, serious investigators have always existed. In the sixteenth century Dr Glanvil pursued this study with great genius and patience; Dr. Johnson also was a firm believer in the reality of "ghosts"; Sir Walter Scott and others of his time were investigators, the famous Dr. Perrier wrote a treatise on apparitions, and similar investigations have been continued up to the present day. The first organized and systematic attempt to solve the problem, and to find out exactly *what ghosts are*, however, was made by the Society for Psychical Research (S. P. R.) in 1882. Practically all the investigations which have been carried on since then have led to important results.

Soon after the above mentioned Society was founded, and material began to be collected, it was found that many cases had to do with haunted houses, many with apparitions, but the greater number of them hinged around the one point—the coincidence of apparitions with the death of the persons represented. An apparition of a certain person would be seen in London, let us say; and some hours later a telegram would arrive, conveying the news that this person had just been killed. When the time was compared,



it was found to agree exactly; the hour of the death and that of the apparition tallying to the minute.

Chance, you say? Perhaps so. *One* case of this character might be explained in such manner; but could *fifty*? Could a *hundred*? It became a question of statistics—of figures; these alone can answer our question.

Before considering these, however, let us give a few examples of cases of “death-coincidences,” so that the reader may see the character of the evidence presented. He may then appreciate the value of a great mass of such evidence, when published *in extenso*.

#### DEATH-COINCIDENCES

The first case we take is from M. Flammarion's book, *The Unknown* (p. 108), and is as follows:

“My mother . . . who lived in Burgundy, heard one Tuesday, between nine and ten o'clock, the door of the bedroom open and close violently. At the same time, she heard herself called twice—‘Lucie, Lucie!’ The following Tuesday, she heard that her uncle Clementin, who had always had a great affection for her, had died that Tuesday morning, precisely between nine and ten o'clock. . . .”

In the following instance, the notification is in visual, instead of auditory form, and is taken from the *Proceedings*, S. P. R., Vol. X., pp. 213-14:

“About the 14th of September, 1882, my sister and I felt worried and distressed by hearing the ‘death watch’; it lasted a whole day and night. We got up earlier than usual the next morning, about six o’clock, to finish some birthday presents for our mother. As my sister and I were working and talking together, I looked up, and saw our young acquaintance standing in front of me and looking at us. I turned to my sister; she saw nothing. I looked again to where he stood; he had vanished. We agreed not to tell any one. . . .

“Some time afterwards we heard that our young acquaintance had either committed suicide or had been killed; he was found dead in the woods, twenty-four hours after landing. On looking back to my diary, I found that the marks I made in it corresponded to the date of his death.”

The following case is reported in Podmore’s *Apparitions and Thought Transference*, p. 265:

“The first Thursday of April, 1881, while sitting at tea with my back to the window, and talking with my wife in the usual way, I plainly

heard a rap at the window, and, looking round, I said to my wife, 'Why, there's my grandmother,' and went to the door, but could not see anyone; and still feeling sure it was my grandmother, and, knowing that, though eighty-three years of age, she was very active and fond of a joke, I went round the house, but could not see anyone. My wife did not hear it. On the following Saturday, I had news that my grandmother died in Yorkshire about half an hour before the time I heard the rapping. The last time I saw her alive I promised, if well, I would attend her funeral; that was some two years before. I was in good health and had no trouble; age, twenty-six years. I did not know that my grandmother was ill.

"REV. MATTHEW FROST."

Mrs. Frost writes:

"I beg to certify that I perfectly remember all the circumstances my husband has named, but I heard and saw nothing myself."

The following case is from *Phantasms of the Living*, Vol. II., p. 50:

"On February 26th, 1850, I was awake, for I was to go to my sister-in-law, and visiting was then an event for me. About two o'clock in the morning my brother walked into our room (my

sister's) and stood beside my bed. I called to her, 'Here is ——.' He was at the time quartered at Paisley, and a mail-car from Belfast passed about that hour not more than a mile from our village. . . . He looked down on us most lovingly, and kindly, and waved his hand, and he was gone! I recollect it all as if it were only last night it occurred, and my feeling of astonishment, not at his coming into the room at all, but where he could have gone. At that very hour he died."

Mr. Gurney writes:

"We have confirmed the date of death in the Army List, and find from a newspaper notice that the death took place in the early morning, and was extremely sudden."

Cases such as the above could be multiplied into the hundreds; but it is not necessary. For our present purposes, the above samples will at least serve to show the character of these "death-coincidences," and how accurate and how numerous they often are.

#### ARE THEY DUE TO CHANCE?

The cases of "death-coincidences" came in so thick and so fast that, some time after its foundation, the Society for Psychical Research pub-

lished an enormous book in two volumes, called "Phantasms of the Living," which contained some 702 cases of this character. The possibility of "chance coincidence" was very carefully worked out; and it was ascertained that the number of collected cases was many thousand times more numerous than chance alone could be supposed to account for. A "connection" of some sort was thought to be proved.

But objections at once began to be heard! "In order to prove your point you must collect a greater number of cases than this; you must get more facts before we can consider your point proved!"

So the investigators again set to work, and carried on a far more extensive investigation, in several countries, covering a period of several years. The results were the same. After collecting some 30,000 cases, and calculating the number of death-coincidences contained in this number, it was again proved, and most conclusively, that the number of coincidences was far more numerous than could be accounted for by any theory of chance. Professor Sidgwick's Committee, therefore, signed the following joint statement, at the conclusion of their lengthy Report:

*"Between deaths and apparitions of the dying*

*person a connection exists which is not due to chance alone. This we hold as a proved fact. . . .*"

These are weighty words. They represent an important forward step in our investigation of these involved and complex questions. *Something* takes place at death, which serves to unite, in some sort of spiritual bond, the dying and the still living relatives or friends. *What is this connection? In what may it be supposed to consist?*

#### THE EXPLANATION

For an explanation, we must begin by going back to experimental thought-transference. We know that it is possible, under certain conditions, for one person to affect another, otherwise than through the regular avenues of the five senses. This "telepathic" action between mind and mind is now pretty well known, and operates more or less throughout life. By means of this, it is occasionally possible for one person to impress a scene or a picture upon the mind of another, so that the other shall see before him, as it were, in space, a vivid mental picture of the scene in the other's mind.

This being so, it seems plausible to suppose

just vacated by him. I looked intently at you, and then took up a newspaper to assure myself that I was not dreaming; but on laying it down I saw you still there. While I gazed, without speaking, you faded away.' ”

In the case which follows, the initials only are used; but the writer of the account was known to the officers of the S. P. R., who vouched for the general trustworthiness of the writer :

“On a certain Sunday evening in November, 1881, having been reading of the great power which the human will is capable of exercising, I determined, with the whole force of my being, that I would be present in spirit in the front bedroom of the second floor of a house situated at 22 Hogarth Road, Kensington, in which room slept two young ladies of my acquaintance,—namely, Miss L. S. V. and Miss E. C. V., aged respectively twenty-five and eleven years. I was living at the time at 23 Kildare Gardens, at a distance of about three miles from Hogarth Road, and I had not mentioned in any way my intention of trying this experiment to either of the above ladies, for the simple reason that it was only on retiring to rest upon this Sunday night that I made up my mind to do so. The time at which I determined to be there was one o'clock in the morning; and I had a strong in-

tention of making my presence perceptible. On the following Thursday I went to see the ladies in question, and, in the course of my conversation (without any allusion to the subject on my part), the elder one told me that on the previous Saturday night she had been much terrified by perceiving me standing by her bedside, and that she screamed when the apparition advanced towards her, and awoke her little sister, who also saw me.

"I asked her if she was awake at the time, and she replied most decidedly in the affirmative; and, upon my inquiring the time of the occurrence, she replied, 'About one o'clock in the morning.'

"This lady at my request wrote down a statement of the event, and signed it. . . ."

Mr. Gurney (one of the authors of *Phantasms of the Living*) became deeply interested in these experiments, and requested Mr. B. to notify him in advance on the next occasion when he proposed to make his presence known in this strange manner. Accordingly, March 22d, 1884, he received the following letter:

"Dear Mr. Gurney:—I am going to try the experiment to-night of making my presence perceptible at 44 Morland Square, at 12 P. M. I



will let you know the result in a few days.  
Yours very sincerely, "S. H. B."

The next letter, which was written on April 3, contained the following statement, prepared by the recipient, Miss L. S. Verity:

"On Saturday night, March 22, 1884, at about midnight, I had a distinct impression that Mr. S. H. B. was present in my room, and I distinctly saw him, being quite awake. He came toward me and stroked my hair. I voluntarily gave him this information when he called to see me on Wednesday, April 2, telling him the time and the circumstances of the apparition without any suggestion on his part. The appearance in my room was most vivid and quite unmistakable."

Miss A. S. Verity also furnishes this corroborative statement:

"I remember my sister telling me that she had seen S. H. B. and that he touched her hair, before he came to see us on April 2."

The agent's statement of the affair is as follows:

"On Saturday, March 22, I determined to make my presence perceptible to Miss V. at 44 Morland Square, Notting Hill, at twelve midnight; and as I had previously arranged with

Mr. Gurney that I should post him a letter of the evening on which I tried my next experiment (stating the time and other particulars) I sent him a note to acquaint him with the above facts. About ten days afterwards I called upon Miss V., and she voluntarily told me that on March 22, at twelve o'clock, midnight, she had seen me so vividly in her room (whilst wide awake) that her nerves had been much shaken, and she had been obliged to send for a doctor in the morning."

These cases will at least prove the possibility of such a thing as "experimental apparitions," and, explain them as we may, they are, at all events, most interesting and significant. They prove the reality of "telepathic phantasms"—of apparitions produced in another by the power of mind. This is, at least, the modern conception of the facts.

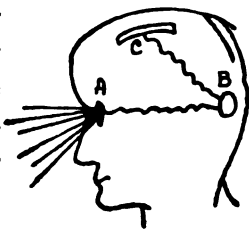
#### TELEPATHIC HALLUCINATIONS

How may the theory be said to work? How can a telepathic impulse from a distant mind cause a picture to appear in space, as it were, before the recipient? Here is the last word of modern science in this direction; here is the theory which has been advanced to explain puzzling cases of this character.

When we look at and see an object, the sight-centers of the brain are roused into activity; unless they are so aroused, we see nothing, and whenever they are so aroused, *no matter from what cause*, we have the sensation of sight. We *see*.

But we get no further than this; we do not reason about the thing seen, or analyze; or think to ourselves, "this is a red apple; I like red apples," etc. No, we only see or perceive the object. All the reasoning *about* the object takes place in the higher thought-centres of the brain. A diagram will, perhaps, help to make all this clear.

When light-waves coming from the eye, A, travel along the optic nerves, and excite into activity the sight-centers—at B—we have the sensation of sight, as before said. Nerve currents then travel



*up* the nerves, going from B to C, and in these higher centers, they are associated and analyzed, and we then "reflect" upon the thing seen, etc. This is the normal process of sight.

Now, if the eye, or the optic nerves, or the sight-centers themselves become diseased, we still have the sensation of seeing, though there

is no material object there; we have ordinary hallucinations of all kinds—delirium tremens, etc. If the sight-centers are stimulated *as much* as they would be by the incoming nerve stimuli from the eye, we have “full-blown hallucinations.”

Now, it is obvious that one method of stimulating the sight-centers into activity is for a nervous current to come *downwards*, along the nerves running from C to B. It is probable that something of this sort takes place when we experience “memory pictures.” If you shut your eyes and picture the face of some dear friend, you will be able to see it before you more or less clearly. The higher psychical centers of the brain have excited the sight-centers into a certain activity; and these have given us the sensation of dim, inward sight. If the stimulus were stronger, we should have cases of intense “visualization”; such as the figures which occur in the crystal ball, etc.—they being doubtless produced in this manner.

Although the “sluice-gates,” so to speak, running from C to B are, therefore, always open *slightly*; they are never open wide; it is not natural for them to be so. But if, under any great stress, thought or emotion, the downward nervous current were as strong as that ordi-

marily running from A to B; then we should appear to see as clearly; the object would appear just as solid and real and outstanding to us as any other entity. We should experience a "full-blown hallucination."

All this being so, it is almost natural to suppose that *one* method by which these psychical sluice-gates could be more widely opened would be under the impact of a *telepathic impulse*. If we assume that this in some manner arouses into instantaneous and great activity the higher psychical centers (C), these would very probably communicate this impulse to B—downwards, along the nerve-tracts connecting the two (or to the hearing centers, when we should experience an auditory hallucination, and hear our name spoken, etc.). In this way we could account for a telepathic hallucination, originating in this manner; and it is surely to be supposed that, at the moment of death, some peculiar quickening of the mental and spiritual life takes place—the peculiar flashes of memory by those drowning, etc., seeming to show this.

So, then, we arrive at a sort of explanation of many of these cases of apparitions, occurring at the moment of death; for we have shown them to be "telepathic hallucinations." This is also the correct explanation, doubtless, for many

cases in which apparitions of the living have been seen—in which a phantasm of a living person has appeared to another, during sleep, or in hypnotic trance, etc.

But how about those ghosts which appear some time after death? They, at least, cannot be explained by any such theory. What has been said by way of explanation of these cases?

It will be remembered that telepathy is the basis of the explanation thus far. Let us extend this. We have only to suppose that the spirit of man survives the shock of death, and that it can continue to exert its powers and capacities also. For, if a living mind can influence the living by telepathy; why not a "dead" one? Why should not the surviving spirit of man continue to influence us, by telepathy? If they could, we should still have cases of telepathic hallucinations—induced from the mind of a disincarnate, not an incarnate, spirit. The "ghost" might still be a telepathic hallucination. And if several persons saw the figure at once, we should, on this theory, have a case of collective hallucination—in which one mind affected all the rest equally and simultaneously.

## GHOSTS WHICH MOVE MATERIAL OBJECTS

Such is the theory—rather far-fetched, it is true; but certainly the most rational and common-sense so far advanced to explain many of the facts. It is probable, however, that this explanation will not serve to explain *all* of them. Thus, in those cases where the apparition moved a material object, opened a door, etc., such a theory would have to be abandoned, for the simple reason that a mental concept, an hallucination, cannot open doors and move objects! There must be an outstanding, material entity to effect this. There must be a real ghost. And in those cases where the apparition has been seen by several persons at once, or even photographed, it seems more reasonable to suppose that a material, space-occupying body was present rather than to assume that the various witnesses or the camera were hallucinated.

In the following cases, for example, the apparition performs a definite physical action—snuffs a candle with its fingers, an action which a pure hallucination could hardly be supposed to perform. The account is by the Rev. D. W. G. Gwynne, M.I., and is printed in *Phantasms of the Living*, Vol. II., pp. 202-3. After

telling of certain minor phenomena, he proceeds:

"I now come to the mutual experience of something that is as fresh in its impression as if it were the occurrence of yesterday. During the night I became aware of a draped figure passing across the foot of the bed towards the fireplace. I had the impression that the arm was raised, pointing with the hand towards the mantle-piece, on which a night-light was burning. Mrs. Gwynne at this moment seized my arm, and the light *was extinguished*. Notwithstanding, I distinctly saw the figure returning towards the door, and being under the impression that one of our servants had found her way into the room, I leaped out of bed to intercept the intruder, but found, and saw, nothing. . . ."

[Mrs. Gwynne confirms the story, adding, "I distinctly saw the hand of the phantom placed over the night-light, which was at once extinguished."]

#### PHOTOGRAPHS OF GHOSTS

Again, it is claimed that ghosts have sometimes been photographed, though very rarely. In a number of cases, attempts have been made to photograph ghosts seen in haunted-houses;



but, though the figures have been seen by all present, the photographic plate has failed to record any impression of the phantom. In other cases, on the contrary, definite impressions *have* been obtained; and, though there is doubtless much fraud among professional mediums, who claim to produce "spirit photographs," there are many cases on record in which no professional medium was employed, and in which faces were certainly seen upon the developed plate. Experiments have also been made in photographing the body at the moment of death; to see if any impression could be made upon the plate—by the soul, in its passage from the body; and, though many of these have proved negative, Dr. Baraduc, of Paris, has obtained a number of photographs which have never been explained. Again, numerous researches in the region of so-called "thought photography" have given some basis for the belief that thought may be, under certain conditions, photographed—as for example, in the experiments of Dr. Ochorowicz and others. It may be said, therefore, that some progress is being made in this direction by psychic investigators (particularly by the French observers, who are far ahead of the rest of the world in these branches of psychic investigation), and that, with increased sensitiveness of

film and plate, and greater perfection of lens and camera, it is to be hoped that the time is not far distant when it will be possible to photograph the unseen just as we photograph living persons.

There are "ghosts," therefore, which are hallucinations; and there are ghosts which are genuine phantasms—the "real article." It becomes a question, in each instance, of sifting the evidence; finding out *which they are*. Yet, if there are real, objective, outstanding ghosts, how can we explain them? In what do they consist? In short, we are back to our original question: What are ghosts?

#### THE "DOUBLE," AND THE SPIRITUAL BODY

Before we can answer this question satisfactorily, we must consider one or two preliminary questions. First of all, we must speak of the "double"—the astral or spiritual or ethic body, which resides in man, as well as his physical body.\*

St. Paul constantly emphasized the fact that man has a material body and a "spiritual body." This inner body is the exact shape of the physi-

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\*Theosophists distinguish between all these various bodies; psychic students strive, for the most part, only to prove the objective existence of any one of them.

cal body—its counterpart, its double. In life, under ordinary conditions, the two are inseparable ; but at death, the severance takes place and man continues to live on in this etheric envelope. This inner body has been studied very carefully by students of the occult; and a good deal is now known about it—its comings and goings, its composition, and the method of its departure at death. For our present purposes, however, it is enough to say that such a body exists, and that it is the vehicle man continues to use and manipulate, after his death and his departure from this plane.

It so happens that, under certain peculiar conditions, the inner body of man is capable of being detached or separated from the physical body. This usually occurs in trance, sleep, hypnotic and mesmeric states, etc.; or may be performed “experimentally,” by some who have cultivated this power in themselves. When this body goes on such “excursions”—leaving the physical body practically dead, to all appearances—it may be seen by those in its immediate vicinity, just as a material body would be—if they are sufficiently sensitive or receptive.

The following interesting case, (recorded in *Phantasms of the Living*, Vol. I, pp. 225-26) is a good example of the apparent traveling of the

body to another place, and the perception of that body by a second person, who happens to be there. Two individuals, at all events, shared in the experience, which is otherwise hard to account for. The case is recorded by the Rev. P. H. Newnham, and is as follows:

“In March, 1854, I was up at Oxford, keeping my last term, in lodgings. I was subject to violent neuralgic headaches, which always culminated in sleep. One evening, about 8 p.m., I had an unusually violent one; when it became unendurable, about 9 p.m., I went into my bedroom, and flung myself, without undressing, on the bed, and soon fell asleep.

“I then had a singularly clear and vivid dream, all the incidents of which are as clear in my memory as ever. I dreamed that I was stopping with the family of a lady who subsequently became my wife. All the younger ones had gone to bed, and I stopped chatting to the father and mother, standing up by the fireplace. Presently I bade them good-night, took my candle, and went off to bed. On arriving in the hall, I perceived that my fiancée had been detained downstairs, and was only then near the top of the staircase. I rushed upstairs, overtook her on the top step, and passed my two arms around her waist, under her arms, from

behind. Although I was carrying my candle in the left hand, when I ran upstairs, this did not, in my dream, interfere with this gesture.

"On this I woke, and the clock in the house struck ten almost immediately afterwards.

"So strong was the impression of the dream that I wrote a detailed account of it the next morning to my fiancée.

"*Crossing* my letter, *not* in answer to it, I received a letter from the lady in question: 'Were you thinking about me very specially last night, just about ten o'clock? For, as I was going upstairs to bed, I distinctly heard your footsteps on the stairs, and felt you put your arms round my waist.'"

[Mrs. Newnham wrote a confirmation of this account, which was also published.]

#### WHAT HAPPENS AT THE MOMENT OF DEATH

In all these cases, of course, the psychic body of the subject returns and re-animates the physical body; for if it did not do so, death would take place. When death does actually take place, this is what occurs; and psychics and clairvoyants assert that they are able to see and follow this process perfectly; and many of them have described exactly what takes place at the

moment of death. The following description, for example, given by Andrew Jackson Davis, is taken from his *Death, and the After Life*, pp. 15-16, and is as follows:

“Suppose the person is now dying. It is to be a rapid death. The feet first grow cold. The clairvoyant sees over the head what may be called a magnetic halo—an etherial emanation, in appearance golden, and throbbing as though conscious. The body is now cold up to the knees and elbows, and the emanation has ascended higher in the air. The legs are cold to the hips and the arms to the shoulders; and the emanation, though it has not risen higher in the room, is more expanded. The death-coldness steals over the breast and round on either side, and the emanation has attained a higher position nearer the ceiling. The person has ceased to breathe, the pulse is still, and the emanation is elongated and fashioned in the outline of a human form. Beneath, it is connected with the brain. The head of the person is internally throbbing—a slow, deep throb—not painful but like the beat of the sea. Hence the thinking faculties are rational, while nearly every part of the person is dead. Owing to the brain’s momentum, I have seen a dying person, even at the last feeble pulse-beat, rouse impulsively and rise up in bed to

converse with a friend, but the next instant he was gone—his brain being the last to yield up the life principle.

“The golden emanation, which extends up midway to the ceiling, is connected to the brain by a very fine life-thread. Now the body of the emanation ascends. Then appears something white and shining, like a human head; next, in a very few moments, a faint outline of the face divine, then the fair neck and beautiful shoulders; then, in rapid succession, come all parts of the new body down to the feet—a bright, shining image, a little smaller than its physical body, but a perfect prototype or reproduction in all except its disfigurements. The fine life-thread continues attached to the old brain. The next thing is the withdrawal of the electric principle. When this thread snaps the spiritual body is free, and prepared to accompany its guardians to the Summer-Land. Yes, there is a spiritual body; it is sown in dishonor and raised in brightness.”

It is doubtless this spiritual body which is the true cause of many apparitions—of many ghost stories. It is this body which is seen by the seer or percipient in many a ghost story; it is this body which moves objects and touches the individual who sees the ghost. This body is detached at death, as we have seen, and afterwards

is free to rove at its own free will. Apparitions of the dead might thus be accounted for; while all those cases of apparitions of the dying which are with difficulty explained as due to pure telepathy might also thus find their explanation. The spiritual body, freed at that moment, would manifest its presence to the distant percipient as it did after death. So far so good, but how about apparitions of the living? How explain those cases in which the apparition of a living person has been seen, when the spiritual body is supposedly safely attached to the physical body?

Many of them are doubtless cases of telepathy; but in those cases which seem to demand the presence of a body of some sort, we may suppose that the spiritual body may become detached, at times, under certain peculiar conditions, from the material body which it inhabits and animates, and can then manifest independently at a distance. The following cases are illustrative, apparently, of this fact; showing us that the "etheric body" can manifest on occasion at will at a distance from the physical body.



## HOW THE SOUL MAY LEAVE THE BODY

" . . . I put out the light and returned, but no sooner had I done this than . . . I could feel a creeping sensation moving up my legs. I got up and lit the gas and went back to bed; with pillows arranged in such a way as to make me comfortable. In a comparatively short time, all circulation ceased in my legs, and they were as cold as those of the dead. The creeping sensation began in the lower part of the body, and that also became cold. . . . There was no sensation of pain or even of physical discomfort. I would pinch my legs with my thumb and finger, and there was no feeling or no indication of blood whatever. I might as well have pinched a piece of rubber so far as the sensation produced was concerned. As the movement continued upward, all at once there came a flashing of lights in my eyes and a ringing in my ears, and it seemed for an instant as though I had become unconscious. When I came out of this state, I seemed to be walking in the air. No words can describe the exhilaration and freedom that I experienced. At no time in my life had my mind been so clear and so free. Just then I thought of a friend who was more than a thousand miles

distant. Then I seemed to be traveling with great rapidity through the atmosphere about me. Everything was light and yet it was not the light of the day or the sun, but, I might say, a peculiar light of its own, such as I have never known. It could not have been a minute after that I thought of my friends, before I was conscious of standing in a room where the gas-jets were turned up, and my friend was standing with his back toward me, but, suddenly turning and seeing me, said: 'What in the world are you doing here? I thought you were in Florida'—and he started to come toward me. While I heard the words distinctly, I was unable to answer. An instant later I was gone; and the consciousness of the memorable things that transpired that memorable night has never been forgotten. I seemed to leave the earth, and everything pertaining to it, and enter a condition of life of which it is absolutely impossible to give here any thought I had concerning it, because there was no correspondence to anything I had ever seen or heard or known of in any way. The wonder and the joy of it was unspeakable; and I can readily understand now what Paul meant when he said 'I knew a man, whether in the body or out of it I know not, who was caught up to the third heaven, and saw

things which it is not possible (lawful) to utter.'

"In this latter experience there was neither consciousness of time nor of space; in fact, it can be described more as a consciousness of elastic feeling than anything else. It came to me after a time that I could *stay* there if I so desired, but with that thought came also the consciousness of the friends on earth and the duties there required of me. The desire to stay was intense, but in my mind I clearly reasoned over it—whether I should gratify my desire or return to my work on earth. Four times my thought and reason told me that my duties required me to return, but I was so dissatisfied with each conclusion that I finally said: 'Now I will think and reason this matter out once more, and whatever conclusion I reach I will abide by.' I reached the same conclusion, and had not much more than reached it when I became conscious of being in a room and looking down on a body propped up in bed, which I recognized as my own! I cannot tell what strange feelings came over me. This body, to all intents and purposes, looked to be dead. There was no indication of life about it, and yet here I was apart from the body, with my mind perfectly clear and alert, and the consciousness of

another body to which matter of any kind offered no resistance.

"After what might have been a minute or two, looking at the body, I began to try and control it, and in a very short time all sense of separation from the physical body ceased, and I was only conscious of a directed effort toward its use. After what seemed to be quite a long time, I was able to move, got up from the bed, dressed myself, and went down to breakfast. . .

"I may add that the friend referred to as having been seen by me that night was also distinctly conscious of my presence and made the exclamation mentioned. We both wrote the next day, relating the experience of the night, and the letters corroborating the incident crossed in the post."

Such strange doings certainly tend to prove that the human spirit can leave its body and rove abroad, at times; and if this is the case, it shows us that our body is far more detachable than we usually suppose; and hence that it can probably continue to exist after the death of the physical body, when it is detached altogether. Once this is proved, all objection to the reality and existence of "objective" ghosts will have been done away with.

## THEORIES OF HAUNTED HOUSES

If we grant that certain houses may be "haunted," in the sense that they may be the centers of influences and forces as yet unseen and unknown, the question is: How explain such cases? What hypotheses can we advance to explain cases of haunted houses, which will recognize the reality of the phantom witnessed therein, and attempt to explain them as rationally as possible? Four main theories have been advanced by way of explanation, which I shall briefly outline.

(1). There is the theory that the figures seen in houses of this nature are genuine, outstanding entities—real beings, which are just as real, though less solid and tangible, as any of the living inhabitants of the house. This is, of course, the popular conception of the ghosts seen in haunted houses, and it must be admitted that such a theory covers and explains the facts more completely and fully than any other. There are also many facts telling in its favor. For instance, when two persons see a figure from different angles or viewpoints; and one describes it in profile, while the other describes it as presenting a full face likeness; and if this is the angle in each case from which a real figure

would naturally be seen, this surely seems to indicate that a solid form of some sort was present.

Again, when three or four or more people see a figure at the same time, it is surely a strain upon our credulity to believe that a number of persons were similarly "hallucinated" at precisely the same time and in the same manner; and easier to believe that they all saw a figure at the same time, though in differing degrees of vividness and detail.

Thirdly, we have the evidence from photography. In some instances, these figures have been photographed; and though there is doubtless much fraud in this connection, there is evidence that, in certain cases, genuine photographs of this nature have been taken. This is discussed elsewhere in this volume, however.

Fourthly, we have the behavior of animals, in haunted houses. They often appear to see figures visible or invisible to others present at the time—bark at them, rub against them, stare at them, act as though terrified at what they see, etc. This will be noticed in many of the stories; and can be explained only with difficulty if we are to believe that the figures seen are merely hallucinations.

## THE GHOSTS OF ANIMALS. ETC.

I have elsewhere spoken of the apparent ability of animals to see phantasmal forms and figures. The reverse of this is also true. Ghosts of animals have been seen—spectral dogs, cats, horses as well as human beings. These apparitions are very perplexing, and raise the question of the immortality of animals—a very vexed question, which has given rise to much discussion. Mr. H. Rider Haggard records the case of his own dog, whose apparition he saw at the very moment that the dog was killed by an express train some miles away. Did the animal succeed in affecting his master by telepathy? If not, why the coincidence?. I myself have recorded a case in which a (real) cat spat at a phantom dog, seen independently by a clairvoyant, who had described it a few moments before to a group of spectators. Such cases are very interesting. They tend to prove that dogs, cats horses and other animals also survive death—a conclusion which is certainly the most humane and logical to many minds.

In addition to these animal apparitions, there are also grotesque, horrible, monstrous and undefinable ghosts. One or two cases of this character are described in this book. Sometimes the

“seer” sees something awful, but cannot describe in words what it is. Many of the phantoms of the imaginative type are of this character. Again, there are grave-yard ghosts; banshees, gnomes, elementals, pixies, fairies, brownies, nature-spirits, hobgoblins, sylphs, salamanders, dragons, vampires, wraiths, corpse-candles, and many other awful beings which have been described from time to time in the past. We need not consider these in a book of this character, however. But, to return to our argument for the objective reality of “ghosts.”

Fifthly, we have those cases in which the apparition has produced a physical effect in the material world—snuffed a light, opened a door, pulled back the bed-curtains, etc. A hallucinatory figure could not do this. It has been suggested that all this is only a part of the hallucination, but when the thing is found to have been moved in reality, we must explain this somehow; for otherwise how did it change its place?

Sixthly, we have cases in which the same apparition has been seen by several separate and independent persons in the same room or house, and afterwards they have recognized the features of this person in a photograph shown them—the photograph of the person supposed to haunt that particular house. If we were to believe



that a simple hallucination caused the figure, how account for this identification? Surely the theory is far-fetched!

For all these reasons, therefore, and others it would be possible to mention, there is much to be said in favor of this theory of haunted houses; the theory which says that the figures seen are real, semi-material entities.

#### THE CLOTHES OF GHOSTS

(2). The second view, opposed to that mentioned above, is this: Someone living in a house has experienced a hallucination, and then seen the same thing over and over again, by reason of auto-suggestion; or, if he moves away, and another tenant takes the house in turn, the thoughts of this second tenant are influenced, through thought-transference, by the first tenant, who broods and thinks over his experiences in the "haunted house," wonders whether the people now living in it are experiencing phenomena, etc. In this way, the minds of those living in the house are constantly influenced by thought-transference by living minds; and hallucinatory figures are produced in them, just as the picture of a playing card is induced in experimental thought-transference.

There are two things to be said in favor of such a theory. In the first place, we have the analogy which telepathic experiments give us, in which certain visual images are undoubtedly transmitted from one mind to another; and it is natural to assume that an extension of this same process might account for many of the phantasmal forms seen in haunted houses, as explained elsewhere.

In the second place, we immediately surmount the difficulty presented by the ghost's *clothes*. This is a stumbling-block to many investigators. However much we might believe that an etheric or astral or spiritual body might continue to persist after death, it is hard to believe that the clothes of the person who died also had "spiritual counterparts," and returned with him, to visit the earth and the scenes of former joys and miseries! We seldom read of a ghost without clothes; nude ghosts are not the fashion! Yet if we cannot believe this, how are we to explain this difficulty—and the fact that ghosts wear ghostly garments?

If the ghost were a hallucination, we could understand all this easily enough. The clothes were imaginary, just as the figure was; they formed part of the mental image, just like the figures seen in dreams, etc. This, therefore, is

one very strong point in favor of this hypothesis; but if the ghost is a real, outstanding entity, how account for his clothes?

Several tentative explanations have been forthcoming. In the first place, it has been suggested that all ghosts are in reality partial "materializations" and that it is possible for a spirit to materialize and form drapery as well as solid flesh and bone. Both are a sort of condensation of matter, in varying degrees.

Again, it has been suggested that a spirit has the power to create objects by the power of will; by merely thinking and willing to do so. In this way, man would be a real creator, in a miniature scale, and certain analogies could be found for this in the material world. The returning spirit would desire to return clothed; and this very desire would create the fitting garb. Other theories have been advanced, but the above are the simplest and most intelligible, and are all we need consider at present.

All these difficulties, however, tell against the substantiality of ghosts; and in favor of this second theory of haunted houses.

#### TELEPATHY FROM THE DEAD

(3). The third theory which has been advanced, is an extension of the second. Thought-

transference is still the agency invoked to explain the facts—but from the minds of dead, and not living persons. That is, assuming telepathy to be true, and possible between living minds; and assuming that individual consciousness survives the change called death; we can readily imagine that those who have “passed over” might affect and influence the living by thought-transference also, just as they did in life. On this theory, therefore, the ghost would still represent a hallucination; a mental or imaginary figure, and it would still be induced by telepathy from a distant mind; but that mind would be that of a so-called dead person. After death, we might suppose, this person would be thinking or dreaming over the past events; the scenes of his joys and sorrows; and these dreams would tend to influence the minds of those still living, and cause them to see the figures seen. The figures, on this theory, would be hallucinatory, but they would have a real, objective basis and starting-point for all that; and, as such, would represent the continued existence and activity on the part of the dead.

Against this ingenious theory may be urged all those arguments which have been cited in favor of the materiality of apparitions.

## THE PSYCHIC ATMOSPHERE

(4). A fourth theory is that which says that some *subtle psychic atmosphere* is present in certain houses; and that this "atmosphere" affects and influences all who live within them, just as their physical atmosphere would, only in a different manner and degree. Everyone has doubtless experienced this atmosphere in certain houses, if they are at all sensitive. They either "like" a house or "dislike" it—for no apparent reason. Some houses rest and refresh you; others irritate you, etc. This theory contends that every living human being is constantly giving off a peculiar vital emanation or aura or effluence; and that this charges-up or impregnates the material objects in his immediate neighborhood, which soak it up like a sponge, and retain it after being removed from its presence. It is because of this fact that articles presented to trance mediums often recall the person to whom they belonged; it is because of this that "psychometry" is possible—that is, the ability of some persons to give the past history of an object by merely handling it; and it is because of this that certain houses become so charged with this magnetic aura, or whatever it may be, that they remain "charged" for some

time; and, in discharging, create psychic disturbances and impressions which are seen or experienced as phantasmal appearances.

The chief objection to this theory is that it is difficult to see how this general and impersonal "charging" process can create definite and clear-cut forms, possessing all the appearances of reality. Doubtless each theory contains much truth; and haunted houses represent, in many cases, a combination of *all* these causes, working together and combining into one complex and unfortunately ill-understood whole. It is the duty of the future to disentangle this maze, as best it can; and explain the various factors which go to make up a haunted house of this character.

#### FORMS CREATED BY WILL

(5). Besides these theories, another might be suggested, which has never so far been advanced, so far as I am aware. It is that the phantasmal forms seen in haunted houses are real substantial *creations*, manufactured by the thoughts or will of the discarnate spirit, who fashions it out of "such stuff as dreams are made of." It has been said that "thoughts are things," and many believe that this is literally

true. Certain it is that a limited number of peculiarly constructed persons can produce phenomena which seem to be solid creations of the will. So, if thought could ever be proved to be really creative; if it could not only *formulate* but *objectify* and *project into space* images and forms, we should have here a rational explanation of many ghosts, as well as of their behavior. And just here a few words as to this latter may not be out of place.

It has often been objected that ghosts cannot be realities; they cannot be real spirits, for the reason that they act in such a senseless manner. They seldom speak or reply, when spoken to. They seldom have any definite purpose. In short, they betray no intelligence. This being so, they must be hallucinations and not the realities they claim to be!

The answer to this objection is found in the following consideration. Even granting all this to be true, many believing in ghosts do not for an instant contend that such ghosts represent the actual person the figure symbolises. It is a mere projection; a shell; a form created by the discarnate spirit, a resemblance, a phantasm. The central consciousness which animated and still animates that person is not *in* the ghostly form, but elsewhere. The phantasm represents,

merely, a sort of impersonal wraith, and, as such, cannot be expected to possess intelligence or human characteristics. None are present within it. It is a very different thing from the real person it represents. The insipid and unintelligent behavior of ghosts, therefore, is only what we should expect. This fact is no argument against their reality, when rightly understood and interpreted.

#### PHYSICAL MANIFESTATIONS

In addition to haunted houses of this type, there are others, which must be referred to very briefly. Thus, in some cases, no figures have been seen, but remarkable sounds have been heard—sounds which have never been accounted for. Bangs, knocks, monotonous reading aloud, whispering, footsteps, etc., are some of the noises and sounds which have been heard in this way, and their origin often remains a mystery. It would take too long to discuss the various explanatory theories which have been advanced by psychic students to account for these sounds.

In other types of haunted houses, physical manifestations take place, though nothing unusual is either seen or heard. Thus, in one case recorded by Lombroso (*After Death: What?*)



numbers of bottles were broken one after the other, for no apparent cause, when he was actually looking at them. In still other cases, furniture has been upset, crockery broken, door-bells rung, etc., by no visible agency. John Wesley was persecuted in this manner for several years; and the reason was never discovered. Such cases are technically known as "polteregists," and may be found in abundance in the "history of the supernatural."

#### CAN HAUNTED HOUSES BE "CURED"?

One question of considerable interest remains. It is this: Can so-called Haunted Houses be *cured*? Many of those who live in houses of this character would like to have these influences removed; but are unable to rid themselves of them. Can this be done?

In some cases, this has doubtless been accomplished; while in others it has failed. We know too little as yet to lay down any arbitrary laws or rules which may be followed with safety in cases of this character. Sometimes one method succeeds, while another fails. I have known of cases where "exorcism" worked a complete cure; of others in which it failed miserably. I have known of cases in which suggestion, rightly ap-

plied, rid the house of its ghost; in other instances, no result was produced by similar methods! In a few instances mediums and psychics have been able to assist; in others their presence only seemed to make matters worse. We can but experiment and learn. Those who may be more interested in this aspect of the question will find it treated in Chapter XV. of my book "*The Coming Science*," which is devoted to "Haunted Houses and their Cure."

## CHAPTER II

## PHANTASMS OF THE DEAD—I.

In the following Chapter, I shall give a number of cases in which "Ghosts," or "Phantasms of the Dead," as they are called, have appeared to one or more persons at one time; sometimes telling them something they did not know; sometimes moving material objects in the room; sometimes pulling the bed-clothes off, etc. Nearly all these cases are well authenticated, and have been narrated at first-hand. Many of them have the corroborative testimony of several other persons, who also saw the phantasmal figure, or in some way shared in the experience. I shall begin with—

## A RUSSIAN GHOST

The following story is vouched for by Mr. W. D. Addison, of Riga, and sent by him to Mr. W. T. Stead, who published it in *Borderland*:

"It was in February, 1884, that the incidents I am about to relate occurred to me, and the story is well-known to my immediate friends.

"Five weeks previously my wife had presented me with our first baby, and our house being a small one, I had to sleep on a bed made up in the drawing room—a spacious but cozy apartment, and the last place in which one would expect ghosts to select for their wanderings.

"On the night in question I retired to my couch soon after ten, and fell asleep almost the moment I was between the sheets.

"Instead of sleeping as, I am thankful to say, is my habit, straight through till morning, I woke up after a short dreamless sleep with the dim consciousness upon me that some one had called me by name. I was just turning the idea over in my mind when all doubts were solved by my hearing my name pronounced in a faint whisper, "Willy." Now the nurse who was in attendance on the baby, and who slept in the dressing room adjoining our bedroom, had been ill for the past few days, and on the previous evening my wife had come and asked me to assist her with the baby. As soon, therefore, as I heard this whisper, I turned round thinking, "Ah, it is the baby again."

"The room had three windows in it, the night was moonless but starlit; there was snow on the ground, and therefore, "snowlight," and the blinds being up the room was by no means dark.

The first thing I noticed on turning round was the figure of a woman close to the foot of the bed, and whom (following the bent of my thoughts) I supposed to be my wife. 'What is up?' I asked, but the figure remained silent and motionless, and my eyes being more accustomed to the dimness, I noticed that it had a gray looking shawl over its head and shoulders, and that it was too short in stature to be my wife. I gazed at it silently, wondering who it could be; apparitions and ghosts were far from my thoughts, and the mistiness of the outlines of this silent figure did not strike me at the moment as it did afterwards.

"I again addressed it, this time in the language of the country, 'What do you want?' Again no answer. And now it occurred to me that our servant girl sometimes walked in her sleep, and that this was she. Behind the head of my bed stood a small table, and I reached round for the match-box which was on it, never removing my eyes from the supposed somnambulist. The match-box was now in my hands, but just as I was taking out a match, the figure, to my astonishment, seemed to rise up from the floor, and move backwards toward the end window; at the same time it faded rapidly and became blurred with the gray light streaming in

at the window, and 'ere I could strike the match it was gone. I lit the candle, jumped out of bed and ran to the door: it was fastened! To the left of the drawing room there was a boudoir, separated only by a curtain, this room was empty too, and the door likewise fastened.

"I rubbed my eyes. I was puzzled. It struck me now for the first time that the figure was hazy looking, also that my wife was the only person who called me 'Willy,' and certainly the only person who could give the word its English pronunciation. I first searched both drawing room and boudoir, and then, opening the door, stepped into the passage, and went to my wife's door and listened. The baby was crying and my wife was up, so I knocked and was admitted. Knowing her to be strong minded and not nervous, I quietly related my experience. She expressed astonishment, and asked if I was not afraid to return to my bed in the drawing room. However, I was not, and after chatting for a few moments went back to my quarters, fastened the door, and getting into bed, thought the whole matter over very quietly. I could think of no explanation of the occurrence, and, feeling sleepy, blew out the light and was soon sound asleep again.

"After a short but sound and dreamless slum-

ber, I was again awakened, this time with my face towards the middle window; and there, close up against it, was the figure again, and owing to its propinquity to the light, it appeared to be a very dark object.

"I at once reached out for the matches, but in doing so upset the table, and down it went with my candlestick, my watch, keys, etc., making a terrific crash. As before, I had kept my eyes fixed on the figure, and I now observed that, whatever it was, it was advancing straight towards me, and in another moment retreat to the door would be cut off. It was not a comfortable idea to cope with the unknown in the dark, and in an instant I had seized the bed-clothes, and grasping a corner of them in each hand, and holding them up before me, I charged straight at the figure. (I suppose I thought that, by smothering the head of my supposed assailant, I could best repel the coming attack.)

"The next moment I had landed on my knees on a sofa by the window with my arms on the window-sill, and with the consciousness that 'it' was now behind me—I having passed through it. With a bound I faced round, and was immediately immersed in a darkness impalpable to the touch, but so dense that it seemed to be weighing me down and squeezing me from all

sides. I could not stir; the bed-clothes which I had seized as described hung over my left arm, the other was free, but seemed pressed down by a benumbing weight. I essayed to cry for help, but realized for the first time in my life what it means for the 'tongue to cleave to the roof of the mouth'; my tongue seemed to have become dry and to have swelled to a thickness of some inches; it stuck to the roof of my mouth, and I could not ejaculate a syllable. At last, after an appalling struggle, I succeeded in uttering, and I know that disjointed words, half prayer, half execrations of fear, left my lips, then my mind seemed to make one frantic effort, there seemed to come a wrench like an electric shock and my limbs were free; it was as tho' I tore myself out of something. In a few seconds I had reached and opened the door and was in the passage, listening to the hammerings of my heart-beats. All fear was gone from me, but I felt as though I had run miles for my life and that another ten yards of it would have killed me.

"I again went to the door of my wife's room, and, hearing that she was up with the baby, I knocked and she opened. She is a witness to the state I was in: the drops rolling down my face, my hair was damp, and the beatings of my heart were audible some paces off. I can



offer no explanations of what I saw, but as soon as my story became known, the people who had occupied the house previously told me that they had once put a visitor in that same drawing room, who had declared the room to be haunted and had refused to stay in it. . . . ”

#### GRASPED BY A SPIRIT HAND

The following account is vouched for by Major C. G. MacGregor, Ireland, who writes as follows:

“In the end of the year 1871 I went over from Scotland to pay a short visit to a relative living in a square on the north side of Dublin.

“In January, 1872, the husband of my relative, then in his eighty-fourth year, was seized with paralysis, and, having no trained nurse, the footman and I sat up with him for sixteen nights during his recovery. On the seventeenth night, at about 11:30 p.m., I said to the footman: ‘The master seems so well, and sleeping soundly, I shall go to bed; and if he awakes worse, or you require me, call me.’ I then retired to my room, which was over the one occupied by the invalid.

“I went to bed and was soon asleep, when some time afterwards I was awakened by a slight push on the left shoulder. I was at the

time lying on my right side facing the door (which was on the right side of my bed, and the fireplace on the left). I started up and said: 'Edward, is there anything wrong?' I received no answer, but immediately received another push. I got annoyed and said, 'Can you not speak, man, and tell me if anything is wrong?' Still no answer; and I had a feeling that I was going to get another push when I suddenly turned around and caught (what I then thought) a human hand, warm, soft and plump. I said: 'Who are you?' but I got no answer. I then tried to pull the person towards me, to endeavor to find out who it was, but although I am nearly thirteen stone, I could not move whoever it was, but felt that I myself was likely to be drawn from the bed. I then said, 'I will know who you are, and having the hand tight in my hand, with my left I felt the wrist and arm—enclosed, as it seemed to me, in a tight sleeve of some winter material with a linen cuff; but when I got to the elbow all trace of the arm ceased! I was so astonished that I let the hand go, and just then the house clock struck 2 a.m. I then thought no one could possibly get to the door without my catching them; but lo! the door was fast shut as when I came to bed, and another thought struck me—the fact that, when I

pulled the hand, I heard no one breathing, though I myself was 'puffed' from the strength I used!

"Including the mistress of the house, there were in all five females, and I am assured that the hand belonged to no one of them. When I related the adventure, the servants exclaimed, 'Oh, it must be the master's old aunt Betty,'—an old lady who had lived for many years in the upper part of the house, occupying two rooms, and had died over fifty years ago, at a great age. I afterwards learned that the *room* in which I felt the hand had been considered 'haunted,' and many curious noises and peculiar incidents had occurred there, such as the bed-clothes being torn off. One lady got a slap in the face from some invisible hand, and, when she lighted her candle, she saw something opaque fall, or jump off the bed. A general officer, a brother of the lady, slept there two nights, but preferred going to an hotel rather than remaining a third! He never would say what he heard or saw, but always asserted the room was 'uncanny.' I slept for months in that room afterwards and was never in the least disturbed. I never knew what nervousness was in my life, and only regret that my astonishment caused me to let go the hand before finding out the purpose

of the visit. Whether it was meant for a warning or not, I may add that the old gentleman lived three years and six months afterwards. . . . ”

“I AM SHOT!”

The next case is well authenticated, and appeared in the *Proceedings* of the Society for Psychical Research (S. P. R.) :

After some preliminary remarks, the writer proceeds:

“I awoke and saw standing by my bed, between me and the chest of drawers, a figure, which, in spite of the unwonted dress—unwonted, at least, to me—and of a full, black beard, I at once recognized as that of my old brother officer. He had on the usual khaki coat, worn by the officers on service in eastern climates. . . . His face was pale, but his bright black eyes shone as keenly as when, a year and a half before, they had looked upon me as he stood with one foot on the hansom, bidding me *adieu*.

“Fully impressed for the moment that we were stationed together in Ireland or somewhere, and thinking I was in my barrack-room, I said, ‘Hello, P., am I late for parade?’ P. looked at me steadily, and replied, ‘I’m shot!’

"‘Shot!’ I exclaimed, ‘Good God. how and where?’

"‘Through the lungs,’ replied P.; and as he spoke his right hand moved slowly up to his breast, until the fingers rested over the right lung.

"‘What were you doing?’ I asked.

"‘The General sent me forward,’ he answered; and the right hand left the breast to move slowly to the front, pointing over my head to the window, and at the same moment the figure melted away. I rubbed my eyes, to make sure I was not dreaming, and sprang out of bed. It was then 4.10 a.m. by the clock on my mantelpiece.

"Two days later news was received that he had been killed at Lang’s Neck between 11 and 12 o’clock on the night in question."

The following is a nautical story:

#### HEAVE THE LEAD!

In the year 1664, Captain Thomas Rogers, commander of a ship called the *Society*, was bound on a voyage from London to Virginia. The vessel being sent light to Virginia, for a loading of tobacco, carried little freight in her outward hold.

"One day when they made an observation, the mates and officers brought their books and cast up their reckonings with the captain, to see how near they were to the coast of America. They all agreed that they were a *hundred leagues* from the capes of Virginia. Upon these customary reckonings, and heaving the lead, and finding no ground at a hundred fathoms, they set the watch, and the captain turned in.

"The weather was fine; a moderate gale of wind blew from the coast; so that the ship might have run about twelve or thirteen leagues in the night, after the captain was in his cabin.

"He fell asleep, and slept very soundly for about three hours, when he woke again, and lay still till he heard his second mate turn out and relieve the watch. He then called his first mate, as he was going off watch, and asked him how all things fared? The mate answered that all was well, though the gale had freshened, and they were running at a great rate; but it was a fair wind, and a fair, clear night.

"The captain then went to sleep again.

"About an hour after, he dreamed that some one had pulled him, and bade him turn out and look abroad. He, however, lay still and went to sleep again; but was suddenly re-awakened. This occurred several times; and, though he

knew not what was the reason, yet he found it impossible to go to sleep any more. Still he heard the vision say: 'Turn out and look abroad.'

"The captain lay in this state of uneasiness nearly two hours, until finally he felt compelled to don his great coat and go on deck. All was well; it was a fine, clear night.

"The men saluted him; and the captain called out: 'How's she heading?'

" 'Southwest by south, sir,' answered the mate; 'fair for the coast, and the wind east by north.'

" 'Very good,' said the captain, and as he was about to return to his cabin, *something* stood by him, and said: 'Heave the lead.'

"Upon hearing this the captain said to the second mate: 'When did you heave the lead? What water had you?'

" 'About an hour ago, sir,' replied the mate; 'sixty fathom.'

" 'Heave again,' the captain commanded.

"When the lead was cast they had ground at eleven fathoms. This surprised them all; but much more when, at the next cast, it came up *seven* fathoms.

"Upon this, the captain, in a fright, bid them put the helm alee, and about ship, all hands or-

dered to back the sails, as is usual in such cases.

"The proper orders being observed, the ship 'stayed' and came about; but before the sails filled, she had but four-fathoms-and-a-half water under her stern. As soon as she filled and stood off, they had seven fathoms again, and at the next cast eleven fathoms, and so on to twenty fathoms. They then stood off to seaward all the rest of the watch, to get into deep water, till daybreak, when, being a clear morning, the capes of Virginia were in fair view under their stern, and but a few leagues distant. Had they stood-on but one cable-length further, as they were going, they would have been ashore, and certainly lost their ship, if not their lives—all through the erroneous reckonings of the previous day. *Who* or *what* was it that waked the captain and bade him save the ship? That he has never been able to tell!"

The incident which follows is somewhat similar—though more dramatic—being also a nautical story:

#### THE RESCUE AT SEA

The following famous narrative is taken from Mr. Robert Dale Owen's collection, printed in



*his Footfalls on the Boundry of Another World, and The Debatable Land Between this World and the Next.* It is quite a famous case, and is vouched for by Mr. Owen. It is as follows:

“Mr. Robert Bruce, descended from some branch of the Scottish family of the same name, was born in humble circumstances about the close of the eighteenth century at Torbay, in the south of England, and there bred up to a seafaring life. When about thirty years of age (in the year 1828), he was first mate on board a barque trading between Liverpool and St. John’s, New Brunswick.

“On one of her voyages, bound westward, being then some five or six weeks out, and having neared the eastern portion of the Banks of Newfoundland, the captain and the mate had been on deck at noon, taking an observation of the sun; after which they both descended to calculate their day’s work.

“The cabin, a small one, was immediately at the stern of the vessel, and the short stairway, descending to it, ran athwart-ships. Immediately opposite to this stairway, just beyond a small, square landing, was the mate’s state room; and from that landing there were two doors, close to each other—the one opening aft

into the cabin, the other fronting the stairway into the stateroom. The desk in the stateroom was in the forward part of it, close to the door; so that anyone sitting at it, and looking over his shoulder, could see into the cabin.

"The mate, absorbed in his calculation, which did not result as he expected, varying considerably from the 'dead reckoning,' had not noticed the captain's motions. When he had completed his calculations, he cried out, without looking round, 'I make our latitude and longitude so-and-so. Can that be right? How is yours, sir?'

"Receiving no reply he repeated the question, glancing over his shoulder and perceiving, as he thought, the captain busy at his slate. Still no answer! Thereupon he rose, and, as he fronted the cabin door, the figure he had mistaken for the captain raised his head and disclosed to the astonished mate the features of an entire stranger.

"Bruce was no coward, but as he met that fixed gaze, looking directly at him in grave silence, and became assured that it was no one whom he had ever seen before, it was too much for him; and, instead of stopping to question the seeming intruder, he rushed upon deck in such evident alarm that it instantly attracted the captain's attention.

“‘Why, Mr. Bruce,’ said the latter, ‘what in the world is the matter with you?’

“‘The matter, sir? Who is that at your desk?’

“‘No one that I know of.’

“‘But there *is*, sir, there’s a stranger there.’

“‘A stranger? Why, man, you must be dreaming! You must have seen the steward there, or the second mate. Who else would venture down without orders?’

“‘But, sir, he was sitting in your arm chair, fronting the door, writing on your slate. Then he looked up full in my face; and if ever I saw a man plainly and distinctly in the world I saw him.’

“‘Him! Who?’

“‘Heaven knows, sir; I don’t! I saw a man and a man I have never seen in my life before.’

“‘You must be going crazy, Mr. Bruce. A stranger, and we nearly six weeks out!’

“The captain descended the stairs, and the mate followed him. Nobody in the cabin! They examined the staterooms. Not a soul could be found.

“‘Well, Mr. Bruce,’ said the Captain, ‘did not I tell you that you had been dreaming?’

“‘It’s all very well to say so, sir; but if I didn’t see that man writing on the slate may I never see home and family again!’

“‘Ah! Writing on the slate. Then it should be there still!’ And the captain took it up. ‘By heaven,’ he exclaimed, ‘here’s something sure enough! Is that your writing, Mr. Bruce?’

“The mate took the slate; and there, in plain, legible characters, stood the words: ‘Steer to the Nor’-west.’

“The captain sat down at his desk, the slate before him, in deep thought. At last turning the slate over, and pushing it toward Bruce, he said: ‘Write down: “Steer to the nor’west.”’

“The mate complied; and the captain, comparing the two handwritings, said: ‘Mr. Bruce, go and tell the second mate to come down here.’

“He came, and at the captain’s request, he also wrote the words. So did the steward. So in succession did every man of the crew who could write at all. But not one of the various hands resembled, in any degree, the mysterious writing.

“When the crew retired, the captain sat deep in thought. ‘Could anyone have been stowed away?’ at last he said. ‘The ship must be searched. Order up all hands.’

“Every nook and corner of the vessel was thoroughly searched; not a living soul was found.

“Accordingly, the captain decided to change

the vessel's course according to the instructions received. A look-out was posted; who shortly reported an iceberg, and then, shortly after, a vessel close to it.

"As they approached, the captain's glass disclosed the fact that it was a dismantled ship, apparently frozen to the ice. . . . It proved to be a vessel from Quebec, bound for Liverpool, with passengers on board. She had got entangled in the ice, and finally frozen fast; and had passed several weeks in a most critical situation. She was stove, her decks swept; in fact, a mere wreck; all her provisions and almost all her water gone. Her crew and passengers had lost all hope of being saved, and their gratitude at the unexpected rescue was proportionately great.

"As one of the men who had been brought away in the third boat ascended the ship's side, the mate, catching a glimpse of his face, started back in consternation. It was the very face he had seen three or four hours before, looking up at him from the captain's desk! He communicated this fact to the captain.

"After the comfort of the passengers had been seen to, the captain turned to the stranger, and said to him: 'I hope, sir, you will not think I am trifling with you, but I would be much obliged to you if you would write a few words

on this slate. And he handed him the slate, with that side up on which the mysterious writing was not.

"‘I will do anything you ask,’ replied the passenger, ‘but what shall I write?’

"‘A few words are all I want. Suppose you write: ‘Steer to the nor’-west.’

"The passenger, evidently puzzled to make out the motive of such a request, complied, however, with a smile. The captain took up the slate and examined it closely; then stepping aside so as to conceal the slate from the passenger, he turned it over and gave it to him the other side up.

"‘You say that this is your handwriting?’ said he.

"‘I need not say so,’ replied the other, looking at it, ‘for you saw me write it.’

"‘And this?’ said the captain, turning the slate over.

"The man looked first at one writing, then at the other, quite confounded. At last: ‘What is the meaning of this?’ said he. ‘I only wrote *one* of these. Who wrote the *other*?’

"‘That’s more than I can tell you, sir. My mate here says you wrote it, sitting at this desk, at noon to-day!’

"The captain of the wreck and the passenger looked at each other, exchanging glances of in-

telligence and surprise; then the former asked the latter: 'Did you dream that you wrote on this slate?'

" 'No, sir, not that I remember.'

" 'You speak of dreaming,' said the captain of the barque. 'What was this gentleman about at noon to-day?'

" 'Captain,' rejoined the other, (the captain of the wreck), 'the whole thing is most mysterious and extraordinary; and I had intended to speak to you about it as soon as we got a little quiet. This gentleman—pointing to the passenger—being much exhausted, fell into a heavy sleep, or what seemed such, some time before noon. After an hour or more, he awoke, and said to me: 'Captain, we shall be relieved this very day.' When I asked him what reason he had for saying so, he replied that he had dreamed that he was on board a barque, and that she was coming to our rescue. He described her appearance and rig, and, to our utter astonishment, when your vessel hove in sight, she corresponded exactly to his description of her! We had not put much faith in what he said; yet still we hoped there might be something in it, for drowning men, as you know, catch at straws. As it turned out, I cannot doubt that it was all arranged by some overruling Providence.'

“ ‘There is not a doubt,’ replied the captain of the barque, ‘that the writing on the slate, let it come there as it may, saved all your lives. I was steering at the time considerably south of west, and I altered my course for the nor’-west, and had a look-out aloft, to see what would come of it. But you say,’ he added, turning to the passenger, ‘that you did not dream of writing on a slate?’

“ ‘No, sir. I have no recollection whatever of doing so. I got the impression that the barque I saw in my dream was coming to rescue us; but *how* that impression came I cannot tell. There is another very strange thing about it,’ he added. ‘Everything here on board seems to be quite familiar; yet I am very sure that I was never in your vessel before. It is all a puzzle to me! What did your mate see?’

“Thereupon Mr. Bruce related to them all the circumstances above detailed.”

#### HOW GHOSTS INFLUENCE US

The following is a very interesting case, which brings vividly before us the fact that ghosts often draw power from those who witness their manifestations—just as they draw vitality from a materializing “medium,” during a seance. As



cases of this character are rare, the following is of considerable value:

"It was an afternoon, last autumn, about six o'clock. I had returned from a stroll and was sitting in my own apartment on Central Park West, reading *Vanity Fair*. While turning over its pages I became suddenly aware of a novel and indescribable sensation. My chest and breathing became inwardly oppressed by some ponderous weight, while I became conscious of some 'presence' behind me, exerting a powerful influence on the forces within. On trying to turn my head to see what it could be, I was powerless to do so; neither could I lift a hand, or move in any way. I was not a little alarmed, and began immediately to reason. My mind was alive, though physically I was unable to move a muscle. It was as if the current of nerve force within seemed forcibly drawn together and focussed on a spot in front of me.

"I gazed motionless, as though with something intenser than ordinary eyesight, on what was no longer vacant space. There an oval, misty light was forming—elongatory, widening, yes, actually developing into a human face and form. Was this hallucination, or some vision of the unseen, coming in so unexpected a fashion? Before me had arisen a remarkable figure, never

seen before in a picture or life—dark-skinned, aged, with white beard, the expression intensely earnest, the features small, the bald head finely moulded, lofty over the forehead, the whole demeanor instinct with solemn grace.

“He was speaking to me in deep tones, as if in urgent entreaty. What would I not give to hear words from such a figure! But no effort availed me to distinguish one articular sound. I tried to speak, but could not. With desperate effort I shook out the words, ‘Speak louder.’ The face grew more intent, the voice louder and more emphatic. Was there something amiss with my own hearing, then, that I could distinguish no word amid these deeply emphasized tones? Slowly and deliberately the figure vanished—through the same stages of indistinctness, back to the globular lamplike whiteness, till it faded to nothingness. Before it had quite faded away, the face only of a woman arose, indistinct and dim. The same emphatic hum, though in a subdued note: the same paralysis of voice and muscle, the same strange force, as it was overshadowing me. With the disappearance of this second and far less interesting figure, I recovered my power of movement and arose.

“My first impulse was to look around for the origin of this strange force; my second to rush

to the looking-glass to make sure of myself. There could be no illusion. There I was, paler than usual, the forehead bathed in perspiration. I threw open the window. It was no dream. There were the passing trolley cars below, clanging up and down, while a crowd of noisy youngsters were playing in the park across the way. I sponged my face, and, greatly agitated, walked hurriedly to and fro. If this is real, I thought, it may recur. I would sit in the same position, try to be calm, read a book, remain as still and passive as I could, and see the result.

“To my intense interest, and almost at once, the strange sense of some power operating on the nerve-forces within, followed by the same loss of muscular power, the same wide-awakeness of the reason, the same drawing out and concentrating of the energies on that spot in front, repeated itself—this time more deliberately, leaving me freer to take mental notes of what was happening. Again arose the noble, earnest figure, gazing at me, the hands moving in solemn accompaniment to the deep tones of voice. The same effort, painful on my part, to hear, with no result. The vision passed. Again the woman’s face, insignificant and meaningless, succeeded it as before. She spoke, but in less emphatic tones. It flashed upon me that I

would hear. After a frantic effort, I caught two words—'Land,' 'America'—with positively no clue to their meaning.

"I was wide awake when the first apparition appeared, and in a highly excited state of mind on its re-appearance."

#### HOW A GHOST WARNED THE KING

Kings and queens are not exempt from visitations of the supernatural; indeed, a large number of royal dignitaries have seen "ghosts," and have been haunted by specters in as unpleasant a manner as any ordinary mortal. Were we to hunt through the pages of history, we should find many of these—some of which it will doubtless be of interest to give at some future time. The following account is taken from the *Annals of the Kingdom of Scotland*, and is told in queer old English, with long 's's,' and so on, making it very hard to read in the original! I interpret it into modern English as best I can, maintaining its form:

"While James IV. stayed at Linlithgow, to gather up the scattered remains of his army, which had been defeated by the Earl of Surrey, at Flodden-field, he went into the Church of St. Michael there to hear evening prayer. While

he was at his devotion, a remarkable figure of an ancient man, with flowing amber-colored hair hanging over his shoulders, his forehead high, and inclining to baldness, his garments of a fine blue color, somewhat long and girded together, with a fine white cloth, of comely and very reverent aspect, was seen inquiring for the king; when his majesty being pointed out to him he made his way through the crowd till he came to him, and then, with a clown's simplicity, leaning over the cannon's feet, he addressed him in the following words: 'Sir, I am sent hither to entreat you to delay your intended expedition for this time, and proceed no further; for if you do, you will be unfortunate, and not prosper in your enterprise, nor any of your followers. I am further charged to warn you, not to follow the acquaintance, company or counsel of women, as you value your life, honour and estate.'

"After giving him this admonition, he withdrew himself back through the crowd and disappeared.

"When service was ended, the king enquired earnestly after him, but he could not be found or heard of anywhere, neither could any of the bystanders (of whom many narrowly watched him, resolving afterwards to have discoursed with him) feel or perceive how, when or where

he passed from them, having in a manner vanished from their sight.

"This caused the king to feel some uneasiness; 'for,' said he, 'if he were mortal man, how did he go so quickly hence, and how did he give me such advice, which I, of all men, know at this time to be of value?' The king was sorely puzzled; and called the warden of the church to him, and questioned him as to the man whom he had seen.

"And when the warden had heard the tale from the king, he questioned him in turn, as to the man's appearance—whether he was this and that; and of the man's manner of speech. And when the king had answered to his satisfaction, he turned pale; and said: 'Oh, king, the personage whom you saw to-day was not mortal man; but one dead long ago; one who lived and died close here; and known to many of us well. He has been known to come before in times of great stress; and his advice has always been good. Truly, my lord, you have this day seen an apparition of a dead man.'

"And the king marvelled at what he had seen."

"Thus ends the curious old narrative. It will be seen that several others saw the ghost besides the king. These are called "collective

cases" by those engaged in psychical studies; for the reason that several persons saw the figure at the same time, or "collectively." Such cases have never been satisfactorily explained. For, if the phantom were a mere hallucination, as many claim, how did several see it at once?

#### THE STAINS OF BLOOD

The following narrative was personally related to Robert Dale Owen, by a clergyman of the Church of England, who was Chaplain, at the time, to the British Legation in Florence. It is as follows:

"In the year 1856, I was staying with my wife and children, at a favorite watering place. In order to attend to some affairs of my own, I determined to leave my family there for three or four days. Accordingly, on the 8th of August, I took the railway, and arrived that evening an unexpected guest at the Hall—the residence of a gentleman whose acquaintance I had recently made, and with whom my sister was then staying.

"I arrived late, soon afterwards went to bed, and before long fell asleep. Awaking after three or four hours, I was not surprised to find that I could sleep no more—for I never rest well in a

strange bed. After trying, therefore, in vain to induce sleep, I began to arrange my plans for the day. I had been engaged some little time in this way, when I became suddenly sensitive to the fact that there was a light in the room. Turning round, I distinctly perceived a female figure; and what attracted my special attention was that the light by which I saw it emanated from itself. I watched the figure attentively. The features were not perceptible. After moving a little distance, it disappeared as suddenly as it had appeared.

"My first thoughts were that there was some trick. I immediately got out of bed, struck a light, and found my bedroom door still locked. I then carefully examined the walls, to ascertain if there was any other concealed means of entrance or exit, but none could I find. I drew the curtains and opened the shutters, but all outside was silent and dark, there being no moonlight. After examining the room in every part, I went back to bed, and began thinking calmly over the whole matter. What had I seen? And why did *It appear*?

"In the morning, as soon as I was up and dressed, I told my sister what I had seen. She then informed me that the house had the reputation of being "haunted"; and that a murder



had been committed in it; but not in the room in which I had slept. Later in the day I left—after making my sister promise to do all she could to unravel the mystery.

“On the following Wednesday morning, I received a letter from my sister, in which she informed me that, since I left, she had made inquiries and had ascertained that the murder *was* committed in the very room in which I slept! She added that she proposed visiting us the next day, and that she would like me to write out an account of what I had seen—together with a plan of the room, and that on that plan she wished me to mark the place of the appearance and disappearance of the figure.

“This I immediately did; and the next day when my sister arrived, she asked me if I had complied with her request? I replied, pointing to the drawing room table: ‘Yes, there is the account and the plan.’

“As she rose to examine it, I prevented her, saying: ‘Do not look at it until you have told me all you have to say, because you might unintentionally color your story by what you may read there.’

“Thereupon she informed me that she had had the carpet taken up in the room I had occupied, and that the marks of blood from the mur-

dered person were there, plainly visible, on a particular part of the floor. At my request she also then drew a plan of the room, and marked upon it the spots which still bore traces of blood. The two plans—my sister's and mine—were now compared; and we verified the most remarkable fact that *the place she had marked as the beginning and ending of the traces of blood coincided exactly with the spots marked on my plan as those on which the female figure had appeared and disappeared!*"

#### FACE TO FACE!

The following case is recorded by the wife of Colonel Lewin, and is reported in the *Proceedings* of the S. P. R.:

"In January, 1868, I took a house close to Hastings. . . . One night there was a heavy storm, the weather was bitterly cold, and a fire was burning in my bedroom when I went to bed at 10.30. I tried to go to sleep, but it was no use; the noise of the wind and the rain kept me awake. I must have been lying like this for a couple of hours when I became conscious of what seemed like a light in the room. . . . I thought the fire must have re-kindled itself, and crawled along on my knees on the bed to look at the fire over the high wooden foot, to see how

this might be. I had no thought of anything but the fire, and was not nervous in the slightest degree. As I raised myself on my knees and looked over the foot of the bed, I found myself face to face, at a distance of about three feet, with the semblance of a man. I never for a moment thought he was a man, but was struck with the feeling that this was one from the dead.

“The light seemed to emanate from round this figure, but the only portions which I saw clearly were the head and shoulders. The face I shall never forget; it was pale, emaciated, with a thin, high-bridged nose, and eyes deeply sunk and glowing in the sockets with a sort of glare. A long beard was seemingly rolled in under a white comforter, and on the head was a slouched felt hat. I had a nervous shock, and felt a dead person was looking upon *me*—a living one, but had no sensation of being actually frightened, until the figure moved slowly as if interposing between me and the door, then horror overcame me and I fell back in a dead faint. How long I remained unconscious I know not, but I came to myself cold and cramped; the room was quite dark and nothing was visible. Thoroughly tired out, I got into bed, and slept soundly until morning.”

## JULIA, DARLING!

The next example is from the *Proceedings of the S. P. R.* (Vol. V., pp. 440-41), and Mr. Myers states that the writer was well known to him. The account reads in part:

"My mother died on the 24th of June, 1874, at Slima, Malta, where we were then residing for her health. Seven nights later she appeared to me. . . . I seemed to have been sleeping some time when I woke, and, turning over on the other side towards the window, saw my mother standing by my bedside, crying and wringing her hands. I had not been awake long enough to remember that she was dead, and exclaimed quite naturally, 'Why, dear, what's the matter?' and then suddenly remembering, I screamed. The nurse sprang up from the next room, but on the top step flung herself on her knees and began to tell her beads and cry. My father at the same moment arrived at the opposite door, and I heard his sudden exclamation of 'Julia, darling.' My mother turned towards him, and then to me, and, wringing her hands again, retreated towards the nursery and was lost. The nurse afterwards stated that she distinctly felt something pass her. . . . My father ordered her out of the room, and telling me that I had

only been dreaming, stayed until I fell asleep. The next day, however, he told me that he, too, had seen the vision, and that he hoped to do so again, and that if ever she came to see me . . . I was not to be frightened . . . but she never appeared again."

#### THE CUT ACROSS THE CHEEK

In the narrative which follows, the apparition conveyed—by its very appearance—information which the percipient could not possibly have known. It is from Mr. H. Walton, of Dent, Sedburgh, England, and was sent to Mr. Stead, who published it:

"In the month of April, 1881, I was located in Norfolk, and my duties took me once a fortnight to a fishing village on the coast—so I can guarantee the following facts: It is customary for the fishing smacks to go to Grimsby 'line fishing' in the spring. The vessels started one afternoon on their journey north. In the evening, a heavy north-east wind blew, and one of the boats mistook the white surf on the rocks for the reflection of a lighthouse. In consequence the boat got into shallow water, a heavy sea came, and swept two men from the deck. One man grasped a rope and was saved; the

other, a younger man, failed to save himself, though an expert swimmer. It was said that he was heard to shout about 11 o'clock.

"Towards one o'clock, the young man's mother, lying awake, saw his apparition come to the foot of the bed, clad in white, and she screamed with fright, and told her husband what she had seen, and that J. was drowned. He sought in vain to calm her by saying that she must have been dreaming. She asserted the contrary. Next day, when her daughter came in with the telegram of the sad event, before her daughter had time to speak, she cried out: 'J. is drowned,' and became unconscious; she remained in this state for many hours. When she regained consciousness, she told them particularly and distinctly what she had seen; and what is to the point is this remarkable thing: she said: 'If ever the body is found, it has a cut across the cheek,'—specifying which cheek. The body was found some days after, and exactly as mother had seen it, was the cut on the cheek."

#### THE INVISIBLE HAND

The following account was sent to the S. P. R. Ghosts are usually *seen*; they are sometimes heard; they are very rarely *felt*. The account

which follows is an example of the latter class, in which the ghost was not only seen but touched.

After stating that she was visiting a friend of hers in the country, when the event occurred, the narrator proceeds:

"We went upstairs together, I being perhaps a couple of steps behind my friend, when, on reaching the topmost step, I felt something suddenly slip behind me from an unoccupied room on the left of the stairs. Thinking it must be imagination, no one being in the house except the widow and servant, who occupied rooms on another landing, I did not speak to my friend, who turned off to a room on the right, but walked quickly into my room, which faced the staircase, still feeling as though a tall figure was bending over me. I turned on the gas, struck a light, and was in the act of applying it, when I felt a heavy grasp on my arm of a hand, minus the middle finger. Upon this I uttered a loud cry, which brought my friend, the widow lady, and the servant girl, into the room to inquire the cause of my alarm. The two latter turned very pale on hearing the story. The house was thoroughly searched, but nothing was discovered.

"Some weeks passed, and I had ceased to be

alarmed at the occurrence, when I chanced to mention it whilst spending the afternoon with some friends. A gentleman asked me if I had ever heard a description or seen a 'carte' of the lady's late husband. On receiving a reply in the negative, he said, singularly enough, he was tall, had a slight stoop, and has lost the middle finger on his hand! On my return, I inquired of the servant, who had been in the family from childhood, if such were the case, and learned that it was quite correct, and that she (the girl) had once, when sleeping in the same room, awakened on feeling some one pressing down her knees, and on opening her eyes saw her late master by the bed side—on which she fainted, and had never dared to enter the room after dark since. She is not an imaginative girl; nor am I. When I was grasped, however, *I* did not see anything.

"But worse was to follow! It so chanced that I had to sleep in that room once again, as the house was full of company, and there was nowhere else for me to go. I had by this time got over my fears, and hardly minded the idea of sleeping in the room at all. I left the room door open, turned out the light and was soon sound asleep.

"Some time in the early hours of the morn-



ing I awoke with an indescribable feeling. I was *suddenly* wide awake—without the slightest traces of sleep; yet I did not know *how* I awoke; and had not any recollection of waking. But there I was wide awake, and staring up at the ceiling with wide-open eyes. My right hand was hanging over the side of the bed; so that it fell outwards, into the room. Imagine my horror, then, in feeling a hand suddenly grasp my hand, and I felt distinctly that it was *minus the middle finger*. The hand was icy cold, and of a peculiar hardness. I hung on to the hand, however, determined to go to the bottom of the affair. I gripped tightly; and still retained the hand in my grip. Bending over, I stretched out my left hand, and, with the fingers of that hand, felt over the hand and wrist I was holding. I then commenced to trace it up the arm. I had about reached the elbow—or a little below—when the arm suddenly ended—came to nothing; was no more! Yet the hand in mine was as solid as ever. This gave me such a shock that I let go the hand I was holding, and sank back onto my pillows. Then terror took possession of me; and I do not know what happened later. I only know that I had brain fever, which laid me low for several weeks. The occurrence has never been explained.”

## THE APPARITION OF THE RADIANT BOY

The following is a famous case, well-known as the "Apparition of the Radiant Boy." It was seen by the Marquis of Londonderry, and frequently spoken of by him afterwards.

At the time of the appearance, Lord Londonderry was on a visit to a friend in the North of Ireland. The apartment assigned to him was one calculated to foster the belief in ghosts, because of its richly carved paneling—its huge fireplace, looking like the open entrance into a tomb—and the vast, ponderous draperies that hung in thick folds around the room.

Lord Londonderry examined his chamber; he made himself acquainted with the forms and faces of the ancient possessors of the mansion, whose portraits hung around the room. Then, after dismissing his valet, he retired to bed.

His candles had not long been extinguished when he perceived a light gleaming on the draperies of the lofty canopies over his head. Conscious that there was no fire in the grate—that the curtains were closed—that the chamber had been in perfect darkness but a few minutes before, he supposed that some intruder must have accidentally entered his apartment; and, turning hastily around to the side from which the

light proceeded, saw, to his infinite astonishment, not the form of a human visitor, but the figure of a fair boy, who seemed to be garmented in rays of mild and tempered glory, which beamed palely from his slender form, like the faint light of the declining moon and rendered the objects nearest to him dimly and indistinctly visible. The spirit stood but a short distance from the side of the bed.

Certain that his own faculties were not deceiving him, Lord Londonderry got up and moved towards the figure. It retreated before him; as he slowly advanced, and with equal pace, slowly retired. It entered the gloomy arch of the capacious chimney, and then sank into the earth. Lord Londonderry returned to his bed, but not to rest; his mind was harassed by the consideration of the extraordinary event which had occurred to him. Was it real? Was it the work of imagination? Was it the result of imposture? It was all incomprehensible.

He resolved in the morning not to mention the appearance till he should have well observed the manners and countenances of the family; he was conscious that, if any deception had been practised, its authors would be too delighted with their success to conceal the vanity of their triumph.

When the guests assembled at the breakfast table, the eye of Lord Londonderry searched in vain for latent smiles—those conscious looks—that silent communication between the parties, by which the authors of such domestic conspiracies are generally betrayed. Everything, apparently, proceeded in its ordinary course. At last the hero of the tale felt bound to mention the occurrence of the night.

At its conclusion, his host said: "The circumstances which you have just recounted appear very extraordinary to those who have not long been inmates of my dwelling; and are not conversant with the legends of my family; and to those who are, the event which has happened will only serve as the corroboration of an old tradition that has long been related of the apartment in which you slept. You have seen the 'Radiant Boy'; be content—it is an omen of prosperous fortunes. I would rather that this subject should not be mentioned." And here the affair ended.

#### FISHER'S GHOST

The following incident comes from Australia, and is well-known in that part of the world. It is usually known as "Fisher's Ghost," and is to the following effect:

**"A number of years ago, a free settler, named John Fisher, who had long successfully cultivated a grant of land in a remote district, and who was known to be possessed of a considerable sum of money, had been missing for some time after having visited the nearest market town, whither he had been in the habit of repairing with cattle and produce for sale.**

**"An inquiry was instituted by his acquaintances; but his head servant, or rather his assistant on the farm—an ex-convict, who had lived many years with him in that situation—declared that his master had left the colony for some time on business, and that he expected him to return in a few months. As this man was generally known as Fisher's confidential servant, his assertion was believed—though some expressed surprise at the settler's abrupt and clandestine departure; for his character was good in every way. The 'month's wonder' soon subsided, however, and Fisher was forgotten. His assistant, meanwhile, managed the farm, bought and sold, and spent money freely. If questioned, which was but rarely, he would express his surprise at his master's delay, and pretend to expect him daily.**

**"A few months after he had been first missed, a neighbouring settler, who was returning late**

on Saturday night from the market town, had occasion to pass within half a mile of Fisher's house. As he was riding by the fence which separated the farm from the high road, he distinctly saw the figure of a man seated on the railing, and at once recognized the form and features of his lost neighbor.

"He instantly stopped and called to him by name; but the figure descended from the railing, and pointing appealingly toward the house, walked slowly across the field in that direction. The settler, having lost sight of him in the gloom, proceeded on his journey, and informed his family and neighbors that he had seen Fisher and spoken to him. On inquiry, however, Fisher's assistant said that he had not arrived, and affected to laugh at the settler's story—insinuating that he had probably drunk too freely at the market.

"The neighbors were, however, not satisfied. The strange appearance of Fisher, sitting on the rail and pointing, with so much meaning, toward his own house aroused their suspicions, and they insisted upon a strict and immediate investigation by the police.

"The party of investigators took with them an old and clever native. They had not proceeded far in the underbrush when they discovered a

log, on which was a dark brown stain. This the native examined, and at once declared it to be '*white man's blood.*' He then, without hesitation, set off at a full run, toward a pond not far from the house.

"He ran backwards and forwards about the pond, like a dog on the scent; and finally, borrowing a ram-rod from one of the settlers, ran it into the earth. He did this in one or two places; and finally said: '*White man here.*'"

"The spot was immediately dug up, and a corpse, identified as that of Fisher, was discovered, its skull fractured, and evidently many weeks buried.

"The guilty assistant was immediately arrested, and tried at Sydney, on circumstantial evidence alone—strong enough, however, to convict him, in spite of his self-possession, and protestations of innocence. He was sentenced to death; and, previous to his execution, made an ample confession of his guilt."

#### HARRIET HOSMER'S VISION

Lydia Maria Child relates the following interesting narrative:

"When Harriet Hosmer, the sculptor, visited

her native country a few years ago, I had an interview with her, during which our conversation happened to turn on dreams and visions.

“‘I have had some experience in that way,’ said she. ‘Let me tell you a singular circumstance that happened to me in Rome. An Italian girl named Rosa was in my employ for a long time, but was finally obliged to return to her mother on account of confirmed ill-health. We were mutually sorry to part, for we liked each other. When I took my customary exercise on horseback, I frequently called to see her. On one of these occasions, I found her brighter than I had seen her for some time past. I had long relinquished hopes of her recovery, but there was nothing in her appearance that gave the appearance of immediate danger. I left her with the expectation of calling to see her again many times. During the remainder of the day, I was busy in my studio, and I do not recollect that Rosa was in my thoughts after I had parted from her. I retired to rest in good health, and in a quiet frame of mind. But I woke from a sound sleep with the oppressive feeling that someone was in the room. I wondered at the sensation, for it was entirely new to me; but in vain I tried to dispel it. I peered beyond the curtains of my bed but could distinguish no ob-



jects in the darkness. Trying to gather my thoughts I reflected that the door was locked, and that I had put the key under my bolster. I felt for it and found it where I had placed it. I said to myself that I had probably had some ugly dream, and had waked with a vague impression of it still on my mind. Reasoning thus, I arranged myself comfortably for another nap.

“I am habitually a good sleeper and a stranger to fear, but do what I would, the idea still haunted me that someone was in the room. Finding it impossible to sleep, I longed for daylight to dawn, that I might rise and pursue my customary avocation. It was not long before I was able dimly to distinguish the furniture in my room, and, soon after, to hear familiar noises of servants opening windows and doors. An old clock with ringing vibration, proclaimed the hour. I counted one, two, three, four, five, and resolved to rise immediately. My bed was partially screened by a long curtain looped up at one side. As I raised my head from the pillow, Rosa looked inside the curtain, and smiled at me. The idea of anything supernatural did not occur to me. I was simply surprised and exclaimed: “Why, Rosa! How came you here when you are so ill?”

“‘In the old familiar tone to which I was so

much accustomed, a voice replied, 'I am well now.'

" 'With no other thought but that of greeting her joyfully, I sprang out of bed. There was no Rosa there! When I became convinced that there was no one in the room but myself, I recollected the fact that my door was locked, and thought I must have seen a vision.

" 'At the breakfast table, I said to the old lady with whom I boarded: "Rosa is dead." I then summoned a messenger and sent him to inquire how Rosa was. He returned with the answer that she died that morning at 5 o'clock."

"I wrote the story as Miss Hosmer told it to me, and after I had shown it to her, I asked her if she had any objection to its being published without suppression of names. She replied: 'You have reported the story of Rosa correctly. Make what use you please of it. You cannot think it more interesting or unaccountable than I do myself.' "

#### THE APPARITION OF THE MURDERED BOY

At the commencement of the French Revolution, Lady Pennyman and her two daughters and her friend, Mrs. Atkins, retired to Lisle, where they had hired a large and handsome

house. A few weeks after taking possession, the housekeeper, with many apologies for being obliged to mention anything that might appear so idle and absurd, came to the apartment in which her mistress was sitting, and said that two of the servants who had accompanied her ladyship from England had that morning given warning, and expressed a determination of quitting her ladyship's service, on account of the mysterious noises by which they had been night after night disturbed and terrified. The room from which the sounds were supposed to have proceeded was at a distance from Lady Pennyman's apartments, and immediately over those that were occupied by the servants. To quiet the alarm Lady Pennyman resolved on leaving her own chamber for a time and establishing herself in the one which had been lately occupied by the domestics.

The room above was a long, spacious one, which appeared to have been for a long time deserted. In the center of the chamber was a large iron cage. It was said that the late proprietor of the house—a young man of enormous wealth—had in his minority been confined in this cage by his uncle and guardian and starved to death.

On the first night or two of Lady Pennyman's

being established in her new apartment, she met with no interruption. This quiet, however, was of very short duration. One night she was awakened from her sleep by a slow and heavy step pacing the chamber overhead. It continued to move backwards and forwards for nearly an hour. There were more complaints from the housekeeper, no servants would remain. Lady Pennyman began herself to be alarmed. She requested the advice of Mrs. Atkins—a woman devoid of every kind of superstitious fear, and of tried courage. Mrs. Atkins determined to make the Cage room itself her sleeping quarters. A bed was accordingly placed in the apartment, and Mrs. Atkins retired to rest attended by her favorite spaniel—saying, as she bade them all good-night, “I and my dog are able to compete with a myriad of ghosts.”

Mrs. Atkins examined the chamber in every imaginable direction; she sounded every panel of the wainscot to prove there was no hollow-ness that might argue a concealed passage; and having securely bolted the door of the room, retired to rest, confident that she was secure against every material visitor, and totally incredulous of the airy encroachments of spiritual beings. She had only been asleep a few minutes, when her dog, which lay by her bedside,

leaped, howling and terrified, on the bed. The bolted door of the chamber slowly opened and a pale, thin, sickly youth came in, cast his eyes mildly toward her, walked up to the iron cage in the middle of the room, and then leaned in the melancholy attitude of one revolving in his mind the sorrows of a cheerless and unblest existence. After a while he again withdrew, and retired by the way he entered.

Mrs. Atkins, on witnessing his departure, felt the return of her resolution. She persuaded herself to believe the figure the work of some skillful imposter, and she determined on following its footsteps. She took up her lamp and hastened to the door. To her infinite surprise, she discovered it to be fastened, as she had herself left it on retiring to bed. On withdrawing the bolt, and opening the door, she saw the back of the youth descending the staircase. She followed till, on reaching the foot of the stairs, the form seemed to sink into the earth.

The event was related to Lady Pennyman. She determined to remain no longer in her present habitation. Another residence was offered in the vicinity of Lisle, and this she took under the pretext that it was better suited to the size of her family.

## THE GHOST IN YELLOW CALICO

The Rev. Elwyn Thomas, 35, Park Village East, N. W., London, has published a very remarkable experience of his own. It is as follows:

"Twelve years ago," says the doctor, "I was the second minister of the Bryn Mawr Welsh Wesleyan Circuit, in the South Wales District. It was a beautiful evening in June when, after conducting the service at Llanyndir, I told the gentlemen with whom I generally stayed when preaching there, that three young friends had come to meet me from Crickhowell, and that I meant to accompany them back for about half a mile on their return journey, so would not be home before nine o'clock.

"When I wished good-night to my friends it was about twenty minutes to nine but still light enough to see a good distance. The subject of our conversation all the way from the chapel until we parted was of a certain eccentric old character who then belonged to the Crickhowell church. I walked a little further down the road than I intended in order to hear the end of a very amusing story about him. Our conversation had no reference whatever to ghosts. Personally I was a strong disbeliever in ghosts and

invariably ridiculed anyone whom I thought superstitious enough to believe in them.

“When I had ‘walked about a hundred yards away from my friends, after parting from them, I saw on the bank of the canal, what I thought at the moment was an old beggar. I couldn’t help asking myself where this old man had come from. I had not seen him in going down the road. I turned round quite unconcernedly to have another look at him, and had no sooner done so than I saw, within half a yard of me one of the most remarkable and startling sights I hope it will ever be my lot to see. Almost on a level with my own face, I saw that of an old man, over every feature of which the putty colored skin was drawn tightly, except the forehead which was lined with deep wrinkles. The lips were extremely thin and appeared perfectly bloodless. The toothless mouth stood half open. The cheeks were hollow and sunken like those of a corpse, and the eyes which seemed far back in the middle of the head, were unnaturally luminous and piercing. The terrible object was wrapped in two bands of old yellow calico, one of which was drawn under the chin, and over the cheeks and tied at the top of the head, the other was drawn round the top of the wrinkled forehead and fastened at the back of the head.

So deep and indelible an impression it made on my mind, that, were I an artist, I could paint that face to-day.

“What I have thus tried to describe in many words, I saw at a glance. Acting on the impulse of the moment, I turned my face toward the village and ran away from the horrible vision with all my might for about sixty yards. I then stopped and turned around to see how far I had distanced it, and to my unspeakable horror, there it was still face to face with me as if I had not moved an inch. I grasped my umbrella and raised it to strike him, and you can imagine my feelings when I could see nothing between the face and the ground, except an irregular column of intense darkness, through which my umbrella passed as a stick goes through water!

“I am sorry to say that I took to my heels with increasing speed. A little further than the space of this second encounter, the road which led to my host's house branched off the main road. Having gone two or three yards down this branch road, I turned around again. He had not followed me after I left the main road, but I could see the horribly fascinating face quite as plainly as when it was close by. It stood for a few minutes looking intently at me from the center of the main road. I then real-



ized fully that it was not a human being in flesh and blood; and, with every vestige of fear gone, I quickly walked toward it to put my questions. But I was disappointed, for, no sooner had I made toward it, than it began to move slowly down the road keeping the same distance above it until it reached the churchyard wall; it then crossed the road and disappeared near where the yew tree stood inside. The moment it disappeared, I became unconscious. Two hours later I came to myself and I made my way slowly to my home. I could not say a word to explain what had happened, though I tried several times. It was five o'clock in the morning when I regained my power of speech. The whole of the following week I was laid up with a nervous prostration.

"My host, after questioning me closely, told me that fifteen years before that time an old recluse of eccentric character, answering in every detail to my description (yellow calicoes, bands, and all) lived in a house whose ruins still stand close by where I saw the face disappear."

## CHAPTER III

## MORE PHANTASMS OF THE DEAD—II.

The cases included in this chapter are also very well authenticated—some of them being longer and more detailed than those included in the last chapter. I shall begin with a group of so-called “Pact” Cases—cases, that is, in which a Pact or Agreement was made before death—to appear after death, if possible; when that promise seems to have been kept. The first case of this character is short, and merely illustrative of the kind of ghostly phenomena to be expected in cases of this nature. The latter cases are better attested. I give first the case of the Marquis of Rambouillet.

## COMPACTS TO APPEAR AFTER DEATH

The story of the Marquis of Rambouillet’s appearing after his death to his cousin, the Marquis de Precy, is well authenticated. These two noblemen, talking one day concerning the affairs of the next world, in a manner which

showed they did not believe much about it, entered into an agreement that the first who died should come and give intelligence to the other.

Soon afterwards the Marquis of Rambouillet set out for Flanders, which was then the seat of war, and the Marquis de Precy remained in Paris, being ill of a violent fever. About six weeks after, early one morning, he heard someone draw the curtains of his bed, and turning to see who it was, discovered the Marquis of Rambouillet in a buff coat and boots. He instantly got out of bed, and attempted to shake hands with his friend, but Rambouillet drew back, and told him he had only come to perform the promise he had formerly made; that nothing was more certain than another life; and that he earnestly advised him to alter his mode of life, for in the first battle he would be engaged in, he would certainly fall.

Precy made a fresh attempt to touch his friend, but he immediately withdrew. Precy lay upon his bed wondering upon the strangeness of the circumstances for some time, when he saw the same appearance re-enter the apartment. Rambouillet, finding that Precy still disbelieved what he was told, showed him the wound of which he had died, and from which the blood still seemed to flow.

Soon after this, Precy received a confirmation of Rambouillet's death, and was killed himself, according to the prediction, in the civil wars, at the battle of Faubourg St. Antoine.

#### LORD BROUGHAM'S VISION

The promise to appear was given and kept in the case of the apparition seen by Lord Brougham.

The story is given as follows in the first volume of "Lord Brougham's Memoirs":

"A most remarkable thing happened to me, so remarkable that I must tell the story from the beginning. After I left the High School I went with G——, my most intimate friend, to attend the classes in the University. There was no divinity class, but we frequently in our walks discussed many grave subjects—among others the immortality of the soul and a future state. This question, and the possibility of the dead appearing to the living, were the subject of much speculation, and we actually committed the folly of drawing up an agreement, written with our blood, to the effect that whichever of us died the first should appear to the other, and thus solve any doubts we had entertained of the 'life after death.' After we had finished our classes at the

College, G—— went to India, having got an appointment there in the Civil Service. He seldom wrote to me, and after a lapse of a few years I had nearly forgotten his existence. . . . One day I had taken, as I have said, a warm bath, and, while lying in it and enjoying the comfort of the heat, I turned my head round, looking towards the chair on which I had deposited my clothes, as I was about to get out of the bath. On the chair sat G——, looking calmly at me! How I got out of the bath I know not; but on recovering my senses, I found myself sprawling on the floor. The apparition, or whatever it was that had taken the likeness of G——, had disappeared. This vision had produced such a shock that I had no inclination to talk about it, or to speak about it even to Stewart, but the impression it made upon me was too vivid to be easily forgotten, and so strongly was I affected by it that I have here written down the whole history, with the date, December 19th, and all the particulars, as they are now fresh before me. No doubt I had fallen asleep, and that the apparition presented so distinctly before my eyes was a dream I cannot for a moment doubt; yet for years I had had no communication with G——, nor had there been anything to recall him to my recollection. Nothing had taken

place concerning our Swedish travels connected with G——, or with India, or with anything relating to him, or to any member of his family. I recollected quickly enough our old discussion, and the bargain we had made. I could not discharge from my mind the impression that G—— must have died, and that his appearance to me was to be received by me as a proof of a future state. This was on December 19th, 1799.”

In October, 1862, Lord Brougham added as a Postscript:

“I have just been copying out from my Journal the account of this strange dream. *Certissima mortis imago!* And now to finish the story begun about sixty years ago: Soon after my return to Edinborough there arrived a letter from India announcing G——’s death, and stating that he died on December 19th.”

Lord Brougham attempts to account for this vision by stating that it was probably a dream. But this is negatived by the fact that he was so startled by it as to scramble out of the bath in a great hurry—which would not be at all likely had it been a dream—for, as we know, nothing surprises us in dreams, or seems unlikely. And even granting that it were a dream, we still have the *coincidence* to account for. *Why* should Lord Brougham have dreamed this particular

dream at the very moment his friend died? That fact has yet to be accounted for.

### THE TYRONE GHOST

This is also known as the Beresford Ghost, and is one of the most famous cases of its kind on record. The account, as herein given, is that supplied by the granddaughter of Lady Beresford, to whom the experience came; and hence may be considered as accurate as it can be made. It furnishes us with a definite example of a "ghost that touches," and leaves a permanent mark of its visit, ever afterwards. Here is the account:

"In the month of October, 1693, Sir Tristram and Lady Beresford went on a visit to her sister, Lady Macgill, at Gill Hall, now the seat of Lord Clanwilliam. . . . One morning Sir Tristram arose early, leaving Lady Beresford asleep, and went out for a walk before breakfast. When his wife joined the table very late, her appearance and the embarrassment of her manner attracted general attention, especially that of her husband. He made anxious inquiries as to her health, and asked her apart what had happened to her wrist, which was tied up with black ribbon tightly bound round it. She earnestly

entreated him not to inquire more then, or thereafter, as to the cause of her wearing or continuing afterwards to wear that ribbon; 'for,' she added, 'you will never see me without it.' He replied: 'Since you urge it so vehemently, I promise you not to inquire more about it.'

"After completing her hurried breakfast, she made inquiries as to whether the post had yet arrived. It had not yet come in, and Sir Tristram asked: 'Why are you so particularly eager about letters to-day?' 'Because I expect to hear of Lord Tyrone's death, which took place on Tuesday.' 'Well,' remarked Sir Tristram, 'I never put you down for a superstitious person, but I suppose that some idle dream has disturbed you.' Shortly after, the servant brought in the letters; one was sealed with black wax. 'It is as I expected,' she cried, 'he is dead.' The letter was from Lord Tyrone's steward to inform them that his master had died in Dublin, on Tuesday, 14 October, at 4 p.m. Sir Tristram endeavored to console her, and begged her to restrain her grief, when she assured him that she felt relieved and easier, now that she knew the actual fact. She added, 'I can now give you a most satisfactory piece of intelligence, *viz.*, that I am with child, and that it will be a boy.' A son was born the following July.



**"On her forty-seventh birthday, Lady Beresford summoned her children to her side, and said to them: 'I have something of deep importance to communicate to you, my dear children, before I die. You are no strangers to the intimacy and affection which subsisted in early life between Lord Tyrone and myself. . . . We had made a solemn promise to one another, that whichever died first should, if permitted, appear to the other. . . . One night, years after this interchange of promises, I was sleeping with your father at Gill Hall, when I suddenly awoke and discovered Lord Tyrone sitting visibly by the side of the bed. I screamed out and vainly tried to arouse Sir Tristram. "Tell me," I said, "Lord Tyrone, why and wherefore are you here at this time of the night?" "Have you then forgotten our promises to each other, pledged in early life? I died on Tuesday, at 4 o'clock. I have been permitted thus to appear. . . . I am also suffered to inform you that you are with child, and will produce a son, who will marry an heiress; that Sir Tristram will not live long, that you will marry again, and you will die in your forty-seventh year." I begged from him some convincing sign or proof so that when the morning came I might rely upon it, and that it was not the phantom of my imagination. He**

caused the hangings of the bed to be drawn in an unusual way and impossible manner through an iron hook. I still was not satisfied, when he wrote his signature in my pocketbook. I wanted, however, more substantial proof of his visit, when he laid his hand, which was cold as marble, on my wrist; the sinews shrunk up, the nerves withered at the touch. "Now," he said, "let no mortal eye while you live ever see that wrist," and vanished. While I was conversing with him my thoughts were calm, but as soon as he disappeared I felt chilled with horror and dismay, a cold sweat came over me, and I again endeavored, but vainly, to awaken Sir Tristram; a flood of tears came to my relief, and I fell asleep. . . .

"That year Lady Beresford died. On her deathbed, Lady Riverson unbound the black ribbon and found the wrist exactly as Lady Beresford had described it—every nerve withered, every sinew shrunk. . . .'

#### "DEAD OR ALIVE"

In the following case the ghost kept its promise to appear—doing so, to all appearances, in spite of great obstacles. The incident is reported in Mr. W. T. Stead's *Real Ghost Stories*, pp. 205-8:

"The following incident occurred to me some years ago, and all the details can be substantiated. The date was August 26, 1867, at midnight. I was then residing in the neighborhood of Hull, and held an appointment under the crown which necessitated my repairing thither every day for a few hours duty. My berth was almost a sinecure; and I had for some time been engaged to a young north country heiress, it being understood that on our marriage I should take her name and 'stand for the county' or rather for one of its divisions.

"For her sake I had to break off a love affair, not of the most reputable order, with a girl in Hull. I will call her Louise. She was young, beautiful, and devoted to me. On the night of the 26th of August we took our last walk together, and a few minutes before midnight paused on a wooden bridge running across a kind of canal, locally termed a 'drain.' We paused on the bridge, listening to the swirling of the current against the wooden piles, and waiting for the stroke of midnight to part forever. In the few minutes interval she repeated *sotto voce*, Longfellow's 'Bridge,' the words of which, 'I stood on the bridge at midnight,' seemed terribly appropriate. After nearly twenty-five years I can never hear that piece recited

without feeling a deadly chill, and the whole scene of two souls in agony again rising before me. Well! Midnight struck and we parted; but Louise said: 'Grant me one favor, the only one that I shall ever ask you on this earth; promise to meet me here twelve months from to-night at this same hour.' I demurred at first, thinking it would be bad for both of us, and only re-open partially-healed wounds. At last, however, I consented, saying, 'Well, I will come if I am alive.' But she said, 'Say alive or dead.' I said, 'Very well, then, we will meet, dead or alive.'

"The next year I was on the spot a few minutes before the time; and, punctual to the stroke of midnight, Louise arrived. By this time I had begun to regret the arrangement I had made; but it was of too solemn a nature to put aside. I therefore kept the appointment; but said that I did not care to renew the compact. Louise, however, persuaded me to renew it for one more year; and I consented, much against my will; and we again left each other, repeating the same formula, 'Dead or Alive.'

"The next year after passed rapidly until the first week in July, when I was shot dangerously in the thigh by a fisherman named Thomas Piles, of Hull, a reputed smuggler. A party of four

of us had hired his ten-ton yawl to go yachting round the Yorkshire coast, and amuse ourselves by shooting sea-birds amongst the millions of them at Flamborough Head. The third or fourth day out I was shot in the right thigh by the skipper Piles; and the day after, one and a quarter ounce of number 2 shot were cut out therefrom by the coastguard surgeon at Bridlington Quay (whose name I forget for the moment), assisted by Dr. Alexander Mackey, at the Black Lion hotel. The affair was in all the papers at the time, about a column of it appearing in the *Eastern Morning News*, of Hull.

"As soon as I was able to be removed (two or three weeks) I was taken home, where Dr. Melbourne King, of Hull, attended me. The day—and the night—(the 26th of August) came. I was then unable to walk without crutches, and that for only a short distance, so had to be wheeled about in a Bath chair. The distance to the trying place being rather long, and the time and the circumstances being very peculiar, I did not avail myself of the services of my usual attendant, but specially retained an old servant of the family, who frequently did confidential commissions for me, and who knew Miss Louise well. We set forth 'without beat of drum' and arrived at the bridge about a few

minutes to midnight. I remember that it was a brilliant starlight night, but I do not think that there was any moon—at all events, at that hour. ‘Old Bob,’ as he was always affectionately called, wheeled me to the bridge, helped me out of the Bath chair, and gave me my crutch. I walked on to the bridge, and leaned my back against the white painted rail top, then lighted my briar-root, and had a comfortable smoke.

“I was very much annoyed that I had allowed myself to be persuaded to come a second time, and determined to tell Louise positively that this should be our last meeting. Besides, *now*, I did not consider it fair to Miss K., with whom I was again ‘negotiating.’ So, if anything, it was in rather a sulky frame of mind that I awaited Louise. Just as the quarters before the hour began to chime I distinctly heard the ‘clink, clink’ of the little brass heels, which she always wore, sounding on the long flagged causeway, leading for 200 yards up to the bridge. As she got nearer, I could see her pass lamp after lamp in rapid succession, while the strokes of the large clock at Hull resounded through the stilly night.

“At last the patter, patter of the tiny feet sounded on the woodwork of the bridge, and I saw her distinctly pass under the lamp at my

side. When she got close to me I saw that she had neither hat nor cape on, and concluded that she had taken a cab at the further end of the flagged causeway, and (it being a very warm night) had left her wraps in the cab, and, for purposes of effect, had come the short distance in evening dress.

“‘Clink, clink,’ went the brass heels, and she seemed about passing me, when I suddenly, urged by an impulse of affection, stretched out my arms to receive her. She passed *through* them, intangible, impalpable, and as she looked at me I distinctly saw her lips move, and form the words ‘Dead or Alive.’ I even heard the words, but not with my outward ears, with something else, some other sense—what, I know not. I felt startled, surprised, but not afraid, until a moment afterwards, when I *felt*, but could not see, some other presence following her. I could *feel*, though I could not *hear*, the heavy, clumsy thud of feet following her; and my blood seemed turned to ice. Recovering myself with an effort, I shouted out to Old Bob, who was safely ensconced with the Bath chair in a nook out of sight round the corner: ‘Bob, who passed you just now?’ In an instant the old Yorkshireman was by my side. ‘Ne’er a one passed me, sir.’ ‘Nonsense, Bob,’ I replied, ‘I told you that

I was coming to meet Miss Louise, and she just passed me on the bridge, and *must* have passed you, because there is no where else she *could* go. You don't mean to tell me you didn't see her?" The old man replied solemnly: 'Maister Rob, there's something uncanny about it. I heered her come on the bridge, and off it, and I know them clickety heels onywhere! but I'm domned, sir, if she passed me! I'm thinking we'd better gang.' And 'gang' we did; and it was the small hours of the morning (getting daylight) before we left off talking over the affair, and went to bed.

"The next day I made inquiries from Louise's family about her, and ascertained that she had died in Liverpool three months previously, being apparently delirious for a few hours before her death, and, our parting compact evidently weighing on her mind, as she kept repeating, 'Dead or Alive—shall I be there?'—to the utter bewilderment of her friends, who could not divine her meaning—being, of course, entirely unaware of our agreement."

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This completes the examples of the so-called "Pact" cases. In the following example, the phantasmal form conveyed a piece of informa-



tion to the percipient which he could not well have known by any normal means.

#### THE SCRATCH ON THE CHEEK

The case appeared in the *Proceedings* of the Amer. S. P. R., and the high character of the witnesses was vouched for by Dr. Hodgson and Prof. Royce. It is to the following effect:

“*January* 11, 1888.

“Sir: Replying to your recently published request for actual occurrences of psychical phenomena, I respectfully submit the following remarkable occurrence to the consideration of your distinguished Society, with the assurance that the event made a more powerful impression upon my mind than the combined incidents of my whole life. . . . I was never in better health or possessed a clearer head and mind than at the time the incident occurred.

“In 1867, my only sister, a young lady of eighteen years, died suddenly of cholera, in St. Louis, Mo. My attachment for her was very strong, and the blow a severe one to me. A year or so after her death, I became a commercial traveller, and it was in 1876, while on one of my Western trips that the event occurred.

“I had ‘drummed’ the city of St. Joseph, Mo.,

and had gone to my room at the Pacific House to send in my orders, which were unusually large ones, so that I was in a very happy frame of mind indeed. My thoughts, of course, were about these orders, knowing how pleased my house would be at my success. I had not been thinking of my late sister, or in any manner reflecting on the past. The hour was high noon, and the sun was shining cheerfully into my room. While busy smoking a cigar, and writing out my orders, I suddenly became conscious that some one was sitting on my left, with one arm resting on the table. Quick as a flash I turned, and distinctly saw the form of my dead sister, and for a brief second or two looked her squarely in the face; and so sure was I that it was she, that I sprang forward in delight, calling her by name, and, as I did so, the apparition instantly vanished. Naturally I was startled and dumbfounded, almost doubting my senses; but the cigar in my mouth, and pen in hand, with the ink still moist on my letter, I satisfied myself I had not been dreaming and was still awake. I was near enough to touch her, had it been a physical possibility, and noted her features, expression, and details of dress, etc. She appeared as if alive. Her eyes looked kindly and perfectly naturally into mine. Her skin

was so perfectly life-like that I could see the glow or moisture in the surface, and, on the whole there was no change in her appearance, otherwise than when alive.

“Now comes the most remarkable confirmation of my statement, which cannot be doubted by those who know what I state actually occurred. This visitation, or whatever you may call it, so impressed me that I took the next train home, and in the presence of my parents and others I related what had occurred. My father, a man of rare good sense and very practical, was inclined to ridicule me, as he saw how earnestly I believed what I stated; but he, too, was amazed when later on I told them of a bright red line or *scratch* on the right-hand side of my sister's face, which I distinctly had seen. When I mentioned this my mother rose trembling to her feet and nearly fainted away, and as soon as she had sufficiently recovered her self-possession, with tears streaming down her face, she exclaimed that I had indeed seen my sister, as no living mortal but herself was aware of that scratch, which she had actually made while doing some little act of kindness after my sister's death. She said she well remembered how pained she was to think she should have, unintentionally, marred the features of her dead

daughter, and that, unknown to all, she had carefully obliterated all traces of the slight scratch with the aid of powder, etc., and that she had never mentioned it to a human being, from that day to this. . . . Yet I saw the scratch as bright as if just made. . . . ”

[Confirmatory statements were obtained from the narrator's father and brother; his mother having died in the interval.]

#### A GHOST IN HAMPTON COURT

Miss X. (Mrs. Hans Spoer) relates the following interesting case, as occurring to herself, on a visit to the well-known Hampton Court. (*Essays in Psychical Research*, pp. 31-34) :

“I recently found myself the guest of a lady occupying a pleasant suite of rooms in Hampton Court Palace. For obvious reasons I cannot specify the name of my hostess, the exact date of my visit, or the precise whereabouts of her apartment.

“Of course I was familiar with the Hampton Court ghost legend. . . . I examined the scene of the occurrences, and was allowed to ask questions at will. The ghost, I was told, visited habitually in a dozen different rooms—not, however, in the bright, dainty drawing room in which we were chatting, and where it was diffi-

cult to believe that we were discussing recent history.

“As a matter of fact, it was very recent, indeed. But a few nights earlier, in a certain small but cheerful bedroom, a little girl had been awakened out of her sleep by a visitant so dramatic that I wondered whether the child had possibly gone to sleep again, after her original fright, and dreamed the later and more sensational part of the story.

“My room was quaintly pretty, but somewhat peculiar in arrangement, and lighted only from the roof. I have seen ‘ghosts’ before, have slept for months together in haunted houses; and, though I find such visitants somewhat exciting, I cannot say that my prospects for the night filled me with any degree of apprehension.

“At dinner and during the evening ghostly topics were avoided; there were other guests, and music and chat occupied us till 11 o’clock, when my hostess accompanied me to my room. I asked various questions as to my neighbours above and below, and the exact position of other members of the household, with a view to knowing how to interpret any sounds which might occur. About a third of the ceiling of my room was skylight; the servant’s bedroom being situated over the remainder. Two sides of the

room were bounded by a corridor, into which it opened; a third of the wall by the state apartments, while the fourth opened by folding doors upon a room for the time unoccupied (except by a cat, asleep upon a chair) out of which there opened a door, leading by a secret passage to the bank of the river.

"I ascertained that the folding doors were locked; moreover, a heavy table stood against them on the outer side, and a wardrobe on the inner. The bedstead was a small one, without curtains; indeed, the room contained no hangings whatever. The door into the room opened so nearly to the head of my bed that there was space only for a small table, upon which I took care to place two long candles, and a plentiful supply of matches, being somewhat addicted to late and early reading.

"I was tired, but a sense of duty demanded that I should not sleep through the 'witching hours,' so I sat up in bed, and gave my best attention to Lord Farrer's problem, "Shall We Degrade our Standard of Value?" in the current number of the *National Review*, and, on the principle of always trying to see both sides of a question, thought of several reasons why we should not, with the author, come to a negative conclusion. The matter did not, however, excite

me to the pitch of wakefulness; and when I finished the article, as the clock struck half-past one, I considered myself absolved from further responsibility, put out my lights, and was asleep before the next quarter sounded.

“Nearly three hours later I was suddenly awakened from dreamless slumber by the sound of the opening of a door against which some piece of furniture was standing, in, as it seemed, the empty room to my right. I remembered the cat, and tried to conceive by what kind of ‘ram-paging’ she could contrive to be so noisy. A minute later there followed a thud apparently on *this* side of the folding doors, and too heavy for even the prize animals of my home circle, not to speak of a mongrel stray, newly adopted and not yet doing credit to her keep! ‘A dress fallen in the wardrobe,’ was my next thought, and I stretched out my hand for the match-box, as a preliminary to enquiry.

“I did not reach the matches. It seemed to me that a restraining hand was laid upon mine; I withdrew it quickly, and gazed around me in the darkness. Some minutes passed in blackness and silence. I had the sensation of a presence in the room, and finally, mindful of the tradition that a ghost should be spoken to, I said gently: ‘Is anyone there? Can I do anything

for you?" I remembered that the last person who entertained the ghost had said: "Go away, I don't want you!" and I hoped that my visitor would admire my better manners and be responsive. However, there was no answer—no sound of any kind; and returning to my theory of the cat and the fallen dress, though nevertheless so far influenced by the recollection of those detaining fingers as not to attempt to strike a light, I rose and walked round my bed, keeping the right hand on the edge of the bedstead, while, with my left arm extended, I swept the surrounding space. As the room is small, I thus fairly well satisfied myself that it contained nothing unusual.

"I was, though somewhat perplexed, about to grant myself license to go to sleep again, when in the darkness before me there began to glow a soft light. I watched it increase in brightness and in extent. It seemed to radiate from a central point, which gradually took form and became a tall, slight woman, moving slowly across the room from the folding doors on my right. As she passed the foot of my bed I felt a slight vibration of the spring mattress. At the further corner she stopped, so that I had time to observe her profile and general appearance. Her face was insipidly pretty; that of a woman from



thirty to thirty-five years of age, her figure slight, her dress of a soft dark material, having a full skirt and broad sash or soft waist-band tied high up, almost under her arms, a crossed or draped 'kerchief over the shoulders, sleeves which I noticed fitted very tight below the elbow, and hair which was dressed so as not to lie flat to the head, either in curls or bows, I could not tell which. As she appeared to stand between me and the light, I cannot speak with any certainty as to the color, but the dress, though dark, was, I think, not black. In spite of all this definiteness, I was, of course, conscious that the figure was unsubstantial, and I felt guilty of absurdity in asking once more: 'Will you let me help you? Can I be of use to you?'

"My voice sounded preternaturally loud, but I felt no surprise at noticing that it produced no effect upon my visitor. She stood still for perhaps two minutes—though it is very difficult to estimate time on such occasions. She then raised her hands, which were long and white, and held them before her as she sank upon her knees and slowly buried the face in her palms, in the attitude of prayer—when, quite suddenly, the light went out, and I was alone in the darkness.

"I felt that the scene was ended, the curtain

down, and had no hesitation in lighting the candle at my side.

"I tried to examine the impression the vision conveyed. I felt that it was definitely that of reproach, yet of gentle resignation. There was no force, no passion; I had seen a meek, sad woman who had succumbed. I began to turn over in my mind the illustrious names of former occupants of the chamber. I fixed on one—a bad man of the worst kind, a mad fool of that time of wickedness and folly, the Regency—I thought of the secret passage in the next room, and began to weave an elaborate romance.

"‘This will not do here and now,’ I reflected, as the clock struck four; and, as an act of mental discipline, I returned to my *National Review*. . . . I turned to Mr. Myers’ article on ‘The Drift of Psychological Research,’ which I had already seen. I read:

“‘ . . . Where telepathy operates, many intelligences may affect our own. Some of these are the minds of living persons, but some appear to be discarnate, to be spirits like ourselves, but released from the body, although still retaining much of the personality of earth. These spirits appear still to have some knowledge of our world, and to be in certain ways able to affect it.’

"Here was, so to speak, the text of my illustration. I had quite enough to think about—more than I needed for that occasion. I never heard the clock strike five!

"Let us try to examine this, a type of many ghost stories.

"Elsewhere I have classified visions of persons, whether seen in the crystal or otherwise, as:

"1. Visions of the living, clairvoyant or telepathic, usually accompanied by their own background, or adapting themselves to mine.

"2. Visions of the departed, having no obvious relations to time and space.

"3. Visions which are more or less of the nature of pictures, such as those which I voluntarily produce in the crystal from memory or imagination, or which appear in the background of real persons as illustrative of their thoughts of history. This is very often the case when an impression reaches me in visual form from the mind of a friend who, it may be, imperfectly remembers or is imperfectly informed as to the form and color of the picture his mind conveys.

"Again I emphasize the fact that I am speculating, not dogmatizing—that I am speaking from internal evidence, with no possibility of

corroboration, and that I am perfectly aware that each reader must take this for what it seems to him worth. Such being the case, I venture to classify the vision under Class III. Again, to borrow from Mr. Myers, I believe that what I saw may have been a *telepathic impression of the dreams* (or I should prefer to say '*thoughts*') of the dead. If what I saw were indeed veridical or truth-telling—if my readers will agree to admit that what I saw was no mere illusion, or morbid hallucination, or imagination (taking the word in its commonly-accepted sense)—then I believe that my visitor was not a departed spirit, such as it has before now, perhaps, been my privilege to meet, but rather an image as such—just as the figure which, it may be, sits at my dining table is not *really* the friend whose visit a few hours later it announces, but only a representation of him, having no objective existence apart from the truth of the information it conveys—a thought which is personal to the brain which thinks it.

“I have already said that, preconceived notions apart, I had no impression of reality. I recognized that what I saw and felt was an externalization of impressions unconsciously received, possibly from some discarnate mind. . . ”

## HALF-PAST ONE O'CLOCK

The following case is in many ways classical. Mrs. Claughton, to whom the experience came, was a widowed lady, living in good social circles. The full account of her experience is to be found in the *Proceedings* of the Society for Psychical Research (Vol. XI., pp. 547-59), and contains statements and personal investigations by Dr. Ferrier, Andrew Lang, Mr. Myers and the Marquis of Bute as well as corroborative testimony from the Clerk at Meresby, Mrs. Claughton's governess, copies of letters, diaries, memoranda, etc. The whole case is very complicated and impressive; and embodies a combination of apparent spirit communication, clairvoyance, telepathy, precognition, apparitions, and supernormal dreams. The chief and most interesting account is the statement made by Mrs. Claughton to the Marquis of Bute, and recorded by him as follows:

"She was staying in 1893 with her two children at 6 Blake St., a house belonging to Mrs. Appleby, daughter of the late Mrs. Blackburn . . . but let to Mrs. Buckley. She had heard the house was haunted, and may have heard that the ghost was Mrs. Blackburn's. She had been told also that water was spilt on the floors inex-

plicably. They arrived on October 4th. About 1.15 a.m., Monday, October 9th, Mrs. Claughton was in bed with one of her children, the other sleeping in the room. Mrs. Claughton had offered to be of any use she could to Miss Buckley, who had arrived from London on the Saturday, not feeling very well. She had been asleep, and was awakened by the footsteps of a person coming downstairs, whom she supposed to be a servant coming to call her. The steps stopped at the door. The sounds were repeated twice more at the interval of a few moments. Mrs. Claughton rose, lit the candle, and opened the door. There was no one there. She noticed the clock outside pointed to 1.20 a.m. She shut the door, got into bed, read, and, leaving the candle burning, went to sleep. Woke up, finding the candle spluttering out. Heard a sound like a sigh. Saw a woman standing by the bed. She had a soft white shawl round the shoulders, held by the right hand towards the left shoulder, bending slightly forwards. Mrs. Claughton thinks the hair was lightish brown, and the shawl partly over the head, but does not remember distinctly, and has no impression of the rest of the dress; it was not grave-clothes. She said: 'Follow me.' Mrs. Claughton rose, took the candle, and followed her out of the room, across the

passage, and into the drawing-room. She had no recollection as to the opening of the doors. The house maid next day declared that the drawing-room door had been locked by her. On entering the drawing-room, Mrs. Claughton, finding the candle on the point of extinction, replaced it by a pink one from the chiffonier near the door. The figure nearly at the end of the room, turned three-quarters round, said 'to-morrow,' and disappeared. Mrs. Claughton returned to the bedroom, where she found her elder child (not the one in the bed) sitting up. It asked: 'Who is the lady in white?' Mrs. Claughton thinks she answered the child: 'It's only me—mother; go to sleep,' or the like words, and hushed her to sleep in her arms. The baby remained fast asleep. She lit the gas and remained awake for some two hours, then put out the lights and went to sleep. Had no fear while seeing the figure, but was upset after seeing it. Would not be prepared to swear that she might not have walked in her sleep. Pink candle, partly burned, in her room in morning. Does not know if she took it burnt or new.

"In the morning she spoke to Mr. Buckley, on whose advice she went to ask Dr. Ferrier as to the figure about 3 p.m. He and his wife said the description was like that of Mrs. Blackburn,

whom Mrs. Claughton already suspected it to be. Thinks Dr. Ferrier already told her that Miss Blackburn (Mrs. Appleby) had seen her mother in the same house. Mrs. Claughton cannot recognize the photograph of Mrs. Blackburn shown to her by Mr. Y. (who got it from Mrs. M.). She says the figure seemed smaller, and the features were more pinched and attenuated, like those of a person in the last stages of consumption, which was also the general appearance. By his advice, Mr. Buckley put an electric bell under Mrs. Claughton's pillow, communicating with Miss Buckley's room, as Mrs. Claughton determined to sit up that night and watch.

"That night Mrs. Claughton sat up dressed, with the gas burning. About 12 she partly undressed, put on a dressing gown, and lay down outside the bed, gas still burning, and fell asleep reading. Woke up and found the same woman as before, but the expression even more agitated. She bent over Mrs. Claughton and said: 'I have come, listen.' She then made a certain statement and asked Mrs. Claughton to do certain things. Mrs. Claughton said: 'Am I dreaming, or is it true?' The figure said something like: 'If you doubt me, you will find that the date of my marriage was \* \* \*' (This was



the date of the marriage, which took place in India, of Mrs. Blackburn to Mr. Blackburn, who is alive and married again. Mrs. Claughton first learned the corroboration of the date from Dr. Ferrier on the following Thursday). After this Mrs. Claughton saw a man standing on Mrs. B.'s left hand—tall, dark, well made, healthy, sixty years old, or more, ordinary man's day clothes, kind, good expression. A conversation ensued between the three, in course of which man stated himself to be George Howard, buried in Meresby Churchyard (Mrs. Claughton had never heard of Meresby or of George Howard) and gave the date of his marriage \* \* and death \* \* \* [Entries of these dates seen by me in Mrs. Claughton's pocketbook, as torn out and lent to me. F. W. H. Myers.] He desired Mrs. Claughton to go to Meresby and verify these dates in the registration, and, if found correct, to go to the church at the ensuing 1.15 a.m. and wait at the grave therein (S. W. corner of S. aisle) of Richard Hart, died \* \* \* , ætat \* \* \* . She was to verify this reference also in the registers. He said her railway ticket would not be taken, and she was to send it along with a white rose from his grave to Dr. Ferrier. Forbade her having any previous communication with the place, or going in her own name. Said Joseph

Wright, a dark man, to whom she should describe him, would help her. That she would lodge with a woman who would tell her that she had a child (drowned) buried in the same churchyard. When Mrs. Claughton had done all this, she should hear the rest of the history. Towards the end of the conversation, Mrs. Claughton saw a third phantom, that of a man whose name she is not free to give, in great trouble, standing, with hands on face (which he afterwards lowered, showing face) behind Mrs. Blackburn's right. The three disappeared. Mrs. Claughton rose and went to the door to look out at the clock, but was seized with faintness, returned and rang the electric bell. Mr. Buckley found her on the ground. She was able to ask the time, which was about 1.20 a.m. Then fainted, and the Buckleys undressed her and put her to bed.

"That morning, Tuesday, Mrs. Claughton sent for Dr. Ferrier, who corroborated certain matters so far as she asked him, and ascertained for her the date of Mrs. Blackburn's marriage (she received his note of the date on Thursday). She went to the Post Office, and found that Meresby existed. Returned, and ascertained that it was in Suffolk, and so wrote that evening to Dr. Ferrier, and went to London with her daughters that (Thursday) evening.

"Friday night, Mrs. Claughton dreamt that she arrived at 5, after dusk, that a fair was going on, and that she had to go to place after place to get lodgings. Also, she and her eldest daughter dreamt that she would fail if she did not go alone. Went to Station for 12 noon train on Saturday. Went to refreshment room for luncheon, telling porter to call her in time. He went by mistake to waiting room, and she missed train and had to wait (going to the British Museum, where she wrote her name in Jewel room) until 3.5, as stated. House where she finally found lodgings was that of Joseph Wright, who turned out to be the parish clerk. She sent for the curate by porter, to ask as to consulting registers, but as he was dining out he did not come till after she had gone to bed. Sunday morning, Mrs. Wright spoke to her about the drowned child buried in the churchyard. Went to forenoon service, and immediately afterwards went into vestry and verified the registers; described George Howard to Joseph Wright, who had known him and recognized description; then was taken by Joseph Wright to the graves of Richard Hart and George Howard. On the latter there is no stone, but three mounds surrounded by a railing overgrown with white roses. She gathered rose for Dr. Ferrier,

as had been directed. Walked and talked with curate, who was not sympathetic. After luncheon went with Mrs. Wright and walked round Howard's house (country house in park). Attended evening service, and afterwards, while, watching the lights put out and the church furniture covered up, wondered if she would have the nerve to go on. Back to supper; afterwards slept and had dream of a terrorizing character, whereof has full written description. Dark night, hardly any moon, a few stars. To church with Joseph Wright at 1 a.m., with whom searched interior and found it empty. At 1.20 a.m. was locked in alone, having no light; had been told to take Bible, but had only church-service, which she had left in vestry in the morning. Waited near grave of Richard Hart; felt no fear. Received communication, but does not feel free to give any detail; no light. History begun at Blake street then completed. Was directed to take another white rose from George Howard's grave and gathered rose for Miss Howard, as had been directed. Home and bed, and slept well for the first time since first seeing Mrs. Blackburn.

"Next day went and sketched church and identified grave of Mrs. Rose, on whose grave, she had been told in church, she would find a

message for herself. The words engraved were  
\* \* \* .

“Then called on Miss Howard and recognized strong likeness to her father. Carried out all things desired by the dead to the full, as had been requested. Has had no communication from any of them since. Nothing since has appeared in Blake street. The wishes expressed to her were not illogical or unreasonable, as the ratiocination of dreams often appears, but perfectly rational, reasonable, and of natural importance.”

#### MY OWN TRUE GHOST STORY

The following narrative was told to me by a very well-known artist; who maintains the strict accuracy of every word in his account, as given below:

“I had been living in Paris for some months when I decided to change my quarters, and move into a studio more in keeping with my present allowance. After a brief search, I saw one which exactly suited me. It was a large room, at the end of a long, dark rambling passage, with doors leading into other studios on either side all the way down. As my neighbours

turned out to be a very jolly, happy crew, I liked the life immensely, and everything promised well for the new abode.

"I had been there for, perhaps, two weeks when I had my first 'ghostly' adventure. I had been out rather late, having had late supper, and perhaps a little too much wine for my best health. At the same time, I was absolutely sober, and in full possession of all my senses. I felt a little happy and convivial—that was all.

"Walking along the passage, I was approaching my door when I distinctly heard the rustle of a silk skirt walking down the passage ahead of me. As the hallway was dark, I could not see whether or not the girl was just in front of me, or some distance away. It never for a moment struck me that it was not a flesh-and-blood visitant. My only thought was: One of the boys has been having a little supper, and this must be one of his visitors going home. I called aloud: 'Mayn't I strike a light and show you the way along this dark hall?' And, suiting the action to the word, I struck a match, and held it up over my head. Nothing was visible! I peered into vacancy; no female figure could I see. I listened for the sound of steps, or the swish of a silken petticoat; but not a sound could I hear. I walked along the passage; not a sign of life

was anywhere manifest. Everything was dark, lonely and deserted.

"I came to the conclusion that I must have been deceived; and thought no more about it. I went to bed and to sleep.

"It was, perhaps, two nights later when the same thing occurred. Coming home, about 10 o'clock at night, I heard the same swish of the skirt; the same soft, feminine footsteps. This time the hall was light, and I could *see* that no one was there. I recalled the incident of the other evening, and a cold chill began to creep up my backbone. I entered my room, however, lit the lamp, leaving my door open. 'Now,' thought I, 'if anyone passes that door again, I shall surely see them.' I put on a dressing gown and a pair of slippers, and sat down to read—facing the door.

"Perhaps five minutes had elapsed when I saw the door very slowly open still further on its hinges. A moment later I felt in the room a 'Presence,' which I distinctly felt to be that of a young woman, about twenty years of age. So vivid was the mental picture I formed of this person that her very features and coloring were sensed by me—though, of course, I had no means of knowing whether or not I was right.

"The Presence glided across the room, and sat

itself upon the edge of my sofa, about three feet distant from where I sat. I looked at the spot intently, and felt that the eyes of my invisible visitor were upon me, regarding me intently, as though studying my character to the best of her ability. She had a comfortable sort of feeling about her, which made me seem at once at home with her; so that, without further ceremony, I said to the Presence: "Pray make yourself at home. If I can do anything for you, let me know."

"I waited, but of course there was no response. Only I thought I caught again the faintest rustle of silk, as the figure seated itself in a more comfortable position. I put down my book, and began to paint. The feeling of loneliness, which I had experienced ever since my removal into the new studio, vanished immediately. I felt that a living, human—if invisible—being was with me, watching my work and keeping me company during the long hours of discouragement and unproductive effort.

"Several times, during the course of the evening, I spoke to the Presence; but received no reply. Only I felt its proximity, and knew when the figure changed its position, as it did once or twice. Once it came over and stood by my side, as though looking at the canvas, and criticising



it with me. Then it went back to its seat at the end of the sofa.

"Bed time came. I felt almost abashed to go to bed with this feminine presence in the room! However, as there was nothing left for me to do, I undressed, got into bed, and blew out the light. The Presence came over and sat on the side of my bed. When I went to sleep, it was still sitting there.

"The next morning it had gone. I felt inexpressibly lonely. I missed the Presence, whom I now began to call 'Her' instead of 'It,' and wished she would return and keep me company! It did not do so, however, until the following evening, when, about nine o'clock, I again felt her approach, felt her entrance through my studio door, and felt her seat herself in my easy chair, and turn her eyes upon me. I knew that she was regarding me intently—perhaps critically—and I felt almost angry that I, in turn, could not see her. I gazed at the chair *determined* to see her; but nothing save empty space met my gaze! With a gesture of impatience and irritation, I turned away, and went on with my painting.

"Presently, I was aware that She was standing beside me, examining the painting upon the easel. 'Well, do you like it?' I said almost caus-

tically. The Presence immediately returned and sat in the chair, and I knew that I had offended Her. I threw my brush and pallet aside and apologized. So she came and stood by me again; and again she remained with me until I closed my eyes in sleep.

"This sort of thing went on for several weeks. Every evening the Presence visited me, kept me company, making the day seem long and dreary until she came. I waited for her appearance with growing impatience. I could never see or feel anything; my spoken words brought no response; yet there she was; and I felt just as assured of the presence, in my studio, of a feminine spiritual being as of my own existence. Every evening the Presence was with me when I went to sleep; every morning it had vanished. The sense of friendliness and companionship was complete and unmistakable.

"One evening my visitor failed to appear! I could do no work; I paced the floor, I could do nothing, think of nothing! The sense of desolation and loneliness was absolute. I hardly realized, until then, how completely I had grown accustomed to the presence of my invisible visitor. I missed her more than I ever dreamed I could miss anyone in life. Forlorn and forsaken, I went to bed, and finally dropped into a fitful and broken sleep.

"For about a week things went on in this way. I had grown gradually reconciled to my lonely life, and was painting hard for an exhibition which was near at hand. One evening I came into the studio, and I found the Presence waiting for me—seated in the easy chair, by the fire.

"I felt my heart and whole being give a throb of joy and recognition—just as it would at the sight of an old and very dear friend. I knew how much I had missed her! I knew that She had risen, and was standing, facing me, as I entered. Before I had time to check myself, or think what I was doing, I had rushed forward, crying 'Dearest,' with outstretched arms, and had embraced the spot where I knew her to be standing! I grasped the empty air, but I somehow felt two hands placed upon my shoulders, and the imprint of a delicate kiss upon my lips.

"I no longer felt lonely. I whistled, I sang, I took off my coat, and, donning jacket and slippers, set to work with joy upon my picture. I painted hard, and all the while the Presence stood by me, criticising—approving or disapproving—and in every instance I felt Her criticism and judgment to be right.

"A year went by. I had to give up my studio, and return to America, on my father's sudden

death. The parting with the Presence I shall never forget. Had two lovers in the flesh parted from one another, it could not have been more real, more touching, more sincere. For my own part I was heartbroken. The Presence, too, I knew to be weeping. The parting was long and sorrowful. Finally, I tore myself away.

"I have never seen or felt anything from that day to this. But of the reality and objective existence of that Presence I am as assured as I am of any event in my life. No one can tell me that it was a trick of the imagination—I know better! She was as real to me as any personality I have ever known. Yes, the Unreal is Real, of that I have no doubt whatever. My own experience with the Ghostly world has proved that to *my* satisfaction!"

## CHAPTER IV

## HAUNTED HOUSES

When "phantasms of the dead" constantly appear in one house, and there only, that house is said to be "haunted" and, in such a case, the phantasms seem to be attracted to the *locality* more than to the individuals living in it. This is usually the case in so-called haunted houses; no matter *who* lives within them, they one and all see the spectral forms; but this is not invariably so. In the case of the "Great Amherst Mystery," for example—given below—the haunting seemed to be associated with the *person* more than the *house*, so that we might be said to have here a case of a Haunted Man (or Woman). But this is the exception, not the rule.

The cases that follow are all well-attested; and the phenomena have been witnessed by many persons. The original Reports, for the most part, have appeared in the *Proceedings* of the S. P. R., and the facts were carefully investigated at the time, by competent investigators. The first instance is particularly interesting, be-

cause of the experiments which were tried to ascertain the nature of the "ghost," and if many more such experiments were conducted, we might hope, in time, to know something about them. I shall begin with a carefully recorded example, which I may call—

#### THE RECORD OF A HAUNTED HOUSE

The case of a haunted house here given is very well authenticated, and corroborated by six written and signed statements, as well as that of the original informant. The account originally appeared in the *Proceedings* of the S. P. R., Vol. VIII., pp. 311-32, and is drawn up by Miss Morton, a lady of scientific training who resided for a long time in the house in question. She was well-known to Mr. Myers, then Hon. Sec. of the Society. Very interesting experiments were conducted to test the nature of the "ghost" as the following brief account will show :

"My father took the house in March, 1882, none of us having then heard of anything unusual about the house. We moved in towards the end of April, and it was not until the following June that I first saw the apparition.

"I had gone up to my room, but was not yet in bed, when I heard someone at the door, and went

to it, thinking it might be my mother. On opening the door, I saw no one; but on going a few steps along the passage I saw the figure of a tall lady, dressed in black, standing at the head of the stairs. After a few moments she descended the stairs, and I followed for a short distance, feeling curious what it could be. I had only a small piece of candle, and it suddenly burnt itself out; and, being unable to see more, I went back to my room.

“On the night of August 2, the footsteps were heard by my three sisters and by the cook, all of whom slept on the top landing—also by my married sister, Mrs. K., who was sleeping on the floor below. They all said the next morning that they had heard them very plainly pass and repass their doors. . . . These footsteps are very characteristic, and are not at all like those of any people in the house; they are soft and rather slow, though decided and even. My sisters would not go out on the landing after hearing them pass, but each time when I have gone out after hearing them, I have seen the figure there.

“On the evening of August 1, we were sitting in the drawing-room, with the gas lit but the shutters not shut, the light outside getting dusk—my brothers and a friend having just given up tennis, finding it too dark; my elder sister,

Mrs. E., and myself both saw the figure on the balcony outside, looking in at the window. She stood there some minutes, then walked to the end and back again, after which she seemed to disappear. She soon after came into the drawing-room, when I saw her, but my sister did not.

"The apparitions were (always) of exactly the same type, seen in the same places by the same people, at varying intervals.

"The footsteps continued, and were heard by several visitors and new servants, who had taken the places of those who had left, as well as by myself, four sisters and brothers; in all by about twenty people, many of them not having previously heard of the apparitions and sounds.

"Other sounds were also heard in addition which seemed gradually to increase in intensity. They consisted in walking up and down on the second floor landing, of bumps against the doors of the bedrooms, and of the handles of the doors turning. The bumps against the doors were so marked as to terrify a new servant, who had heard nothing of the haunting, into the belief that burglars were breaking into her room. . . .

"During the year, at Mr. Myers' suggestion, I kept a photographic camera constantly ready to try to photograph the figure, but on the few oc-



casions I was able to do so, I got no result; at night, usually only by candle light, a long exposure would be necessary for so dark a figure, and this I could not obtain.

"I also tried to communicate with the figure, constantly speaking to it and asking it to make signs, if not able to speak, but with no result. I also tried especially to *touch* her, but did not succeed. On cornering her, as I did once or twice, she vanished.

"One night, my sister E. went up to her room on the second story, but as she passed the room where my two sisters L. and M. were sleeping, they opened their door to say that they had heard noises, and also seen what they described as a *flame* of a candle, without candle or handle visible, cross the room diagonally from corner to corner. Two of the maids opened the doors of their two bedrooms, and said that they also heard noises; they all 5 stood at their doors with their lighted candles for some little time. They all heard steps walking up and down the landing between them; as they passed they felt a sensation which they described as a "cold wind" though their candles were not blown out. They saw nothing. The steps then descended the stairs, re-ascended, again descended, and did not return. . . .

"The figure became much less substantial on its later appearances. Up to about 1886 it was so solid and life-like that it was often mistaken for a real person. It gradually became less distinct. At all times it intercepted the light; we have not been able to ascertain if it cast a shadow. I should mention that it has been seen through window glass, and that I myself wear glasses habitually, though none of the other percepts do so. The upper part of the figure always left a more distinct impression than the lower, but this may partly be due to the fact that one naturally looks at people's faces before their feet.

#### PROOFS OF IMMATERIALITY

"1. I have several times fastened fine strings across the stairs at various heights before going to bed, but after all others have gone up to their rooms. . . . I have twice, at least, seen the figure pass through the cords, leaving them intact.

"2. The sudden and complete disappearance of the figure while still in full view.

"3. The impossibility of touching the figure. . . .

"4. It has appeared in a room with the doors shut.

## CONDUCT OF ANIMALS IN THE HOUSE

"We have strong grounds for believing that the apparition was seen by two dogs.

"Twice I remember seeing our dog suddenly run up to the mat at the foot of the stairs in the hall, wagging his tail, and moving his back in the way dogs do when expecting to be caressed. It jumped up, fawning as it would do if a person was standing there, but suddenly slink away with its tail between its legs, and retreated, trembling, under a sofa. We were all strongly under the impression that it has seen the figure. Its action was peculiar, and was much more striking to an onlooker than it could possibly appear from a description.

"In conclusion, as to the feelings aroused by the presence of the figure, it is very difficult to describe them; on the first few occasions, I think the feeling of awe at something unknown, mixed with a strong desire to know more about it, predominated. Later, when I was able to analyze my feelings more closely, and the first novelty had gone off, I was conscious of a feeling of *loss*, as if I had lost power to the figure.

"Most of the other percipients speak of a feeling of cold wind, but I myself have not experienced this. . . .

## B—— HOUSE

This is a very famous case of "Haunting," which was investigated by Sir Oliver Lodge, Mr. F. W. H. Myers, Colonel Taylor (a specialist on Haunted Houses), Miss X., the Marquis of Bute, etc. The chief reports of the occurrence are due to the last three named persons; and from the Journal kept during their occupancy of the house the following extracts are made:

*"February 4, Thursday.* I awoke suddenly, just before 3 a.m. Miss Moore, who had been lying awake for over two hours, said: 'I want you to stay awake and listen.' Almost immediately I was startled by a loud clanging sound, which seemed to resound through the house. The mental image it brought to my mind was as of a long metal bar, such as I have seen near iron-foundries, being struck at intervals with a wooden mallet. The noise was distinctly that of metal struck with wood; it seemed to come diagonally across the house. It sounded very loud, though distinct, and the idea that any inmate of the house should not hear it seemed preposterous. . . .

"I also had an experience this morning which may have been purely subjective, but which should be recorded. About 10 a.m., I was writ-

ing in the library, face to light, back to fire. Mrs. W. was in the room, and addressed me once or twice; but I was aware of not being responsive, as I was much occupied. I wrote on, and presently felt a distinct, but gentle push against my chair. I thought it was the dog, and looked down, but he was not there. I went on writing, and in a few minutes felt a push, firm and decided, against myself which moved me on my chair. I thought it was Mrs. W——, who, having spoken and obtained no answer, was reminding me of her presence. I looked backward with an exclamation—the room was empty! She came in presently, and called my attention to the dog, who was gazing intently from the hearth-rug at the place where I had expected (before) to see him. . . .

“As the day began with the above, and as I had had a quiet rest, I went to ‘the copse’ at dusk. The moon was bright, and the twilight lingered. We waited about in the avenue to let it get darker, but it was still far from dark. Then we made our way up to the glen—Miss Moore, Miss Langton and myself.

“I saw ‘Ishbel’ and ‘Marget’ in the old spot across the burn. [Two ‘spirits’ who had been seen about the house, several times before]. ‘Ishbel’ was on her knees in the attitude of weep-

ing. 'Marget' apparently reasoning with her in a low voice, to which 'Ishbel' replied very occasionally. I could not hear what was said from the noise of the burn. We waited for perhaps ten or fifteen minutes. They had appeared when I had been there for three or four. When we regained the avenue (in silence) Miss Moore asked Miss Langton, 'What did you see?' (She had been told nothing, except that the Colonel, who did not know details then, had said in her presence something about 'a couple of nuns.' She said: 'I saw nothing, but I heard a low talking.' Questioned further, she said it seemed close behind. The glen is so narrow that this might be quite consistent with what I heard and saw. Miss Moore heard a murmuring voice, and is quite certain it was not the burn. She is less suggestible than almost any one I know. . . . The dog ran up while we were there, pointed, and ran straight for the two women. He afterwards left us, and we found him barking in the glen. He is a dog who hardly ever barks. We went up among the trees where he was, and could find no cause. . . .

"This morning's phenomenon is the most incomprehensible I have yet known. I heard the banging sounds after we were in bed last night. Early this morning, about 5.30, I was awakened

by them. They continued for nearly an hour. Then another sound began *in* the room. It might have been made by a very lively kitten jumping and pouncing, or even by a very large bird; there was a fluttering noise too.\* It was close, exactly opposite the bed. Miss Moore woke up, and we heard the noise going on till nearly eight o'clock. I drew up the blinds and opened the windows wide. I sought all over the room, looking into cupboards and under furniture. We cannot guess at any possible explanation. . . . ”

A few weeks later, Miss X., wrote in her “Journal”:

“The general tone of things is disquieting, and new in our experience. Hitherto, in our first occupation, the phenomena affected one as melancholy, depressing and perplexing, but now all, quite independently, say the same thing—that the influence is evil and horrible—even poor little ‘Spooks’ (the dog) who was never terrified before, has been since our return here. The worn faces at breakfast are really a dismal sight.”

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\*This fluttering noise, as of a bird, is very often met with in the literature of the occult, and is typical of ‘haunted houses.’ In the famous case of Lord Lyttleton, for instance, this was recorded, and was said to announce his death. He died three days later, in bed.

Soon after this the investigators left the house.

#### WILLINGTON MILL

This is one of the most famous Haunted Houses on record. The case has been described in various books on ghosts, the most complete account being that contained in the *Journal* of the Psychical Research Society. . . . Mr. Proctor lived for several years in the haunted mill, and got quite used to the apparitions, which stalked about the place at all hours. Visitors, however, did not like them as much as he did. The following extracts will suffice to explain the general character of the haunting in this case—

“When two of Mrs. Proctor’s sisters were staying at the Mill on a visit, their bed was suddenly violently shaken, the curtains hoisted up all round to their tester and then as rapidly let down again, and this again in rapid succession. The curtains were taken off the next night, with the result that they both saw a female figure, of mysterious substance and of a greyish-blue hue come out of the wall at the head of the bed and lean over them. They both saw it distinctly. They saw it come out of and go back again into the wall. . . . Mrs. Davidson’s sister-in-law had



a curious experience on one occasion. One evening she was putting one of the bedrooms right, and, looking toward the dressing table, saw what she supposed was a white towel lying on the ground. She went to pick it up, but imagine her surprise when she found that it rose up, and went up behind the dressing-table over the top, down on the floor across the room, disappeared under the door, and was heard to descend the stairs with a heavy step! The noise which it made in doing so was distinctly heard by Mr. Proctor and others in the house.

“On one occasion, Mr. Mann, the old mill foreman, with his wife and daughter, and Mrs. Proctor’s sister, all four saw the figure of a bald headed old man in a flowing robe like a surplice gliding backwards and forwards about three feet from the floor, level with the bottom of the second story window; he then stood still in the middle of the window and part of the body which appeared quite luminous showed through the blind. While in that position, the framework of the window was visible, while the body was as brilliant as a star, and diffused a radiance all round; then it turned a bluish tinge, and gradually faded away from the head downwards.

“The children, however, were the chief ghost-seers. On one occasion one of the little girls

came to Mrs. Davidson and said: 'There is a lady sitting on the bed in mamma's bedroom. She has eyeholes but no eyes; and she looked so hard at me.' On another occasion a boy of two years old was charmed with the ghost, and laughed and kicked, crying out: 'Ah dares somebody—pee, pee!' On one occasion the mother saw through the bed curtain a figure cross the room to the table on which the light was burning, take up the snuffers and snuff the candle. . . .

"Several experiments were made with a clairvoyant by the name of Jane, to ascertain the cause of the mystery. In the mesmeric trance she described the house accurately; described the nature of the disturbances which were going on within it; and stated that the chief cause of the trouble was to be found 'in the cellar.' This was not verified. The full story, as narrated, is certainly one of the most curious to be found anywhere."

#### THE GREAT AMHERST MYSTERY

This is one of the most remarkable cases on record. It is the case of a haunted house, in which many *physical* manifestations of all sorts took place, and were observed by nearly a hun-

dred persons, all of whom testified as to the reality of the facts. The house in question is situated in Amherst, N. S.—hence the name. Residing in this small house were (when the events occurred) (Mr. and Mrs. Teed, their children, Willie, aged five years, and George, aged seventeen months. His wife's two sisters, Jennie and Esther Cox, also lived with them—Esther being the person around whom nearly all the phenomena centered. John Teed and William Cox also boarded at the house—brothers of Mr. and Mrs. Teed, respectively.

The manifestations began in a very peculiar manner. The two girls, who had just gone to bed (they slept together) were on the point of falling asleep, when Esther suddenly jumped out of bed with a scream, exclaiming that there was a mouse in the mattress. A careful search failed, however, to reveal the presence of any mouse. The same thing happened the next night; and when the girls got up to search for the mouse, a paste-board box, which was under the bed, jumped up in the air and fell over on its side. They decided to say nothing about it; got into bed again, and were soon asleep.

The next night manifestations began in earnest. Esther began to swell; her body became puffed all over, and she thought she was going

to burst. She screamed with pain. Just then, however, three terrific reports shook the room, and the swelling suddenly subsided. She was placed in bed; but no sooner had she been placed upon it than all the bed-clothes flew off her, and settled in the far corner of the room. "They could see them passing through the air by the light of the kerosene lamp which was lighted and standing on the table, and both screamed as only scared girls can, and then Jennie fainted."

The bed-clothes were replaced. No sooner was this done than the pillow flew out from under her head, and landed in the center of the floor. It was replaced, but again flew out, hitting Mr. Teed in the face. Three deafening reports then shook the house; after which all manifestations ceased for the night.

The next night, these manifestations were repeated; the bed-clothes flew off, in view of all; and in the midst of this, the sound of scratching became audible, as of a metallic object scraping plaster. "All looked at the wall whence the sound of writing came, when, to their great astonishment, there could be plainly read these words: 'Esther Cox, you are mine to kill.' Every person in the room could see the writing plainly, and yet but a moment before nothing was to be seen but the plain kalsomined wall! . .

These things continued day after day, and were seen by many persons. Articles would be thrown about the house; Dr. Carritte, the family physician, saw "a bucket of cold water become agitated, and, to all appearances, boil while standing on the kitchen table." A voice was heard, in the atmosphere of the house, talking to Esther; and telling her all manner of horrible things. Soon after this, to the consternation of all present, "all saw a lighted match fall from the ceiling to the bed, having come out of the air, which would certainly have set the bed-clothing on fire, had not Jennie put it out instantly. During the next two minutes, eight or ten lighted matches fell on the bed and about the room, out of the air, but were all extinguished before anything could be set fire by them. . . . "

This fire-raising continued for several days. The family would smell smoke, and, on running up into the bedroom, they would find a bundle of clothes placed in the center of the floor, blazing. Or they would descend to the cellar; and there find a pile of shavings alight and blazing merrily. They lived in constant danger of having the house burned over their heads.

Soon after this, things got so bad that Esther Cox had to leave home, and went to visit a friend

by the name of White, in the hope that the manifestations would cease, when she was removed from her own home. For four weeks things went well; then they began again just as ever. Knocks and raps were heard all over the house, which answered questions asked them; and told the amount of money people had in their pockets, etc. Articles of furniture were thrown about; voices sounded; and, worst of all, Esther now began to *see* the ghost; and described it to those about her. Among other terrifying phenomena, which took place at Mr. Whites' house, the following should be mentioned—

“ . . . A clasp-knife belonging to little Fred-eric White was taken from his hand, while he was whittling something, by the devilish ghost, who instantly stabbed Esther in the back with it, leaving the knife sticking in the wound, which was bleeding profusely. Frederic pulled the bloody knife from the wound, wiped it, closed it and put it in his pocket, which he had no sooner done than the ghost obtained possession of it again and, quick as a flash of lightning, stuck it into the same wound. . . . ”

Some person tried the experiment of placing three or four large iron spikes on Esther's lap while she was seated in the dining-saloon. To

the unutterable astonishment of Mr. White, Frederic and other persons present, the spikes were not instantly removed, as it was expected they would be, but, instead, remained on her lap until they became too hot to be handled with comfort, when they were thrown by the ghost to the far end of the saloon—a distance of twenty feet. This fact was fully corroborated.

It was at this stage of the proceedings that the spot was visited by Walter Hubbell, an actor, who remained some time in Amherst, studying the case, and who has written a whole book about it—"The Great Amherst Mystery." On the night of his arrival, they all sat round a table, in full light, to see what they could see, and knocks and raps resounded immediately. "We could all hear even the scratching sound of invisible human finger nails, and the dull sounds produced by the hands, as they rubbed the table, and struck it with invisible, clenched fists, in knocking in response to questions."

The next day, Mr. Hubbell records the following facts, among others: "I had been seated about five minutes when, to my great astonishment, my umbrella was thrown a distance of sixteen feet, passing over my head in its strange flight, and almost at the same instant a large carving knife came whizzing through the air,

passing over Esther's head, who was just then coming out of the pantry with a large dish in both hands, and fell in front of her, near me—having come from behind her out of the pantry. I naturally went to the door and looked in, but no person was there.

“After dinner I lay down on the sofa in the parlor; Esther was in the room seated near the center in a rocking chair. I did not sleep, but lay with my eyes only partially closed so that I could see her. While lying there a large glass paper-weight, weighing fully a pound, came whizzing through the air from a corner of the room, where I had previously noticed it on an ornamental shelf, a distance of some twelve or fifteen feet from the sofa. Had it struck my head, I should surely have been killed, so great was the force with which it was thrown. . . .

“On Monday, June 23, they commenced again with great violence. At breakfast, the lid of the sugar bowl was heard to fall on the floor. Mrs. Teed, Esther and myself searched for it for fully five minutes, and had abandoned our search as useless, when all three saw it fall from the ceiling. I saw it, just before it fell, and it was at the moment suspended in the air about one foot from the ceiling. No one was within five feet of it at the time. The table knives were then



thrown upon the floor, the chairs pitched over, and after breakfast the dining-table fell over on its side, rugs upon the floor were slid about, and the whole room literally turned into a pandemonium, so filled with dust that I went into the parlor. Just as I got inside the parlor door a large flower pot, containing a plant in full bloom, was taken from among Jennie's flowers on the stand near the window; and in a second, a tin pail, with a handle, was brought half-filled with water from the kitchen and placed beside the plant on the floor, both in the center of the parlor, and put there by a ghost. Just think of such a thing happening while the sun was shining, and only a few minutes before I had seen this same tin pail from the dining-room hanging on a nail in the kitchen, empty! And yet people say, and thousands believe, that there are no haunted houses! What a great mistake they make in so asserting; but then they never lived in a genuine one, where there was an invisible power that had full and complete sway. By all the demons! When I read the accounts now in my 'Journal,' from which my experience is copied, I am almost speechless with wonder that I ever lived to behold such sights. . . .

"On this same day, Esther's face was slapped by the ghosts, so that the marks of fingers could

be plainly seen—just exactly as if a human hand had slapped her face; these slaps could be plainly heard by all present. I heard them distinctly, time and again. . . .

“On Thursday, June 26, Jennie and Esther told me that the night before Bob, the demon, had been in their room again. They stated he had stuck them with pins and marked them from head to foot with crosses. I saw some of the crosses, which were bloody marks, scratched upon their hands, necks and arms. It was a sad sight. During the entire day, I was busy pulling pins out of Esther; they came out of the air from all quarters, and were stuck into all the exposed portions of her person, even the head, and inside of her ears. Maggie, the ghost, took quite an interest in me, and came to my room at night, while the lamp was burning, and knocked on the headboard of my bed and on the wall near the bed, which was *not* next to the room occupied by the girls, but on an outside wall facing the stable. I carried on a most interesting conversation with her, asking a great many questions which were answered by knocks. . . .

“A trumpet was heard in the house all day. The sound came from within the atmosphere—I can give no other description of its effect on our sense of hearing. . . . I wish to state, most

emphatically, that I could tell the difference in the knocks made by each ghost just as well as if they had spoken. The knocks made by Maggie were delicate and soft, as if made by a woman's hand, while those made by Bob Nickle were loud and strong, denoting great strength and evidently large hands. When he knocked with those terrible sledge-hammer blows, he certainly must have used a large rock or some other heavy object, for such loud knocks were not produced with hard knuckles. . . . ”

In July the phenomena became so bad that the landlord came and told the Teed family that either Esther would have to go, or they would all have to leave the house. It was decided that Esther should go, which she did, visiting some friends by the name of Van Amburgh. From the time she left her home the second time, she was never afterwards troubled with the ghosts. Some years later, she married and went to live in another town—where she was interviewed by the present writer in 1907.

This account was sworn to by Mr. Hubbell before a notary public, and he asserts under oath that every word of the account is true. He has also produced the written confirmatory testimony of a score of still-living witnesses of the phenomena in Amherst.

A very similar case occurred in Tennessee, in 1818, and is recorded in full by M. V. Ingram, in his book, "The Bell Witch." Many other cases of a like nature are to be found in the "History of the Supernatural."

*For ghosts of the dead  
Through Infinite ages  
Have wandered and lurked  
In earth's atmosphere;  
Watchful and eager  
For victims to torture  
To follow and kill,*

*Or make tremble with fear.  
Yes, ghosts of the dead  
Revengeful and evil,  
Still come in hordes  
From the Stygian shore;  
Entering houses  
To torment our maidens  
Burning and wrecking  
Our homes evermore.*

#### BROOK HOUSE

The following case is given in full by Mr. W. T. Stead in his *Real Ghost Stories*, and I extract from his narrative some of the most

striking and interesting passages. It is a truly remarkable narrative, well worthy of careful perusal.

Mr. Ralph Hastings, of Broadmeadow, Teignmouth, wrote in October, 1891, enclosing the following extracts from his diary, which he had kept in the haunted house:

"I was spending some months of the summer of '73 at a favorite watering place in the S.E. coast. One afternoon I went to visit some old friends who lived in an old house which stood in a quadrangle, and was approached from the church by a narrow lane. Brook House was a commodious, red-brick structure of three stories, faced by a Court, with its ground-floor windows unseen from the outside by reason of the lofty wall which encircled them.

"On the day in question, as I approached the house from the Church side, I happened to glance at the window to the right on the second floor. There I saw, to my astonishment, the apparent figure of Miss B., standing partially dressed, arranging her hair and looking intently at me. On entering the house, I was at once shown into the drawing-room, and I found Miss B. reading. In reply to my question, she told me she had been there an hour!

"My curiosity was now fully aroused, and I

went to the house the next day, July 4, accompanied by a lady, a mutual friend. We went up into the room in which I had seen the figure, threw the window open—it being very hot—looking on to the garden, and then went downstairs into the drawing-room, where we had some music. We went up again in about half an hour's time. The window was *shut*. . . . We went back into the garden, and looked up at the window. Presently, to our horror, a figure appeared resembling Miss B., yet most unlike her—its fearful eyes were gazing at me without movement and totally expressionless. What, then, caused the arresting of the heart's pulsation (as it felt) and blood—that the moment before had burnt as it coursed madly through the veins—to be chilled to ice? This—one was face to face with a spirit, and withered by the contact. Those eyes—I can see them—I can feel them—after a lapse of nearly twenty years. Miss B. had incontinently fainted when she saw the shoulders (as she described it) of the figure. I continued gazing spellbound: like the 'Wedding Guest' I was held by the spirit's eye, and I could not choose but look. The dreadful hands were lifted automatically; they rested on the window sash. It came partly down, stayed a moment, then noiselessly closed, and I saw a

hand rise and clasp it. I gazed steadfastly throughout. What impressed me strangely was this peculiarity, that as soon as the sash had passed the face the latter vanished, the hands remained; the unreality of the actual movement of the window, as it descended, also seemed to contradict me: it suggested (for want of a better comparison) the mechanical passage of stage scenery, and some sorts of toys that are pulled by wires; it made no noise whatever. Now I distinctly recognized the shape as that of Rhoda, Miss B.'s elder sister, who had been dead some twelve years. . . . We looked again, and saw the backs of two hands on the *outside* of the window, but they did not move it.

"We then went in, coming out again almost directly, and saw the window nearly closed; then went upstairs into the room; and again I flung the window as wide open as it would go, and before leaving set the door open, with a heavy chair against it; but previous to this (I omitted to mention) as we were looking up at the window after the appearance of the hands, we saw a horrible object come from the right (the apparition invariably did); it resembled a large, white bundle, called by Miss B., who had before seen it, 'The Headless Woman'; it came in front of the window and then began walking

**backwards and forwards.** After a lapse of half an hour, we went upstairs again, and found the chair by the window, and the door closed; whereupon I wrote 'It' a letter to this effect: 'Miss B. and Mr. H. present their compliments to the "Lady Headless" and request her acceptance of this fruit from their garden; they hope it will please, as she has often been seen admiring it. A reply will oblige, but the bearer does not wait for the answer.' We put the chair once more against the window, placing the fruit and note on it: two or three times we went up, but nothing had changed.

"We then went and stood outside the summer house, whence a clear view of the window could be obtained; presently there came forward the headless figure; and distinctly bowed two or three times, then immediately afterwards a deafening slam of the door. The apex of this figure, which was rotund, *i.e.*, headless, once or twice dilated, and we feared seeing something, we knew not what; it then vanished, and we saw a beautiful arm come from the curtain and wave to us. Upstairs again, the door was shut; on entering we saw the chair overturned in the middle of the room, the fruit scattered in all directions, and, to our horror, the note, which I had folded crosswise, was charred at each corner.



I took it up; but lacked the courage to open, and perhaps find a possible reply. Placing it in a plate I burnt it. The process was a very slow one; and it distilled a dark mucus.

“The whimsical idea now possessed me to arrange the room like a theatre, the armchair and others I placed facing the stand; on them I laid antimacassars, and books for programmes. We then went down to the end of the garden which commanded a view of the room, and looked: blank space, nothing more—stay! A curious filmy vapor begins to float in the air, which slowly cohered, evolved vague phantasms; they unite, and gradually assume a definite shape. The headless woman fronts us at the window, she vanishes, and an immense sheet is waved twice or thrice from the right side of the window, something is flung out; we walk quickly up the garden and there, under the window, lies one of the books. What had hastened our steps was the frantic gesticulating of the servant. She was frightened out of her senses by the peculiar sounds proceeding from the room; but she could not describe them, saying that they seemed to be a terrible hurrying to and fro, accompanied by strange noises. . . . We took the Bible and entered the room, which was in disorder: the flower-stand was thrown down, the

two chairs widely apart, one of the antimacassars was tightly folded up under the recumbent towel horse, the other with the towel was airing itself on the gigantic tree some seven feet from the window. . . .

"The next day we went into the room, and discovered an impression in the bed, as though some 'thing' had lain in it. On closer inspection, we distinctly saw the coverlet gently moving, resembling the very gentle respiration of a body beneath. We returned to the garden, having thrown open the window. After waiting for a long time, we saw what looked like a hand appear on the center of the window sill, then from the curtain came the white figure.

"It disappeared and after a moment or two the hand also; but there must have been a *something* besides crouching under the window, for it heaved upwards and seemed to fill the window for an instant. It then sank, the hand vanished, and we saw no more. We waited a long time, till I spoke of going. I had noticed as a curious thing that almost always, when I had wearied of looking, seeing *nothing* and about to leave, something was sure to happen. . . .

"This ends my personal experiences. My health became impaired, and for upwards of two years I was invalided, but as time wore on

**and the impressions waned, I gradually recovered. I often wander back in imagination to the many mysteries that in the long ago held sway at Brook House."**

## CHAPTER V

## GHOST STORIES OF A MORE DRAMATIC NATURE

In the cases which are adduced in the present chapter, the standard of evidence cannot be considered so high; many of them have been recorded in good faith as actual experiences, but they will probably fail to carry conviction to the same extent as those which have gone before. Still, many of these narratives are singularly striking and interesting; and for this reason deserve to be included in this volume. The reader may therefore place any construction he may choose upon these cases; as they are presented not as evidence but as entertainment. I shall begin with some personal experiences of a Scotch seer, who, according to his own accounts, has experienced some of the most dramatic and remarkable manifestations conceivable.

## DISEASE-PHANTOMS

Mr. Elliott O'Donnell—a man about whom it has been said that “the gates of his soul are

open on the Hell side," has had many strange experiences with spirits, mostly evil and horrible, and has recorded these in his books "Ghostly Phenomena," "Byways of Ghostland," etc. From his voluminous writings on his own personal experiences, I cite a few cases, to show the character of the phenomena:

"I have, from time to time, witnessed many manifestations which I believe to be super-physical, both from the peculiarity of their properties, and from the effect their presence invariably produce on me—an effect I cannot associate with anything physical. One of the first occult phenomena I remember, appeared to me when I was about five years of age. I was then living in a town in the West of England, and had, according to the usual custom, been put to bed at six o'clock. I had spent a very happy day, playing with my favorite toys—soldiers—and, not being in the least degree tired, was amusing myself with planning a fresh campaign for the following morning, when I noticed suddenly that the bedroom door (which I distinctly remember my nurse carefully latching) was slowly opening. Thinking this was very curious, but without the slightest suspicion of 'ghosts,' I sat up in bed and watched.

"The door continued to open, and at last I

caught sight of something so extraordinary that my guilty conscience at once associated it with the Devil—with regard to whom I distinctly recollected to have spoken that afternoon in a sceptical, and I frankly admit, very disrespectful manner. But far from feeling the proximity of that heat which all those who profess authority on Satanic matters ascribe to Satan, I felt decidedly cold—so cold, indeed, that my hands grew numb and my teeth chattered. At first I only saw two light glittering eyes that fixed themselves upon me with an expression of diabolical glee, but I was soon able to perceive that they were set in a huge, flat face, covered with fulsome-looking yellow spots about the size of a threepenny bit. I do not remember noticing any of the other features, save the mouth, which was large and gaping. The body to which the head was attached was quite nude, and covered all over with spots similar to those on the face. I cannot recall any arms, though I have vivid recollections of two thick and, to all appearances, jointless legs, by the use of which it left the doorway, and gliding noiselessly over the carpet, approached the empty bed, placed in a parallel position to my own. There it halted, and thrusting its mis-shapen head forward, it fixed its malevolent eyes on me with a penetrat-

ing stare. On this occasion, I was far less frightened than on any of my subsequent experiences with the occult. Why, I cannot say, as the manifestation was certainly one of the most hideous I have ever seen. My curiosity, however, was far greater than my fear, and I kept asking myself what the thing was, and why it was there?

“It did not seem to be composed of ordinary flesh and blood, but rather of some luminous matter that resembles the light emanating from a glow-worm.

“After remaining in the same attitude for what seemed to me an incalculably long time, it gradually receded, and assuming all of a sudden a horizontal attitude, passed head first through the wall opposite to where I sat. Next day, I made a sketch of the apparition, and showed it to my relatives, who, of course, told me I had been dreaming. About two weeks later I was ill in bed with a painful, if not actually dangerous, disease. I was giving an account of this manifestation at a lecture I delivered two or three years ago in B., and when I had finished speaking, I was called aside by one of the audience who very shyly told me that he too had had a similar experience. Prior to being attacked by diphtheria, he had seen a queer-looking apparition which had approached his bedside

and leaned over him. He assured me that he had been fully awake at the time, and had applied tests to prove that the phantom was entirely objective.

"A number of other cases, too, have been reported to me, in which various species of phantasms have been seen before various illnesses. Hence I believe that certain spirits are symbolical of certain diseases, if not the actual creators of the bacilli from which these diseases arise. To these phantasms I have given the name of *Morbas*. . . ."

#### THE TALE OF THE MUMMY

"During one of my sojourns in Paris," says Mr. Elliott O'Donnell, in his "Byways of Ghost Land," "I met a Frenchman who, he informed me, had just returned from the East. I asked him if he had brought back any curios such as vases, funeral urns, weapons or amulets. 'Yes, lots,' he replied, 'two cases full. But no mummies! Mon Dieu! No mummies. You ask me why? Ah! Thereby hangs a tale. If you will have patience, I will tell it you.'

"The following is the gist of his narrative:

" 'Some seasons ago I traveled up the Nile as far as Assiut, and when there, managed to pay



a visit to the grand ruins of Thebes. Among the various treasures I brought away with me was a mummy. I found it lying in an enormous lidless sarcophagus, close to a mutilated statue of Anubis. On my return to Assiut, I had the mummy placed in my tent, and thought no more of it till something awoke me with startling suddenness in the night. Then, obeying a peculiar impulse, I turned over on my side and looked in the direction of my treasure.

“The nights in the Soudan at this time of year are brilliant, one can even see to read, and every object in the desert is almost as clearly visible as by day. But I was quite startled by the whiteness of the glow which rested on the mummy, the face of which was immediately opposite mine. The remains—those of Met-Om-Karema, lady of the College of the god Amen-ra—were swathed in bandages, some of which had worn away in parts or become loose; and the figure, plainly discernible, was that of a shapely woman with elegant bust, well-formed limbs, rounded arms and small hands. The thumbs were slender, and the fingers, each of which was separately bandaged, long and tapering. The neck was full, the cranium rather long, the nose aquiline, the chin firm. Imitation eyes, brows, and lips were painted on the wrappings, and the

effect thus produced and in the phosphorescent glare of the moonbeams, was very weird. I was quite alone in the tent, the only European who accompanied me to Assiut, having stayed in the town by preference, and my servants being encamped at one hundred or so yards from me on the ground.

“‘Sound travels far in the desert, but the silence now was absolute, and, though I listened attentively, I could not detect the slightest noise—man, beast and insect were abnormally still. There was something in the air, too, which struck me as unusual; an odd, clammy coldness that reminded me at once of the catacombs in Paris. I had hardly, however, conceived the resemblance, when a sob—low, gentle, but very distinct—sent a thrill of horror through me. It was ridiculous, absurd. It could not be, and I fought against the idea as to whence the sound had proceeded, as something too utterly fantastic, too utterly impossible. I tried to occupy my mind with other thoughts—the frivolities of Cairo, the casinos of Nice; but all to no purpose; and soon, on my eager, throbbing ear there again fell that sound, that low and gentle sob. My hair stood on end; this time there was no doubt, no possible manner of doubt—the mummy lived! I looked at it aghast. I strained my

vision to detect any movement in its limbs, but none was perceptible. Yet the noise had come from it, it had breathed—breathed—and even as I hissed the word unconsciously through my clenched lips, the bosom of the mummy rose and fell.

“‘A frightful terror seized me. I tried to shriek to my servants; I could not ejaculate a syllable. I tried to close my eye-lids, but they were held open as in a vice. Again there came a sob that was immediately succeeded by a sigh; and a tremor ran through the figure from head to foot. One of its hands then began to move, the fingers clutched the air convulsively, then grew rigid, then curled slowly into the palms, then suddenly straightened. The bandages concealing them from view then fell off, and to my agonized sight were disclosed objects that struck me as strangely familiar. There is something about fingers, a marked individuality, I never forget. No two persons' hands are alike. And in these fingers, in their excessive whiteness, round knuckles, and blue veins, I read a likeness whose prototype, struggle how I would, I could not recall. Gradually the hand moved upwards, and, reaching the throat, the fingers set to work at once to remove the wrappings. My terror was now sublime. I dare not imagine, I

dare not for one instant think, what I should see. And there was no getting away from it; I could not stir an inch, and the ghastly revelation would take place within a yard of my face!

“ ‘One by one the bandages came off. A glimmer of skin, pale as marble; the beginning of the nose, the whole nose; the upper lip, exquisitely, delicately cut; the teeth, white and even on the whole, but here and there a shining gold filling; the under lip, soft and gentle; a mouth I knew, but—God, where? In my dreams, in the wild fantasies that had oft-times visited by pillow at night—in delirium, in reality, where? Mon Dieu! WHERE?

“ ‘The uncasing continued. The chin next, a chin that was purely feminine, purely classical; then the upper part of the head—the hair long, black, luxuriant—the forehead low and white—the brows black, firmly pencilled; and last of all, the eyes!—and as they met my frenzied gaze, smiled, smiled right down into the depths of my living soul, I recognized them—they were the eyes of my mother, my mother who had died in my boyhood! Seized with a madness that knew no bounds, I sprang to my feet. The figure rose and confronted me. I flung open my arms to embrace her, the woman of all women in the world I loved best, the only woman I had ever

loved. Shrinking from my touch, she cowered against the side of the tent. I fell on my knees before her and kissed—what? Not the feet of my mother, but those of the long-buried dead. Sick with repulsion and fear I looked up, and there bending over and peering into my eyes was the face, the fleshless, mouldering face of the foul and barely recognizable corpse! With a shriek of horror I rolled backwards, and, springing to my feet, prepared to fly. I glanced at the mummy. It was lying on the ground, stiff and still, every bandage in its place; whilst standing over it, a look of fiendish glee in its light, doglike eyes, was the figure of Anubis, lurid and menacing.

“The voices of my servants, assuring me they were coming, broke the silence, and in an instant the apparition vanished.

“I had had enough of the tent, however, at least for that night, and, seeking refuge in the town, I whiled away the hours till morning with a fragrant cigar and a novel. Directly I had breakfasted, I took the mummy back to Thebes, and left it there. No thank you, Mr. O'Donnell, I collect many kinds of curios, but—no more mummies!”

## FACE SLAPPED BY A GHOST

The following remarkable event occurred to a friend of mine—an elderly, married lady, whom I have known for some time. She is now making her home in Brooklyn, but at the time of her gruesome experience was residing in England. It is some years since this occurred, but the incident, she assured me, lives just as vividly in her mind as though it all happened yesterday. This is her story, just as she told it to me:

“I was staying with some friends in the country. They had an old, rambling house, with long, draughty halls and corridors all over it. As the house was already full of guests, I had to sleep in a large room, at the end of the long passage, on the ground floor. The room in itself was comfortable enough—large and warm. Yet there was an atmosphere about that apartment which I did not quite like; in fact, the whole house made me feel “creepy,” for no reason that I can give.

“Bed-time came all too soon; and I took my candle and was shown my room. My hostess saw that I had everything I needed; and then, saying good-night, went upstairs to bed.

“I had half undressed when I saw the door of my room gently and quietly opened, as though

a stealthy hand were softly pressing it open. I gazed transfixed, until, when wide open, I could see that no one was, in reality, on the other side of the door. At that I drew a breath of relief. 'A draught,' I thought, 'coming down the hallway. It is nothing.' And I chided myself on my fears; shut the door, and proceeded to undress.

"I had not gone far, however, when to my amazement the door opened again; just as quietly and stealthily as before. Again I closed the door, and proceeded with my undressing. I had by this time finished, and had donned my night-gown preparatory to getting into bed.

"At that moment I was horrified to see my door open for the *third* time, just as it did before—slowly, slowly, until it rested on its hinges, wide open to the hall. I now determined to investigate; so, taking my candle in my hand, I stepped out into the hall and proceeded down towards the front door.

"I had not taken more than three or four steps, however, when the candle in my hands was extinguished—as though a breath of wind, coming from nowhere, had blown it out. I did not much relish this, as the matches were in my room. But I determined to keep on, in the dark, and see what the cause of this could be. So I

kept on and on, down the dark hall—my left hand holding the extinguished candle; my right extended so that I could feel the solid masonry all the way down the corridor.

“I had proceeded, perhaps, half way, when a strange thing occurred. I suddenly felt myself slapped on the left cheek by something cold and moist and clammy. I put my hand up to my face, and felt it was wet. For an instant I hesitated; then I proceeded, down the hall, until I came to the front door. That I found closed and locked. Having thus explored the whole length of the hall and found nothing, I turned back to regain my room. Still holding the candle in my left hand, and still feeling the wall with my outstretched right hand, I crept cautiously along, not knowing what to expect.

“Again, I had proceeded about half way down the hall when I felt the same cold, quick slap in the face (this time on the right cheek) and again I found it was wet.

“Thoroughly frightened now, I fled to my room as fast as my legs could carry me. Once within, I closed and secured the door by placing a chair against it. Next, finding my box of matches, I relighted my candle. Then I surveyed myself in the mirror, to see what could be upon my face.



"Imagine my horror when, on looking in the glass, I discovered two long streaks of blood, one upon either cheek! I was so terror-struck that I gazed at myself for a few moments unable to move or speak. Then I screamed, and after that I have no very clear recollection of what happened. I have a hazy recollection of anxious faces bending over me; of a low hum of voices; then oblivion.

"It took me many weeks to recover from the shock of that night."

#### ALONE WITH A GHOST IN A CHURCH

The following case is sent me by a correspondent:

I once knew a young man by the name of Charles D. Bradlaugh, who took a delight in ridiculing ghost stories and, whenever possible, in proving them to be due to fraud, trickery or hallucination. He stated he was "afraid of nothing." I said to him one day in conversation: "If you are as fearless as you say, would you be willing to spend a night alone, locked up in a Church with a corpse freshly placed in its coffin?"

He replied that he would do it any time; so the test was shortly arranged. One of the parashioners had just died, and had been placed in

the crypt of the church, with the lid of the coffin removed. The lights were all extinguished; we locked the door after us, and went away, leaving Bradlaugh and the spirits to fight it out between them.

What occurred during the night must be told in Bradlaugh's own words, as nearly as I can recall them:

"When I heard the key turn in the door, that night, I confess that a strange feeling came over me for the first time in my life. I wanted to get out; but of course I knew it was useless; and in the next place my pride forbade my leaving. Shaking off the superstitious fear that had settled upon me, I turned away and proceeded to explore, as best I could, the whole of the church.

"A bright moonlight fell in through the windows, casting queer shadows in various directions; and across the long rows of pews and the altar at the far end of the church. I walked about, looking at everything curiously, as it had been long since I found myself inside a church. Then I proceeded to the crypt, and, walking boldly up to the coffin, I gazed long and earnestly at the corpse lying within it, as though to familiarize myself with it. I went on the principle that 'familiarity breeds contempt.' When I

had done this, I went back to the nave of the church, and, finding a comfortable place, I lay down, and was soon in a state bordering on sleep. I should have been asleep, probably, very soon; but, just as I was dropping off, I heard a faint sound coming from the direction of the crypt. It was like a deep sigh, and this was followed by other sounds which I find it hard to describe. All I know is that, in the quiet and stillness of that awful place, those sounds, slight as they were, were truly appalling, and chilled the very blood in my veins. Their very indistinctness added to their terror. I could not conceive what could make such uncanny noises. I sat up, and strained my eyes in the darkness, trying to penetrate the gloom. Then I heard the first faint footsteps coming up the stairs from the crypt! At first, these were faint, but they became louder and louder; until finally I could hear them plainly. Undoubtedly they were foot-falls, as though a human being were mounting the steps from the crypt where the corpse had been laid!

"I rose from my seat, my hair standing on end, while queer, cold shivers ran up and down my back. I advanced one or two paces toward the door, hardly knowing what to expect. Then, as I looked, I saw step into the bright moonlight,

the corpse that a few moments before I had seen lying in the coffin downstairs!

“Frantic with fear, I rushed at the corpse, still shrouded, as it was, in the white wrappings which, torn and dishevelled, still enveloped the body. I raised one hand as though to strike the ghost, and thrust the hateful thing from me; when I felt a stunning blow on the point of my jaw, and a moment later I had lost sensibility. When I awoke, you were all round me. You know the rest.”

To make a long story short, it turned out that the supposed “corpse” was not really dead at all, but in a sort of trance; and had been buried prematurely. He had revived in the night; and was advancing into the church when he encountered Bradlaugh in the doorway. Thinking him a robber or an assassin, he had struck first; and, being a powerful man and a good boxer, he had knocked out Bradlaugh by a blow on the jaw. When we arrived in the morning, we found Bradlaugh senseless, and the “corpse,” now stripped of his grave clothes, bending over him, dashing cold water in his face!

#### A HAUNTED HOUSE IN FRANCE

The following case, said to be authentic, is quoted here because of the incident of the

“shouts and laughter” which were heard, and which serve to throw an interesting sidelight on the case which follows it.

The Rev. F. G. Lee, in his book, *Sights and Shadows*, gives the following account, sent to him, of a haunted house in France:

“In the spring of the year 1891, great excitement was occasioned by a disembodied spirit in a haunted house in LePort, at Nice. This is situated in a terrace close to the quarries, where, after the reports concerning it, as many as two thousand persons were often gathered round it. The spirits haunting it—never visible, however—would beat the inmates so unmercifully that the blows would leave bruises. Hundreds of persons saw the result, and testified to the undoubted facts. The local police, on being appealed to, and having heard the evidence of numerous eye-witnesses, and of those persons who were inconvenienced, formed a body of organized inquirers, who, shrewd enough in mundane matters, utterly failed to discover anything or anybody.

“On one occasion, thirteen men sat up in three rooms which had been well lighted, and some of them played cards for several hours to while away the time. During the whole of this occurrence, the strangest noises were heard in various

parts of the building. It seemed, at one time, as if a whole regiment of soldiers were tramping up the chief staircase. Pictures swung to and fro upon the walls, without any visible motive effect.\* Then heavy blows were heard on the walls, and it appeared that the closed doors and the shutters were being violently struck and thumped, as if with a large hammer wrapped in cloth.

On two occasions, a room on the ground floor was found to be in the densest darkness, though outside the house the sun was shining. On another occasion, just before midnight, when certain persons were specially present to note any supernatural occurrences, all the lamps in the house were suddenly put out; while shouts and laughter were heard in every part of the place, more particularly from the empty rooms. At the same time, heavy blows were experienced by those present, who were very severely bruised, and a large bottle of ink was thrown by invisible hands from the top of the staircase.

“Every attempt was made to discover the source of these extraordinary disorders, but without avail. They were reported to have ceased for several months, but to have commenced again at a later period. A local com-

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\*This is a common feature of haunted houses.—H.C.

munication says that they still 'occur at intervals.' "

#### A HAUNTED HOUSE IN GEORGIA

The following account is taken from the report of the *San Francisco Examiner*, and is certainly one of the most striking cases of the character on record. It is not put forward as strictly "evidential," but its interesting nature certainly warrants its insertion in this volume.

"Soon after the Walsinghams took up their abode in their new home, they began to be disturbed by strange sounds and odd phenomena. These disturbances generally took the form of noises in the house after the family had retired and the lights had been extinguished—continual banging of the doors, things overturned, the doorbell rang, and the annoying of the house dog, a large and intelligent mastiff.

"One day Don Cæsar, the mastiff, was found in the hallway barking furiously and bristling with rage, while his eyes seemed directed to the wall just before him. At last he made a spring forward with a hoarse yelp of ungovernable fury, only to fall back as if flung down by some powerful and cruel hand. Upon examination it was found that his neck had been broken.

"The house cat, on the contrary, seemed rather to enjoy the favor of the ghost, and would often enter a door as if escorting some visitor, whose hand was stroking her back. She would also climb about a chair, rubbing herself and purring as if well pleased at the presence of some one in the seat. She and Don Cæsar invariably manifested this eccentric conduct at the same time, as though the mysterious being were visible to both of them.

"The annoying visitant finally took to arousing the family at all hours of the night by making such a row as to render any rest impossible.

"This noise, which consisted of shouts, groans, hideous laughter, and a peculiar, most distressing wail, would sometimes proceed, apparently, from under the house, sometimes from the ceiling and at other times in the very room in which the family was seated. One night Miss Amelia Walsingham, the young lady daughter, was engaged at her toilet, when she felt a hand softly laid on her shoulder. Thinking it her mother or sister, she glanced at the glass before her, only to be thunderstruck at seeing the mirror reflect no form but her own, though she could plainly see a man's broad hand lying on her arm.

"She brought the family to her by her screams, but when they reached her all sign of the mys-



terious hand had gone. Mr. Walsingham himself saw footsteps form beside his own while walking through the garden after a light rain.

"The marks were those of a man's naked feet, and fell beside his own, as if the person walked at his side.

"Matters grew so serious that the Walsinghams became frightened, and talked of leaving the house, when an event took place which confirmed them in this determination. The family was seated at the supper table with several guests who were spending the evening when a loud groan was heard in the room overhead.

"This was, however, nothing unusual, and very little notice was taken of it until one of the visitors pointed out a stain of what looked like blood on the white table cloth, and it was seen that some liquid was slowly dripping on the table from the ceiling overhead. This liquid was so much like freshly-shed blood that it horrified those who watched its slow dropping. Mr. Walsingham, with several of his guests, ran hastily upstairs and into the room directly over the one in which the blood was dripping.

"A carpet covered the floor, and nothing appeared to explain the source of the ghastly rain; but, anxious to satisfy themselves thoroughly, the carpet was immediately ripped up, and the

boarding found to be perfectly dry, and even covered with a thin layer of dust, and all the while the floor was being examined the persons below could swear the blood never ceased to drop. A stain the size of a dinner-plate was formed before the drops ceased to fall. This stain was examined the next day under the microscope, and was pronounced by competent chemists to be human blood.

"The Walsinghams left the house next day, and since then the place has been apparently given over to spooks and evil spirits, which make the night hideous with the noise of revel, shouts and furious yells. Hundreds from all over this county and adjacent ones have visited the place, but few have had the courage to pass the night in the haunted house. One daring spirit, however, Horace Gunn, of Savannah, accepted a wager that he could not spend twenty-four hours in it, and did so, though he declares that there is not enough money in the country to make him pass another night there. He was found the morning after by his friends with whom he made the wager in a swoon. He has never recovered from the shock of his horrible experience, and is still confined to his bed suffering from nervous prostration.

"His story is that shortly after nightfall he

endeavored to kindle a fire in one of the rooms, and to light the lamp with which he had provided himself, but to his surprise and consternation, found it impossible to do either. An icy breath, which seemed to proceed from some invisible person at his side, extinguished each match as he lighted it. At this peculiarly terrifying turn of affairs Mr. Gunn would have left the house and forfeited the amount of his wager, a considerable one, but he was restrained by the fear of ridicule. He steadied himself in the dark with what calmness he could, and waited developments.

“For some time nothing occurred, and the young man was half-dozing, when, after an hour or two, he was brought to his feet by a sudden yell of pain or rage that seemed to come from under the house. This appeared to be the signal for an outbreak of hideous noises all over the house. The sound of running feet could be heard scurrying up and down the stairs, hastening from one room to another, as if one person fled from the pursuit of a second. This kept up for nearly an hour, but at last ceased altogether, and for some time Mr. Gunn sat in darkness and quiet, and had about concluded that the performance was over for the night. At last, however, his attention was attracted by a white

spot that gradually appeared on the opposite wall.

"The spot continued to brighten, until it seemed a disc of white fire, when the horrified spectator saw that the light emanated from and surrounded a human head, which, without a body, or any visible means of support, was moving slowly along the wall, about the height of a man from the floor. This ghastly head appeared to be that of an aged person, though whether male or female it was difficult to determine. The hair was long and gray, and matted together with dark clots of blood, which also issued from a deep jagged wound in one temple. The cheeks were fallen in and the whole face indicated suffering and unspeakable misery. The eyes were wide open, and gleamed with an unearthly fire, while the glassy eyes seemed to follow the terror-stricken Gunn, who was too thoroughly paralyzed by what he saw to move or cry out. Finally, the head disappeared and the room was once more left in darkness, but the young man could hear what seemed to be half a dozen persons moving about him, while the whole house shook as if rocked by some violent earthquake.

"The groaning and the wailing that broke forth from every direction was something ter-

rific, and an unearthly rattle and banging as of china or tin pans being flung to the ground floor from the upper story added to the deafening noise. Gunn at last roused himself sufficiently to try and leave the haunted house. Feeling his way along the wall, in order to avoid the beings, whatever they were, that filled the room, the young man had nearly succeeded in reaching the door when he found himself seized by the ankle and was violently thrown to the floor. He was grasped by icy hands, which sought to grip him about the throat. He struggled with his unseen foe, but was soon overpowered and choked into insensibility. When found by his friends, his throat was black with the marks of long, thin fingers, armed with cruel, curved nails.

“The only explanation which can be found for these mysterious manifestations is that about three months before, a number of bones were discovered on the Walsingham place, which some declared even then to be those of a human being. Mr. Walsingham pronounced them, however, to be an animal’s, and they were hastily thrown into an adjacent limekiln. It is supposed to be the outraged spirit of a person to whom they belonged in life which is now creating such consternation.”

## SHAKEN BY A GHOST

The following narrative is vouched for by Mrs. H. S. Iredell, of Tunbridge Wells, England, a relative of the Rev. Dr. Iredell. He gives the case in his *Sights and Shadows*:

"The haunted house in question is near Wandsworth common. The late occupants of it were a man, his wife and their child. They had to leave it, for they could get no rest in it at night for the fearful noises which went on incessantly, like sounds as of a sledge-hammer wrapped in flannel struck against the walls. The sister-in-law of the late occupants, who told me of it, had spent some days at the house, so I heard all the story first-hand. One night she likewise felt as if someone had taken her by the shoulders and she was being roughly shaken from side to side. Her husband, who was with her, saw her at the time she was being shaken by an invisible power, stretched out his hand to take hold of her; but he felt right up his arm to his shoulder a *shock*, as it were of electricity, which made him instantly draw back and cry out. Nothing was ever seen, but in the special sleeping-room which seemed to be haunted, the clothes used to be pulled off the bed at night and thrown on the floor, and then they used to

raise or rear themselves up again on the bed. . .

"Since the above was written, it is reported that no less than five families have respectively occupied the house as tenants, who one and all have left it as soon as possible. It is now said to be permanently untenanted."

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This case is given because of the incident of the "electric shock" which the percipient received, when attempting to interfere with the "spirit"; and serves as an interesting modern and apparently well-authenticated instance of what occurred in Lytton's story, which follows.

#### THE HOUSE AND THE BRAIN

Bulwer Lytton's story, "The House and the Brain," is, perhaps, the most remarkable ghost story of this character on record, and is considered, by many, the best ever written. The phenomena occur in a house which is reputed to be haunted; no one will live in it. At last one brave soul determines to pass the night within its walls; he and his servant take up their abode in it, and, after various startling adventures of a minor character, the "grand climax" of the night is reached. As the author sat reading by the fire, the following occurred, which is told in his own words:

"I now became aware that something interposed between the page and the light—the page was over-shadowed; I looked up, and I saw what I shall find it very difficult, perhaps impossible, to describe.

"It was a Darkness shaping itself forth from the air in very undefined outline. I cannot say it was a human form, and yet it had more resemblance to a human form, or rather shadow, than to anything else. As it stood, wholly apart and distinct from the air and light around it, its dimensions seemed gigantic, the summit nearly touching the ceiling. While I gazed, a feeling of intense cold seized me. An iceberg could not more have chilled me; nor could the cold of an iceberg have been more purely physical. I feel convinced that it was not the cold caused by fear. As I continued to gaze, I thought—but this I cannot say with precision—that I distinguished two eyes looking on me from the height. One moment I fancied that I distinguished them clearly; the next they seemed gone; but still two rays of pale blue light frequently shot through the darkness, as from the height on which, I half believed, half doubted, that I had encountered the eyes.

"I strove to speak—my voice utterly failed me; I could only think to myself, Is this fear?



It is *not* fear! I strove to rise; in vain; I felt weighed down by an irresistible force. Indeed, my impression was that of an immense and overwhelming Power opposed to my volition; that sense of utter inadequacy to cope with a force beyond man's, which one may feel *physically* in a storm at sea, in a conflagration, or when confronting some terrible wild beast—or rather, perhaps, the shark of the ocean, I felt *morally*. Opposed to my will was another will, as far superior to its strength as storm, fire and shark are superior in material force to the force of man.

“And now—as this impression grew on me—now came, at last, horror—horror of a degree that no words can convey. Still I retained pride, if not courage; and in my own mind I said: ‘This is horror, but it is not fear; unless I fear I cannot be harmed; my reason rejects this thing; it is an illusion—I do not fear.’ With a violent effort I succeeded at last in stretching out my hand towards the weapon on the table; as I did so, on the arm and shoulder I received a strange shock, and my arm fell to my side powerless. And now, to add to my horror, the light began slowly to wane from the candles—they were not, as it were, extinguished, but their flame seemed very gradually withdrawn—it was

the same with the fire; the light was extinguished from the fuel; in a few minutes the room was in utter darkness. The dread that came over me, to be thus in the dark with that Thing, whose power was so intensely felt, brought on a reaction of nerve. In fact, terror had reached that climax, that either my senses must have deserted me, or I must have burst through the spell. I *did* burst through it. I found voice, though the voice was a shriek. I remember that I broke forth with words like these—‘I do not fear, my soul does not fear’; and at the same time I found the strength to rise. Still in that profound gloom I rushed to one of the windows—tore aside the curtain—flung open the shutters; my first thought was—LIGHT. And when I saw the moon high, clear and calm, I felt a joy that almost compensated me for my previous terror. There was the moon; there also was the light from the gas lamps in the deserted, slumberous street. I turned to look back into the room; the moon penetrated its shadow very palely and partially—but still there was light. The dark Thing, whatever it might be, was gone—except that I could yet see a dim shadow, which seemed the shadow of that shade against the opposite wall.

“My eye now rested on the table, and from

under the table (which was without cloth or cover—an old mahogany round table) there rose a hand, visible as far as the wrist. It was a hand, seemingly, as much of flesh and blood as my own, but the hand of an aged person—lean, wrinkled, small too—a woman's hand. That hand very softly closed on the two letters that lay on the table; hand and letters both vanished. Then there came the same three loud, measured knocks I had heard on the bed-head before this extraordinary drama commenced.

“As these sounds slowly ceased, I felt the whole room vibrate sensibly; and at the far end there rose, from the floor, sparks or globules, like globules of light, many colored—green, yellow, fire-red, azure. Up and down, to and fro, hither, thither, as tiny Will o' the Wisps, the sparks moved, slow and swift, each at its own caprice. A chair (as in the drawing-room below) was now advanced from the wall without apparent agency, and placed at the opposite side of the table. Suddenly, as forth from the air, there grew a shape, a woman's shape. It was distinct as a shape of life—ghastly as the shape of death. The face was that of youth, with a strange, mournful beauty; the throat and shoulders were bare; the rest of the form in a loose robe of cloudy white. It began sleeking its

long, yellow hair, which fell over its shoulders; its eyes were not turned towards me, but to the floor; it seemed listening, watching, waiting. The shadow of the shade in the background grew darker; and again I thought I saw the eyes gleaming out from the summit of the shadow—eyes fixed upon that shape.

“As if from the door, though it did not open, there grew out another shape, equally distinct, equally ghastly—a man’s shape—a young man’s. It was in the dress of the last century; or rather the likeness to such dress (for both the male and the female, though defined, were evidently unsubstantial, impalpable, simulacra, phantasms), and there was something incongruous, grotesque, yet fearful in the contrast between the elaborate finery, the courtly precision of that old-fashioned garb, with its ruffles and lace and buckles, and the corpse-like aspect and ghost-like stillness of the flitting wearer. Just as the male shape approached the female, the dark shadow started from the wall, and all three for a moment were wrapped in darkness. When the pale light returned, the two phantasms were as if in the grasp of the shadow, that towered between them, and there was a blood stain on the breast of the female; and the phantom male was leaning on its phantom sword, and blood seemed

trickling fast from the ruffles, from the lace; and the darkness of the intermediate Shadow swallowed them up—they were gone. And again the bubbles of light shot, and sailed, and undulated, growing thicker and thicker and more wildly confused in their movements.

“The closet door to the right of the fireplace now opened, and from the aperture there came the form of an aged woman. In her hand she held letters—the very letters over which I had seen the hand close; and behind her I heard a footstep. She turned round as if to listen, and then she opened her letters and seemed to read; and over her shoulder I saw a livid face, the face of a man long drowned—bloated, bleached—seaweed tangled in its dripping hair, and at her feet lay a form as of a corpse, and beside the corpse there towered a child, a miserable, squalid child, with famine in its cheeks and fear in its eyes. And as I looked in the old woman’s face, the wrinkles and lines vanished; and it became the face of youth—hard-eyed, stony, but still youth; and the Shadow darted forth and darkened over these phantoms as it had darkened over the last.

“Nothing now was left but the Shadow, and on that my eyes were intently fixed, till again eyes grew out of the Shadow—malignant, ser-

pent eyes. And the bubbles of light again rose and fell, and in their disordered, irregular, turbulent maze, mingled with the wan moonlight. And now from these globules themselves, as from the shell of an egg, monstrous things burst out; the air grew filled with them; larvæ so bloodless and so hideous that I can in no way describe them except to remind the reader of the swarming life which the solar microscope brings before the eyes in a drop of water—things transparent, supple, agile, chasing each other, devouring each other—forms like nought ever beheld by the naked eye. As the shapes were without symmetry, so their movements were without order. In their very vagrancies there was no sport; they came round me and round; thicker and faster and swifter, swarming over my head, crawling over my right arm, which was outstretched in involuntary command against all evil things. Sometimes I felt myself touched, but not by them; invisible hands touched me. Once I felt the clutch of cold, soft fingers at my throat. I was still equally conscious that if I gave way to fear I should be in bodily peril; and I concentrated all my faculties in the single focus of resisting, stubborn will. And I turned my sight from the Shadow—above all, from those strange serpent eyes—eyes that

had now become distinctly visible. For there, though in nought else round me, I was aware that there was a WILL, and a will of intense, creative, working evil, which might crush down my own.

“The pale atmosphere in the room began now to redden as if in the air of some near conflagration. The larvæ grew lurid as things that live on fire. Again the room vibrated; again I heard the three measured knocks; and again all things were swallowed up in the darkness of the dark shadow—as if out of that darkness all had come, into that darkness all had returned.

“As the gloom receded, the Shadow was wholly gone. Slowly, as it had been withdrawn, the flame grew again into the candles on the table, again into the fuel in the grate. . . .

“The room came once more calmly, healthfully into sight.

“Nothing more chanced for the rest of the night. Nor, indeed, had I long to wait before the dawn broke. . . .”

## APPENDIX A

## HISTORICAL GHOSTS

Royalty and well-known personages have seen ghosts in all ages of the world's history; certainly they are not exempt from the common run of humanity so far as ghostly visitations are concerned! Mr. Stead has compiled a number of notable cases of this character, of which the following are probably the most noteworthy:

## ROYAL

*Henry IV.* of France told D'Aubigne that, in the presence of himself, the Archbishop of Lyons, and three ladies of the Court, the Queen (Margaret of Valois) saw the apparition of a certain Cardinal afterwards found to have died at the moment.

*Abel the Fratricide*, King of Denmark, still haunts the woods of Poole, near the city of Sleswig.

*Valdemar IV.* haunts Gurre Wood, near Elsinore.

*Charles XI.*, of Sweden, accompanied by his



chamberlain and state physician, witnessed the trial of the assassin of Gartavus III., which occurred nearly a century later.

*James IV.*, of Scotland, was warned by an apparition against his intended expedition into England. He, however, proceeded and fell at Flodden Field.

*Charles I.*, of England, was also warned by an apparition, but paying no heed, was disastrously defeated at Naseby.

*Queen Elizabeth* is said to have been warned of her death by the apparition of her own double.

#### EMPERORS

*Trajan* and *Caracalla* both saw apparitions, which they recorded.

*Theodosius* and *Julian the Apostate* both beheld apparitions, at important crises in their lives.

#### FAMOUS MEN

*Sir Robert Peel* and his brother both saw Lord Byron in London when he was in reality lying dangerously ill of a fever in Patras. During the same fever, he also appeared to others.

*Julius Caesar, Xerxes, Drusus, Pausanius, Dio*

(General of Syracuse), *Admiral Coligni* all saw apparitions, which made a deep impression on them in every case.

*Napoleon*, at St. Helena, saw and conversed with the apparition of *Josephine*, who warned him of his approaching death. *Blucher*, on the day of his death, was also told of it by an apparition. *General Garfield* saw and conversed with his father, latterly deceased. *Lincoln* had a certain premonitory dream which occurred three times in relation to important battles, and the fourth on the eve of his assassination.

*Dante*, son of the poet, was visited in a dream by his father, who conversed with him and told him (correctly) where to find the missing thirteen cantos of the "Commedia."

*Goethe* saw his own double riding by his side under conditions which really occurred years later.

*Tasso* saw and conversed with beings invisible to those about him.

*Cellini* was dissuaded from suicide by the apparition of a young man who frequently visited and encouraged him.

*Mozart* was visited by a mysterious person who ordered him to compose a *requiem*, and came frequently to inquire after its progress, but disappeared on its completion, which oc-

curred just in time for its performance at his own funeral.

*Ben Johnson* was visited by the apparition of his eldest son with the mark of a bloody cross upon his forehead at the moment of his death by the plague.

*Thackery* wrote: "It is all very well for you who have probably never seen spirit manifestations to talk as you do, but had you seen what I have witnessed you would hold a different opinion."

*Hugh Miller, Maria Edgeworth, Captain Marryat, Madame de Stael, Sir Humphrey Davy, William Harvey, Francis Bacon, Martin Luther, George Fox, Cardinal Newman, Bishop Wilberforce*, and many others have seen apparitions, or held converse with the unseen world in one form or another, as recorded by themselves.

Among the famous historical hauntings, we must not forget to mention the famous *Cock Lane Ghost* which occurred about 1760. According to a brief paragraph printed in the *London Ledger*, 1762, we read that:

"For some time a great knocking having been heard in the night, at the officiating parish clerk's of St. Sepulchre's, in Cock Lane near Smithfield, to the great terror of the family, and all means used to discover the meaning of it

having failed, four gentlemen sat up there last Friday night, among whom was a clergyman standing withinside the door, who asked various questions. On his asking whether anyone had been murdered, no answer was made; but on his asking whether anyone had been poisoned, it knocked one and thirty times. The report current in the neighborhood is that a woman was some time ago poisoned, and buried in St. John's Clerkenwell, by her brother-in-law."

These knockings and phenomena occurred for a considerable time, until the whole community became interested in the manifestations. While various theories were advanced at the time—and since—to explain this ghost, no definite conclusion has ever been arrived at.

The *Drummer of Tedworth* is a still older and equally famous ghost, who flourished about a hundred years before the Cock Lane Ghost, and was investigated (and the results carefully recorded) by Sir Joseph Glanvil, F.R.S., who wrote a book about the case: "*Sadducismus Triumphatus*," which was also devoted to the general phenomena of witchcraft. Here, also, we find records of unaccountable "knockings" and similar phenomena, which lasted for a considerable time, and which have never yet been explained.

The ghost which invaded *John Wesley's* house stayed with them for several years, and manifested his presence in a variety of elaborate and ingenious ways. Those who are interested in this ghost and his doings should read *Wesley's Journal*; also the various discussions, *pro* and *con.*, which have appeared in the *Proceedings* of the Society for Psychical Research, from time to time. It is a most curious and suggestive record.

The *Devils of Loudon* might also be cited as an interesting case of psychic phenomena; and here trance, automatic speech, etc., were observed—as well as the usual physical phenomena. This is perhaps one of the earliest cases which was closely observed, and in which skeptical criticism was applied. This case will be found recorded in Mr. H. Addington Bruce's "*Historic Ghosts and Ghost Hunters*."

## APPENDIX B

THE PHANTOM ARMIES SEEN IN  
FRANCE

History abounds in cases showing the apparent intrusion of spiritual help in time of trouble, and in the annals of military history, these accounts are not lacking. On several occasions, the Crusaders thought that they saw angelic hosts fighting for them—phantom horsemen charging the enemy, when their own utter destruction seemed imminent. In the wars between the English and the Scotch, several such cases were cited, and the Napoleonic wars also furnished examples. But the most striking evidence of this character—because the newest—and supported, apparently, by a good deal of first-hand and sincere testimony, is that afforded by the Phantom Armies seen in France during the retreat of the British army from Mons—the field of Agincourt. Cut off by overwhelming numbers, and all but annihilated, the British army fought desperately, but the 80,000 were opposed by 300,000 Germans, backed by a ter-

rific fire of artillery, and were indeed in a critical position. They were only saved, as we know, by the heroism of a small force of men—a rearguard—who were practically wiped out in consequence. At the most critical moment came what appeared to be angelic assistance. The tide of battle seemed to be stemmed by supernatural means. In a letter written by a soldier who actually witnessed these startling events, quoted by the Hon. Mrs. St. John Mildmay (*North American Review*, August, 1915), the following graphic account is given. Our soldier writes—

“The men joked at the shells and found many funny names for them, and had bets about them, and greeted them with music-hall songs, as they screamed in this terrific cannonade. . . . The climax seemed to have been reached, but ‘a seven-times heated hell’ of the enemy’s onslaught fell upon them, rending brother from brother. At that very moment, they saw from their trenches a tremendous host moving against their lines. Five hundred of the thousand (who had been detailed to fight the rear-guard action) remained, and as far as they could see the German infantry was pressing on against them, column by column, a grey world of men—10,000 of them, as it appeared afterwards. There was no hope

at all. Some of them shook hands. One man improvised a new version of the battle song Tipperary, ending 'and we shan't get there!' And all went on firing steadily. . . . The enemy dropped line after line, while the few machine guns did their best. Everyone knew it was of no use. The dead grey bodies lay in companies and battallions, but others came on and on, swarming and advancing from beyond and beyond.

"'World without end, Amen,' said one of the British soldiers, with some irreverence, as he took aim and fired. Then he remembered a vegetarian restaurant in London, where he had once or twice eaten queer dishes of cutlets made of lentils and nuts that pretended to be steaks. On all the plates in this restaurant a figure of St. George was printed in blue with the motto, *Adsit Anglis Sanctus Georgius* (May St. George be a present help to England!) The soldier happened to know 'Latin and other useless things,' so now, as he fired at the grey advancing mass, 300 yards away, he uttered the pious vegetarian motto. He went on firing to the end, till at last Bill on his right had to clout him cheerfully on the head to make him stop, pointing out as he did so that the King's ammunition cost money and was not lightly to be wasted. . . .



For, as the Latin scholar uttered his invocation, he felt something between a shudder and an electric shock pass through his body. The roar of the battle died down in his ears to a gentle murmur, and instead of it, he says, he heard a great voice louder than a thunder peal, crying 'Array! Array!' His heart grew hot as a burning coal, then it grew cold as ice within him, for it seemed to him a tumult of voices answered to the summons. He heard or seemed to hear thousands shouting:

*"'St. George! St. George!*

*"'Ha! Messire, Ha! Sweet Saint,  
grant us good deliverance!*

*"'St. George for Merrie England!*

*"'Harow! Harow! Monseigneur St.  
George, succour us, Ha! St. George!  
A low bow, and a strong bow, Knight  
of Heaven, aid us!"*

"As the soldier heard these voices, he saw before him, beyond the trench, a long line of shapes with a shining about them. They were like men who drew the bow, and with another shout their cloud of arrows flew singing through the air toward the German host. The other men in the trenches were firing all the while. They

had no hope, but they aimed just as if they had been shooting at Bisley.

"Suddenly one of these lifted up his voice in plain English. 'Gawd help us,' he bellowed to the man next him, 'but we're bloomin' marvels! Look at those grey gentlemen! Look at them! They're not going down in dozens or hundreds—its *thousands* it is! Look, look! There's a regiment gone while I'm talking to ye!"

"'Shut it,' the other soldier bellowed, taking aim. 'What are ye talkin' about?' But he gulped with astonishment even as he spoke, for indeed the grey men were falling by the thousands. The English could hear the guttural scream of their revolvers as they shot, and line after line crashed to the earth. All the while the Latin-bred soldier heard the cry 'Harow, Harow! Monseigneur! Dear Saint! Quick to our aid! St. George help us!"

"The singing arrows darkened the air, the hordes melted before them. 'More machine guns,' Bill yelled to Tom. 'Don't hear them,' Tom yelled back, 'but thank God, anyway, that they have got it in the neck!"

"In fact, there were ten thousand dead German soldiers left before that salient of the English army, and consequently—*no Sedan*. In Germany the General Staff decided that the

English must have employed turpentine shells, as no wounds were discernible on the bodies of the dead soldiers. But the man who knew what nuts tasted like when they called themselves steak, knew also that St. George had brought his Agincourt Bowmen to help the English."

Such accounts have been confirmed by others. Thus, Miss Phyllis Campbell, writing in "*The Occult Review*" (October, 1915), says:

"I tremble, now that it is safely past, to look back on the terrible week that brought the Allies to Vitry-le-Francois. We had not had our clothes off for the whole of that week, because no sooner had we reached home, too weary to undress, or to eat, and fallen on our beds, than the 'chug-chug' of the commandant's car would sound into the silence of the deserted street, and the horn would imperatively summon us back to duty—because, in addition to our duties as *ambulancier auxiliaire*, we were interpreters to the post, now at this moment diminished to half-a-dozen.

"Returning at 4.30 in the morning, we stood on the end of the platform, watching the train crawl through the blue-green mist of the forest, into the clearing, and draw up with the first wounded from Vitry-le-Francoise. It was packed with dead and dying and badly wounded.

For a time we forgot our weariness in a race against time—removing the dead and dying, and attending to those in need. I was bandaging a man's shattered arm with the *majour* instructing me, while he stitched a horrible gap in his head, when Madame de A——, the heroic president of the post, came and replaced me. 'There is an English in the fifth wagon,' she said. 'He wants something—I think a holy picture!'

"The idea of an English soldier wanting a holy picture struck me, even in that atmosphere of blood and misery, as something to smile at—but I hurried away. 'The English' was a Lancashire Fusilier. He was propped in a corner, his left arm tied-up in a peasant woman's handkerchief, and his head newly bandaged. He should have been in a state of collapse from loss of blood, for his tattered uniform was soaked and caked in blood, and his face paper-white under the dirt of conflict. He looked at me with bright, courageous eyes and asked for a picture or a medal (he didn't care which) of St. George. I asked him if he was a Catholic. 'No,' he was Wesleyan Methodist, . . . and he wanted a picture or a medal of St. George, *because he had seen him on a white horse*, leading the British at Vitry-le-Francois, when the Allies turned.

"There was an F.R.A. man, wounded in the

leg, sitting beside him on the floor; he saw my look of amazement, and hastened in: 'It's true, sister,' he said. 'We all saw it. First there was a sort of yellow-mist like, sort of risin' before the Germans as they came on the top of the hill—come on like a solid wall, they did—springing out of the earth just solid—no end to 'em! I just give up. No use fighting the whole German race, thinks I; it's all up with *us*. The next minute comes this funny cloud of light, and when it clears off, there's a tall man with yellow hair in golden armour, on a white horse, holding his sword up, and his mouth open as if he was saying: "Come on, boys! I'll put the kybosh on the devils!" Sort of "This is my picnic" expression. Then, before you could say "knife," the Germans had turned, and we were after them, fighting like ninety. . . . '

"Where was this?" I asked. But neither of them could tell. They had marched, fighting a rearguard action, from Mons, till St. George had appeared through the haze of light, and turned the enemy. They both *knew* it was St. George. Hadn't they seen him with a sword on every 'quid' they'd ever seen? The Frenchies had seen him too—ask them; but they said it was St. Michael. . . . "

Much additional testimony of a like nature

might be given—and has been collected by students of psychical research. If the spiritual world ever intervenes in matters mundane, it assuredly did so on this occasion. And it could hardly have chosen a more opportune time. Could the aspiring thoughts of the dead and dying, and those still living and fighting for their country, have drawn “St. George” to earth, to aid in again redeeming his country from a foreign foe? Could a simple “hallucination” have been so widespread and so prevalent? Or might there not have been some spiritual energy behind the visions thus seen—stimulating them, and inspiring and encouraging the stricken soldiers? We cannot say. We only know what the soldiers themselves say; and we also know the undoubted effects upon the enemy. For on both occasions were the Germans repulsed with terrible slaughter. Perhaps the vision of St. George led our soldiers into closer touch and *rapprochment* with the consciousness of some high intelligence—or the veil was rent, separating the two worlds—as so often appears to be the case in apparitions and visions of this character.

## APPENDIX C

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[NOTE.—The above list does not pretend to be in any way exhaustive nor are the books quoted in any way equal in evidential value. They are merely types or examples of Ghost Stories, from various points of view; which, if the reader is interested, he may read with both pleasure and profit.]



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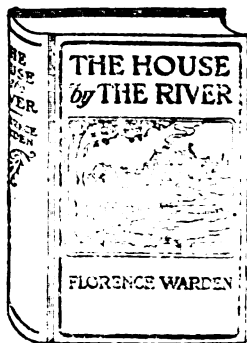
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## **The Cell Phone**

A couple of months ago, my friend's cousin (a single mother) bought a new cell phone. After a long day of work, she came home, placed her phone on the counter, and went watch to TV; her son came to her and asked if he could play with her new phone. She told him not to

call anyone or mess with text messages, and he agreed.

At around 11:20, she was drowsy, so she decided to tuck her son in and go to bed. She walked to his room and saw that he wasn't there. She then ran over to her room to find him sleeping on her bed with the phone in his hand.

Relieved, she picked her phone back up from his hand to inspect it. Browsing through it, she noticed only minor changes such as a new background, banner, etc., but then she opened up her saved pictures. She began deleting the pictures he had taken, until only one new picture remained.

When she first saw it, she was in disbelief. It was her son sleeping on her bed, but the picture was taken by someone else above



him... and it showed the left half of an elderly woman's face.

## **Ghost Bro**

My house was built in 1904. It is a single family home, wood frame setting on a concrete block foundation. I have been living here for about 12 years. Of all the weird things that my siblings and me have seen or heard in this house this one event is my favorite. This happened to my brother. About ten years ago my brother and his best friends had started a garage band playing mostly "Spanish rock," alternative music but in Spanish. His friends could only get together on Sunday afternoons. They would practice into the early evening, and they would usually call it quits by 8 pm. This was the time I usually showed up and went to bed, cause I worked the graveyard shift.

This happened in late fall, so the days were getting shorter, they had just finished a long session when the decision to head to someone else house came about. My brother handed his car keys to his buddy so they could load up the equipment. Everyone had filed out of the basement, but the tricky part was that they needed to walk all the way to the back of the basement, up the back stairs, through the kitchen doorway, down the hall into the living room and out into the front porch. Everyone was outside sitting in my brother's truck waiting for him. My brother was walking up the back stairs when he remembered that he had left his pancakes in a to go container sitting on a speaker in the basement. He made the decision to go back. Now the basement is not clean, with full sight lines, there had been partitions made, and the boiler and main heating unit are right smack in the middle. So

after my brother walks back, he is about to retrieve his food container, when out of the corner of his eye he sees it.

It is a shadowy figure, right at his peripheral vision, this feeling of dread and uneasiness washed over my brother. We had been taught that if you are in the presence of a spirit or ghost and you felt a bad vibe, to say quick prayer or to cuss at it. My brother chose the latter, he basically just told it “hey fuck you, I don’t have time for this shit”.

My brother started to walk to the back of the basement and briskly up the stairs, closing doors and turning off lights as he was walking out. The last light switch is on the opposite side of the front door...luckily the door was open and the light from the street lamp was flooding the living room with its amber light. My brother said he felt something at his back, but

at no point did he turn around. As he flicked the last switch the living room went dark, as did rest of the house. As he stepped out he pulled on the door closing it behind him, still holding his food container in one hand he jogged down the few porch steps. He walked towards the front gate...our house resides far from the main street, essentially having a large front yard but no rear garage. As he closed the gap between himself and his friend-laden truck he kind of smiled and thought things over in his head, mad at himself for spooking out when there was no reason.

He climbed into the drivers side of the truck, putting on his seat belt and getting ready to pull out of the parking spot directly in front of the house, when one of his friends asked “Hey wait what about your brother, isn’t he coming with us?” My brother answered, “What

do you mean? He went to work early tonight, he is already gone, do you see his car anywhere?”

The next question they asked “So then who was walking behind you when you were leaving the house? “



# **The Rocking Horse**

One night, when I was maybe 10-12, I had trouble falling asleep. My bedroom was the entire top floor of our house with my bed and such being on the left side and storage closets and a play area being on the right. I was lying in bed when I heard a noise from the other side of the room and see a rocking horse begin to rock. It was sitting just outside one of the storage closet doors. It proceeded to rock its way halfway across the room and stopped dead under the ceiling light. At this point I was freaking out and just buried my head under my blankets and never peeked out again until morning.

It was all confirmed to not be a dream as the rocking horse was still in the middle of my room when I woke up. Furthermore, I got a stern reprimand from my parents for being up

out of bed playing with my toys well past my bedtime. Their bedroom was directly below the storage closet/play area and had heard the creaking of the rocking horse shuffling across the room.

## **The Following**

My older sister has a ghost that's followed her around for years.

I lived with her once for about 3 months, and so much weird stuff happened in that time. All my sister would say to me when I mentioned it was that her ghost "didn't like me being there."

Things like going to bed with everything locked up and switched off and waking up in the morning with the back door open, lights on and the kettle switched on. One night my sister and I were getting ready to go out and I'd asked to borrow her liquid foundation. I used it and put it

back where she kept her makeup. Ten minutes later she's asking me for it and it was nowhere to be seen. She accused me of taking it and made me buy her a new one and refused to listen to my side of the story. About a year or so later when she was packing to move to a new house, she found the makeup in a shoebox with some old letters. The shoebox was in a zipped up suitcase that was underneath her bed.

But probably the most scared I ever felt was one afternoon when I was the only one in the house (which never happened as four other people lived there). I'd arrived home from work and headed straight to the bathroom. All the doors/windows etc were closed. I was standing in the bathroom and started squeezing a pimple on my chin when a female voice in the hall said "stop picking your zits!" It was loud



enough and sounded real enough and at the time I thought it was my sister. So I laughed, told her to “fuck off” and asked what she was doing for dinner. No answer. I stuck my head out into the hall. No one there. I searched the house top to bottom and there was no one home. I sat out on the front porch until someone else got home because I didn’t want to be in there alone.

## **Annie96 Is Typing**

This is much more of an interactive experience than anything else on the list. As you read through this WhatsApp conversation you have to manually click enter to make each new message appear. It’s as close to a text-based horror movie you’ll find.



## **The Whispers**

This is a story I do not often tell. I promise, sincerely, that this has scarred me for life and although I have looked into psychological explanations for what I heard and natural explanations for what occurred, they remain unsatisfactory.

When I was a child, I was scared of the dark. I swore to my mother I heard voices in it. They were not evil, but they were not familiar and so they scared me. It was not uncommon in the middle of the night for me to wake up and hear “whispers” as I would call them when asking my mom. She figured they were just “bumps in the night” and typical kids nightmare material. I tried often to explain to her that it was more than that; that they sounded different from one another the way people’s voices do. On some nights I would get so scared from these “whispers” that I would sleep in my mom’s bed with her. It was an added bonus that the bathroom was directly outside of her bedroom door for my late-night tinkles.

I should add at this point that when walking out into the hall to go to the bathroom, you looked directly down the stairs that would lead you

into my living room on the first floor (as my mom's bedroom was on the second floor). On one such night, around Christmas, I awoke and felt the need to relieve myself. I walked out from the door and distinctly heard the phrase "Look!" and to my astonishment, a red light, almost like a spotlight, was cast upon the wall at the very bottom of the stairs. The light had no other source, it was by itself, and I was transfixed by it.

Being a little kid, and it only being a few days from Christmas, I KNEW what this light was. IT WAS SANTA!!! How else could he get into my house to know I was being a good boy? I was so excited I began walking down the stairs to greet him, picking up my pace after the second step as it began to creep off the wall and fade into the darkness in my living room.

That's when I heard him. A very strong, masculine voice. Different from the first. Not at all like my father's (not to say he isn't masculine, it was just distinctly different). It said, "Stop! Right now. Go back up those stairs." I listened, turned around, and what happened next I am not sure I would believe if someone had told me this same story. After reaching the top of the stairs, I heard a very loud CRASH that sent me running back to my mother's bed where I jumped straight under the covers and stayed there the whole night.

When we awoke the next morning, the poinsettia lights (little Christmas flower lights that glowed red) my mother had put on the railing down the stairs were pulled straight down to the bottom of the stairs, some broken from what seemed like a forceful tear, laying in a single pile. The dry sink in my living room

had fallen from the wall. My mother could not explain it! My father was worried we had been the victims of a home invasion. My sister was crying. There was nothing missing, nobody had broken in, there did not seem to be any reason this had happened. And then I saw it, and I kept quiet about it because I was so afraid that I could not force words out of my mouth.

There, on the edge of the wooden dry sink which had been facing up, were three indentations where the finish on the wood had been worn, almost as if in a forceful grip. Something down there had GRABBED IT AND THREW IT DOWN. That was what the bang was.

I was mortified. After that day I never heard a single voice again. I do not like to imagine what was waiting downstairs for me that night,

if it was anything at all, but I can tell you that the reality was that something had physically acted upon two things in my house near the bottom of that stairwell.

After this, I had never heard another whisper again. Which is sad, because in some ways I would have liked to thank the man (masculine energy?) that had stopped me from going down those stairs. This happened when I was 7. I am 20 years old now, and because of this incident I am still afraid of the dark. ESPECIALLY shadowy stairwells.

## **The Grandfather**

My grandfather told me this story about how one time he was sitting in a chair in front of the house, when he heard his wife repeatedly calling him from inside the house. The thing is, my grandmother passed away a few years

before that. But he told me that the voice was so pressing that he actually got up to look inside the house, and as soon as he got inside he heard a loud crash behind him and turned around to see that the chair he has been sitting in moments ago had been crushed by the cast iron gutter that fell on it. If he hadn't come inside the house he would have probably been seriously injured. I don't know if it's paranormal or not, but every time I think about it it sends chills down my spine.

## **The Crib Shadow**

I was babysitting my niece once while I was staying at my brother's place, and they had the baby camera setup so I could see her on the little TV it came with. I was studying and started dozing off when I heard some whispering and realized it was coming from the monitor.



I initially thought it was some feedback or something, but when I looked at the TV there was a dark shadow near my niece's crib. I have never been more terrified in my life, but the shadow was clearly there where it had not been before. I ran to my niece's room and looked around and saw nothing, but I took her the hell out of there. I went back to the TV, and the shadow was clearly gone.

I told my brother what happened and he pulled me aside and told me not to mention it to my sister-in-law because she'll freak out, but that he had seen that same thing several times now, with the same whispering.

They stayed in that house for about four more years and when my niece was just learning to talk she would tell her mom about her 'special friend.' To this day, it scares the shit out of me. When they moved out, my brother told me my

niece had become inconsolably sad because she would miss her 'friend.' Her mom would tell her she could bring him along but all she would say was that he couldn't leave the house. We have never to this day told her about that damn shadow, and she apparently never saw it.



**The Shadow**

I didn't know that's what it was called until much later. I was living in a house in Laguna Beach that had been there since the 1920s. In it's history, it had been a speakeasy, a brothel and a house for smuggling illegal immigrants.

One day, my new wife and I were having an argument. I can't even recall what it was about. She walked down the block to get a cup of coffee and cool off, and I was alone in the house. The way the place was built was incredibly haphazard. There was a bedroom and living room on one side, then a bathroom with two entrances. On the other side of the bathroom was a hallway that had windows in one side and two bedrooms on the other. From my bedroom, I could look across the hall into the bathroom, then through the bathroom and down the other hall. I was standing at my dresser, and I just noticed movement out the

corner of my eye, and looked down there. There was... and honest to god, this gives me goose bumps just typing it, 17 years later, a black figure. It was maybe three feet tall, and it was only vaguely humanoid. it looked like black scribbles, like someone had scribbled a human shape, but the scribbles moved, like electricity arcing, that's the best way to describe it.

There was no sound that I could remember. I distinctly remember when I saw it I wasn't afraid, just like, WTF? Then it noticed me looking at it. I can't say it turned around, it just, focused on me I guess. THEN I was scared. I didn't move, didn't scream, nothing, I was just frozen, because it just fucking came at me, it RUSHED down the hall towards me. I have no idea what it intended, but as soon as it entered the bathroom, the door closest to me just

SLAMMED shut on it. I screamed. I yelled for my wife. She wasn't home. I went the fuck outside, into the daylight, and didn't go back in until she got home about 10 minutes later.

I don't believe in ghosts. I don't believe I saw something supernatural, but I know I saw something. I don't know what it was.

## **The Princess**

How did The Princess take control of our message board, if only for a few seconds? It didn't make any sense. Our message board wasn't a video game. Our message board pulled all its information from the Internet. The Princess was already inhabiting a game at the same time. All the rules we thought we knew, all the things we thought kept us safe had failed us. Could she have done this at any

time? Could she do it again? Were there any real limits to what she was capable of?

We looked through all the data we'd collected. We tried to find some common thread we'd been missing. There must have been some way we could have known. There had to be more answers than what we were seeing. And there were.

We finally realized the truth. It was so obvious. The Princess had been in our message board the whole time. She was on every page. She was on every forum list. She'd been staring at us, watching us for years and we never even saw it. She was the banner at the top of the forum. She was every screenshot we'd posted, every video we'd uploaded and every piece of fan art we'd drawn.

Every image of her is her. Every image of her, when observed, gives her power. She's not a ghost. She's not a computer virus. She's an idea. "Living fiction." She lives off our observation and thoughts of her. When we all watched that stream, banded together and gave her all of our attention all at once, we made her more powerful than she'd ever been before. We made her strong enough to manifest through the images we'd posted on our message board and speak directly to us.

We took down all the images. From what we speculate, it's enough to simply never look at them again, but we deleted them all just to be certain. However, it may already be too late for us. I've been losing contact with other members of the society. I can't tell if something's happened to them or if they've

simply gone into hiding, but at this point only a fool wouldn't consider the worst-case scenario.

I'm not completely heartless. I know she's fighting for her survival, now. For her, being forgotten is death. She does what she does in the hopes of keeping her memory alive. To that end, perhaps my telling her story to the world is a small act of mercy. Maybe the thoughts I've lent her will ease her pain somewhat. I don't know, but either way that isn't why I wrote all this.

What I've told you could put you in great danger, but it could also save your life. You're a target now, and in the months and years ahead she may well come for you, but I've also given you all the knowledge you need to keep yourself safe.

Do not try to fight her.



Do not try to talk to her.

Do not try to outsmart or trap her.

Don't investigate.

Don't try to understand.

Don't try to be a hero.

Don't try to be her savior.

It is my sincere hope that I've given you all the answers you want, so you won't make our mistake and try to investigate further. There is one and only one thing you need to do to be safe:

**IF YOU SEE HER, TURN OFF THE GAME!**

## **The Photograph**

My friend took this picture of his cousin in their new house. He says it was just the two of them

there but that's not what it looks like.



## The Satellite Images

A friend of mine showed me how to use Google Maps. I'm sure you've seen it. It lets you use satellite images to look at locations all over the world. A few years ago, I was in a car accident. Since then, I really don't leave the house that often. It's difficult, and the idea of a

seeing a car drive by me makes me feel lightheaded. I was fascinated by the fact that I could see all over the world, almost like being there. I could virtually walk down the streets, and it almost felt like I was really there.

I became instantly hooked. It gave me a real eye on the world. I could go to almost any major city, and I did. I'd seen streets in China, Japan, Germany, and England... so many places. I'd even gone to tourist attractions like the Great Barrier Reef and Dracula's castle.

My favorite was to go to random places in major cities and see how many people and animals I could find. The faces of the people were always blurred to protect their privacy, but it was still enjoyable to see them out there, enjoying their life, walking like it was no big deal.

“She must have good taste,” I laughed.

I zoomed in closer and noticed the grey bag she carried on a grey and purple shoulder strap. She was walking in a relaxed manner, one hand trailing the wall beside her. I bet if I could have seen her face, I would see that she was smiling. I began to feel a little sad. I let my hands fall onto the arms of my wheelchair and looked at her for a minute more. I wished that I could be there, walking so carefree with her. That wouldn't happen though, until I died. I was stuck in this chair. I sighed and zoomed out of Tokyo. Enough of this for tonight. I turned off the computer and went to bed.

---

I got up early and decided to look around Paris. Paris was always fun. I liked the look of the city, with all of the old, beautiful buildings

and so many people to watch. I randomly zoomed to an area and saw a street, lined with old brick buildings, a few small shops, and an old tan brick church. Ahead was an intersection, and dozens of people walked by. A balding businessman walked quickly past, looking back at an old woman, hair covered with a scarf, carrying a large purse. A curvy woman in black pants that were too tight stared into a store window, and two women led a group of small children around a corner.

I spun the view around a few more times, and then saw something peculiar. Sitting on the bench at the bus stop, were two people. One of them was a young woman with her feet stuck in front of her in a relaxed manner. She was wearing a pair of red sneakers, like my own. I was startled for a moment; as I noticed the black pants, white t-shirt, and black

hooded jacket. Her dark brown hair was tied loosely behind her head. A grey bag sat on the bench beside her, the shoulder strap hooked over her shoulder.

“This is crazy,” I thought. “It can’t possibly be the same woman. This is a different country, different continent even. How could it be her?”

This was stupid. It wasn’t as if these were live photographs. They were taken ahead of time and then stored. It’s not like she was in two places at once. She could just be a traveler. Besides, without seeing her face, it was impossible to tell it was the same person. Brown hair was probably the most common hair color in the world. Those red sneakers were something I purchased online. I’m sure a million other people did too. I shook my head and went to fix some lunch.

When I got back online, I decided to look at Berlin. I picked a random street, as usual. It looked pretty empty. There were brick buildings lining the streets, looking more like factories than anything else. There were also empty lots, full of long grass and piled gravel. There wasn't much to see at all, really. There was a line of motorbikes and a car with two German flags sticking up from it. After more searching, I found one kid. He looked like he was dressed for school, a jacket thrown over his bag. He was intently looking at some kind of mobile device. I was disappointed. I started to leave, but then I caught something out of the corner of my eye. I turned the view, and there they were. Those damned red sneakers.

She was standing on a street corner, next to some kind of signpost. She had a hand on the post, looking down the street, as if waiting to

cross the street. I stared, in shock. How could she be there too? Even if she was traveling, there's no way I would find her every time. Even finding her in Paris would have been one heck of a coincidence, but this? This was crazy. Was this some kind of joke? Had Google decided to play a prank on its users that used their product so much? It would have been a great joke...

I did a quick search, looking for a note about a woman that shows up like Waldo. There was nothing. I looked through articles on strange things you can see on Google Maps, but none of them mentioned the woman that travels the world with you. This was crazy. Had my self-imposed isolation driven me mad? Had I become so lonely that I created a hallucination for myself?



Leaving the Berlin image on my screen, I sent a text message to a friend, asking him to look at the locations. I asked him if he saw the same woman. Then I waited, hands sweating, heart thumping in my chest. I jumped when my phone beeped with a return text message, ten minutes later.

The text read, “I see the lady you’re talking about in Berlin. I didn’t see her in Paris or Tokyo. Is this some kind of game, or what? Are you okay?”

I didn’t respond, instead returning to the locations in Tokyo and Paris. There she was. She was there, but it was different. She no longer sat on the bus-stop bench, in Paris. She was standing in front of it, looking for something in her bag. In Tokyo, she was blocks away, squatting down to pet that calico

cat. I shivered. Who was she? What was happening?

I switched the map to Brussels. It was another city street. It was lined with old looking buildings, with shops on the ground level, and what I guessed was apartments above. I quickly scanned the streets. They were empty, other than a stocky woman in a bright blue sweater. I did a second sweep. She wasn't there. I sighed in relief. I couldn't believe I was getting so worked up about this.

It was nothing but a coinci— I stopped, my eyes frozen on the screen. There was a building at the point of a fork in the road, white with a black-ironwork-framed balcony jutting from the second floor. I hadn't seen her, as I had been looking at the sidewalks. There she stood, standing on the balcony, her head tilted in the direction of the camera, almost like she

was coyly looking toward me. My breath caught in my throat.

I switched to Sydney. She was leaning against the wall, inside the doorway of a bright blue Carricks Pharmacy building. London showed her getting ready to step onto a red double-decker bus, her head turned to look over her shoulder. She was everywhere I looked. She stood on a brick sidewalk on a bridge in Venice, she walked across a yellow barred crosswalk in Zurich; and in Hong Kong, and she stood between a Wing Lung Bank and a McDonald's adjusting the strap on her bag. In each picture, she came closer and closer to looking directly at me with her blurred out face.

My heart felt like a terrified bird, slamming around inside my chest. I couldn't catch my breath. I wasn't sure what to do. I couldn't call

the police. Should I send screenshots to Google?

I clenched my fists tightly and closed my eyes. Who was she? Was she following me? Was I following her? I wish I could see the expression on her face, know what she saw when she looked back at me. I wanted to get out of the chair and run. Why is it that the only thing that made me feel free again, was the thing that made me feel even more trapped? I had to know.

I typed in the name of my town and zoomed into a random street. It was a couple of miles from my house; the gates to the city park were shown in the clarity of daylight, despite it being night here. There she was. There... There she was. She was only a few miles from my house, standing under the ironwork arch that stated the name of the park. She looked directly at

the camera, directly at me. I felt like I might throw up. She was near me, and she was watching me. She was coming for me. What did she want?

I typed in the name of the apartment complex where I live. I could see the outside of the building. The parking lot was full of cars, and there were a few blurred out children on the playground. I searched everywhere for her. She wasn't in the parking lot or on the sidewalks, not hiding between the buildings or standing in the playground. I even scanned each of the cars, behind the bushes, and each of the blurred windows. She wasn't there. I curled tightly around myself and lay my head down on the desk.

This place was safe. I didn't leave the apartment anyway. I would never use Google Maps again. I would never see her again. She

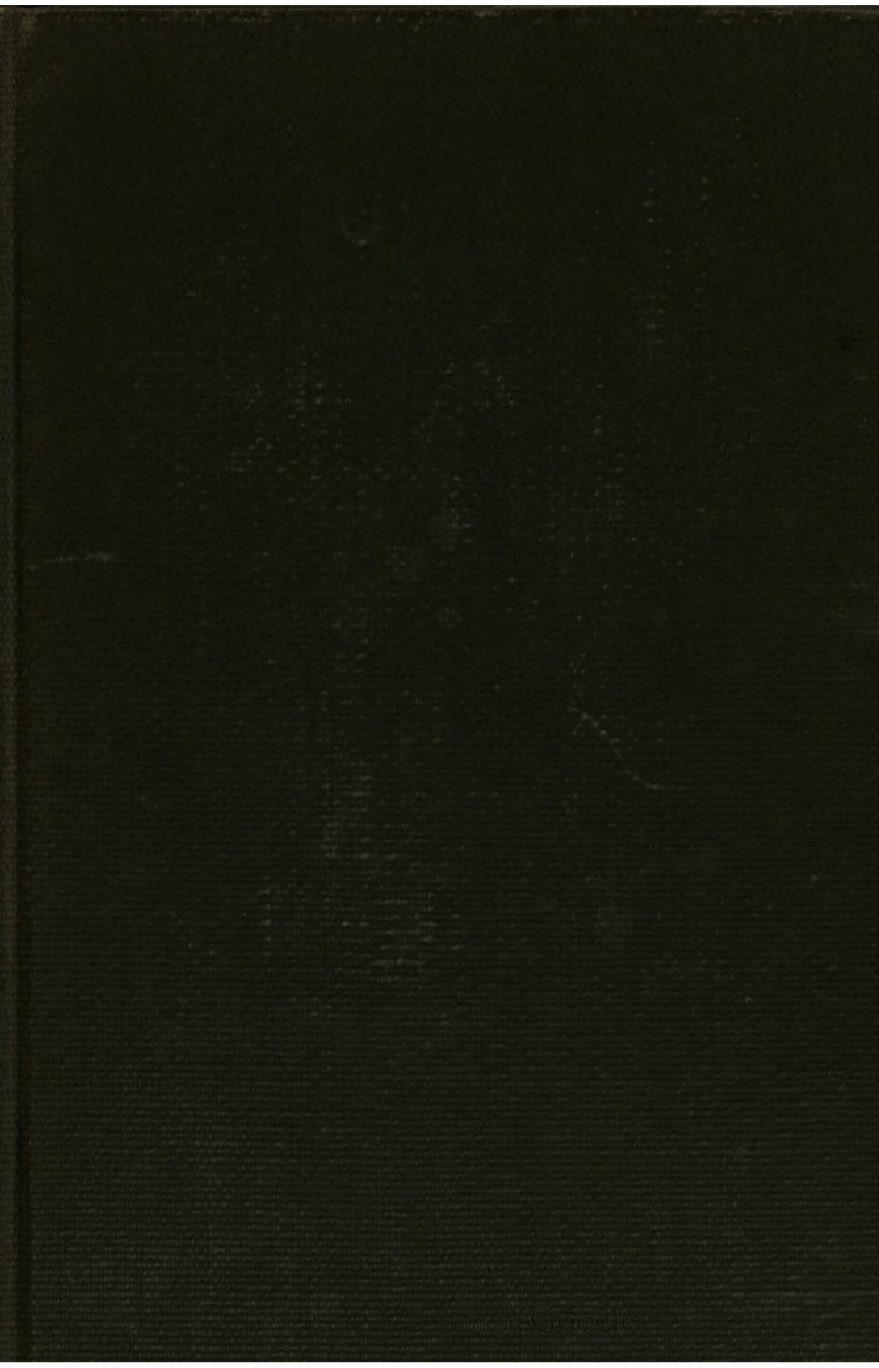
could stay at the park for all I cared. I smiled to myself and was surprised to find a tear slipping down my face.

“I’m safe,” I said to myself in a whisper. It felt good to hear it out loud. “I’m safe.”

As I said it, there was a knock at the door. A chill ran down my spine. I had a camera hooked to my computer that showed who was at the front door, which made it easier for me, with my mobility issues. I slowly reached for the control to show myself who was outside, but my hand trembled furiously. As I touched the control, I realized my mistake. The last of Google’s images that I’d seen had only shown the outside of the building. Just the outside.

I looked at the screen and saw a woman in a white t-shirt, black pants, black hooded jacket; and carrying a grey bag with a purple and grey

striped shoulder strap. Of course, there were those red sneakers. She looked directly at the camera, her face still a complete blur. As I tried to stifle a scream, she raised a hand and knocked loudly on my front door





UNIV. OF  
CALIFORNIA

**REAL**

**GHOST STORIES.**

**Collected and Edited**  
**BY**  
**WILLIAM T. STEAD**

**NEW EDITION**  
**Re-arranged and Introduced**  
**BY**  
**ESTELLE W. STEAD**

**NEW YORK:**  
**GEORGE H. DORAN COMPANY**

—  
**1921**

## INTRODUCTION.

DURING the last few years I have been urged by people in all parts of the world to re-issue some of the wonderful stories of genuine psychic experiences collected by my Father several years ago.

These stories were published by him in two volumes in 1891-92 ; the first, entitled *Real Ghost Stories*, created so much interest and brought in so large a number of other stories of genuine experiences that the first volume was soon followed by a second, entitled *More Ghost Stories*.

The contents of the two volumes, slightly curtailed, were, a few years later, brought out as one book ; but the three volumes have long been out of print and are practically unknown to the present generation.

I remember when I was a child my Father read some of these stories aloud to us as he was making his collection ; and I remember, too, how thrilled and awed we were, and how at times they brought a creepy feeling when at night I had to mount many flights of stairs to my bedroom at the top of the house.

Reading these stories again, after many years' study of the subject, I have realised what a wealth of interesting facts my Father had gathered together, and that not only the gathered facts, but his own contributions, his chapter on " The

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Ghost That Dwelleth in Each One of Us" and his comments on the stories, show what an insight he had into and what an understanding he had of this vast and wonderful subject.

I felt as I read that those who urged re-publication were right, that if not a "classic," as some have called it, it at least merits a place on the shelves of all who study psychic literature and are interested in psychic experiences.

I demurred long as to whether I should change the title. The word "Ghost" has to a great extent in modern times lost its true meaning to the majority and is generally associated in many minds with something uncanny—with haunted houses and weird apparitions filling with terror those who come into contact with them.

"Stories from the Borderland," "Psychic Experiences," were among the titles which suggested themselves to me; but in the end I decided to keep the old title, and in so doing help to bring the word "ghost" back to its proper and true place and meaning.

"Ghost," according to the dictionary, means "the soul of man; the soul of a deceased person; the soul or spirit separate from the body; apparition, spectre, shadow":—it comprises, in fact, all we mean when we think or speak of "Spirit." We still say "The Holy Ghost" as naturally and as reverently as we say "The Holy Spirit." So for the sake of the word itself, and because it covers everything we speak of as Spirit to-day; these two considerations take away all reason why the word should not be used, and it gives

me great pleasure in re-issuing these stories to carry on the title originally chosen by my Father.

There is a large collection of stories to be drawn upon, for besides those given in the two volumes mentioned, many of equal interest and value appeared in *Borderland*, a psychic quarterly edited and published by my Father for a period of four years in the nineties and now long out of print.

If this first volume proves that those who advised me were right in thinking that these experiences will be a valuable addition to psychic literature, I propose to bring out two further volumes of stories from my Father's collection, and I hope to add to these a volume of stories of a later date, of which I already have a goodly store. For this purpose I invite those who have had experiences which they consider will be of interest and value for such a collection, to send them to me so that, if suitable and appropriate, they may be placed on record.

In bringing this Introduction to a close I should like to quote what my Father wrote in his Preface to the last edition published by him, as it embodies what many people are realising to-day. To them, as to him, the reality of the "Invisibles" is no longer a speculation. Therefore I feel that these thoughts of his should have a place in this new edition of his collection of *Real Ghost Stories*.

"The reality," he wrote, "of the Invisibles has long since ceased to be for me a matter of speculation. It is one of the things about which I feel as certain as I do, for instance, of the existence of the people of Tierra del Fuego; and while it is

of no importance to me to know that Tierra del Fuego is inhabited, it is of vital importance to know that the spirits of the departed, and also of those still occupying for a time the moveable biped telephone which we call our body, can, and given the right conditions *do*, communicate with the physical unconsciousness of the man in the street. It is a fact which properly apprehended would go far to remedy some of the worst evils from which we have to complain. For our conception of life has got out of form, owing to our constant habit of mistaking a part for the whole, and everything looks awry."

*Estelle W. Strad*

BANK BUILDINGS,

KINGSWAY, LONDON, W.C.2.

*Easter, 1921.*

## A PREFATORY WORD.

MANY people will object—some have already objected—to the subject of this book. It is an offence to some to take a ghost too seriously; with others it is a still greater offence not to take ghosts seriously enough. One set of objections can be paired off against the other; neither objection has very solid foundation. The time has surely come when the fair claim of ghosts to the impartial attention and careful observation of mankind should no longer be ignored. In earlier times people believed in them so much that they cut their acquaintance; in later times people believe in them so little that they will not even admit their existence. Thus these mysterious visitants have hitherto failed to enter into that friendly relation with mankind which many of them seem sincerely to desire.

But what with the superstitious credulity of the one age and the equally superstitious unbelief of another, it is necessary to begin from the beginning and to convince a sceptical world that apparitions really appear. In order to do this it is necessary to insist that your ghost should no longer be ignored as a phenomenon of Nature. He has a right, equal to that of any other natural phenomenon, to be examined and observed, studied and defined. It is true that he is a rather difficult phenomenon; his comings and goings are rather intermittent and fitful, his substance is too shadowy to be handled, and he has avoided hither-

## A PREFATORY WORD

to equally the obtrusive inquisitiveness of the microscope and telescope.

A phenomenon which you can neither handle nor weigh, analyse nor dissect, is naturally regarded as intractable and troublesome ; nevertheless, however intractable and troublesome he may be to reduce to any of the existing scientific categories, we have no right to allow his idiosyncrasies to deprive him of his innate right to be regarded as a phenomenon. As such he will be treated in the following pages, with all the respect due to phenomena whose reality is attested by a sufficient number of witnesses. There will be no attempt in this book to build up a theory of apparitions, or to define the true inwardness of a ghost. There will be as many explanations as there are minds of the significance of the extraordinary narratives which I have collated from correspondence and from accessible records. Leaving it to my readers to discuss the rival hypotheses, I will stick to the humbler mission of recording facts, from which they can form their own judgment.

The ordinary temper of the ordinary man in dealing with ghosts is supremely unscientific, but it is less objectionable than that of the pseudo-scientist. The Inquisitor who forbade free inquiry into matters of religion because of human depravity, was the natural precursor of the Scientist who forbids the exercise of the reason on the subject of ghosts, on account of inherited tendencies to attribute such phenomena to causes outside the established order of nature. What difference there is, is altogether in favour of the

## A PREFATORY WORD

Inquisitor, who at least had what he regarded as a divinely constituted authority, competent and willing to pronounce final decision upon any subject that might trouble the human mind. Science has no such tribunal, and when she forbids others to observe and to reflect she is no better than a blind fetish.

Eclipses in old days used to drive whole nations half mad with fright. To this day the black disc of the moon no sooner begins to eat into the shining surface of the sun than millions of savage men feel "creepy," and begin to tremble at the thought of the approaching end of the world. But in civilised lands even the most ignorant regard an eclipse with imperturbable composure. Eclipses are scientific phenomena observed and understood. It is our object to reduce ghosts to the same level, or rather to establish the claim of ghosts to be regarded as belonging as much to the order of Nature as the eclipse. (At present they are disfranchised of their natural birthright, and those who treat them with this injustice need not wonder if they take their revenge in "creeps.")

The third class of objection takes the ground that there is something irreligious and contrary to Christianity in the chronicling of such phenomena. It is fortunate that Mary Magdalene and the early disciples did not hold that theory. So far from its being irreligious to ascertain facts, there is a subtle impiety in the refusal to face phenomena, whether natural or supernatural. Either these things exist or they do not. If they do not exist, then obviously there can be no harm in a searching examination of the delusion which possessed the



## A PREFATORY WORD

mind of almost every worthy in the Old Testament, and which was constantly affirmed by the authors of the New. If, on the other hand, they do exist, and are perceptible under certain conditions to our senses, it will be difficult to affirm the impiety of endeavouring to ascertain what is their nature, and what light they are able to throw upon the kingdom of the Unseen. We have no right to shut our eyes to facts and close our ears to evidence merely because Moses forbade the Hebrews to allow witches to live, or because some of the phenomena carry with them suggestions that do not altogether harmonise with the conventional orthodox theories of future life. The whole question that lies at bottom is whether this world is divine or diabolic. Those who believe it divine are bound by that belief to regard every phenomenon as a window through which man may gain fresh glimpses of the wonder and the glory of the Infinite. In this region, as in all others, faith and fear go ill together.

It is impossible for any impartial man to read the narratives of which the present book is composed without feeling that we have at least one hint or suggestion of quite incalculable possibilities in telepathy or thought transference. If there be, as many of these stories seem to suggest, a latent capacity in the human mind to communicate with other minds, entirely regardless of the conditions of time and space, it is undeniable that this would be a fact of the very first magnitude. It is quite possible that the telegraph may be to telepathy what the stage coach is to the steam engine. Neither can we afford to overlook the fact that

## A PREFATORY WORD

these phenomena have in these latter days signally vindicated their power over the minds of men. Some of the acutest minds of our time have learned to recognise in them scientific demonstration of the existence of the fact that personal individuality survives death.

If it can be proved that it is occasionally possible for persons at the uttermost ends of the world to communicate instantaneously with each other, and even in some cases to make a vivid picture of themselves stand before the eyes of those to whom they speak, no prejudice as to the unhealthy nature of the inquiry should be allowed to stand in the way of the examination of such a fact with a view to ascertaining whether or not this latent capacity of the human mind can be utilised for the benefit of mankind. Wild as this suggestion may seem to-day, it is less fantastic than our grandfathers a hundred years ago would have deemed a statement that at the end of the nineteenth century portraits would be taken by the sun, that audible conversation would be carried on instantaneously across a distance of a thousand miles, that a ray of light could be made the agent for transmitting the human voice across an abyss which no wire had ever spanned, and that by a simple mechanical arrangement, which a man can carry in his hand, it would be possible to reproduce the words, voice, and accent of the dead. The photograph, the telegraph, the telephone, and the phonograph were all more or less latent in what seemed to our ancestors the kite-flying folly of Benjamin Franklin. Who knows but that in Telepathy we may have the faint foreshadowing of another latent

## A PREFATORY WORD

force, which may yet be destined to cast into the shade even the marvels of electrical science !

There is a growing interest in all the occult phenomena to which this work is devoted. It is in evidence on every hand. The topic is in the air, and will be discussed and is being discussed, whether we take notice of it or not. That it has its dangers those who have studied it most closely are most aware, but these dangers will exist in any case, and if those who ought to guide are silent, these perils will be encountered without the safeguards which experience would dictate and prudence suggest. It seems to me that it would be difficult to do better service in this direction than to strengthen the hands of those who have for many years past been trying to rationalise the consideration of the Science of Ghosts.

It is idle to say that this should be left for experts. We live in a democratic age and we democratise everything. It is too late in the day to propose to place the whole of this department under the care of any Brahmin caste ; the subject is one which every common man and woman can understand. It is one which comes home to every human being, for it adds a new interest to life, and vivifies the sombre but all-pervading problem of death.

W. T. STEAD.

*London, 1891.*

# CONTENTS

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	PAGE
<b>PART I.—THE GHOST THAT DWELLS IN EACH OF US.</b>	
Chapter I. The Unconscious Personality . . .	17
„ II. Louis V. and His Two Souls . . .	32
„ III. Madame B. and Her Three Souls . . .	45
„ IV. Some Suggested Theories . . .	52
 <b>PART II.—THE THOUGHT BODY, OR THE DOUBLE.</b>	
Chapter I. Aerial Journeys . . .	56
„ II. The Evidence of the Psychical Research Society . . .	72
„ III. Aimless Doubles . . .	86
„ IV. The Hypnotic Key . . .	101
 <b>PART III.—CLAIRVOYANCE.—THE VISION OF THE OUT OF SIGHT.</b>	
Chapter I. The Astral Camera . . .	108
„ II. Tragic Happenings Seen in Dreams . . .	127
„ III. My Own Experience . . .	141
 <b>PART IV.—PREMONITIONS AND SECOND SIGHT.</b>	
Chapter I. My Own Extraordinary Premonitions . . .	145
„ II. Warnings Given in Dreams . . .	160
„ III. Premonitory Warnings . . .	179
„ IV. Some Historical and Other Cases . . .	192
 <b>PART V.—GHOSTS OF THE LIVING ON BUSINESS.</b>	
Chapter I. Warnings of Peril and Death . . .	199
„ II. A Dying Double Demands its Portraits ! . . .	211
 <b>PART VI.—GHOSTS KEEPING PROMISE.</b>	
Chapter I. My Irish Friend . . .	222
„ II. Lord Brougham's Testimony . . .	231
 <b>APPENDIX.—Some Historical Ghosts . . .</b>	240



# REAL GHOST STORIES.

## PART I.

### THE GHOST THAT DWELLS IN EACH OF US

#### CHAPTER I.

##### THE UNCONSCIOUS PERSONALITY.

“ REAL Ghost Stories !—How can there be real ghost stories when there are no real ghosts ? ”

But are there no real ghosts ? You may not have seen one, but it does not follow that therefore they do not exist. How many of us have seen the microbe that kills ? There are at least as many persons who testify they have seen apparitions as there are men of science who have examined the microbe. You and I, who have seen neither, must perforce take the testimony of others. The evidence for the microbe may be conclusive, the evidence as to apparitions may be worthless ; but in both cases it is a case of testimony, not of personal experience.

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The first thing to be done, therefore, is to collect testimony, and by way of generally widening the mind and shaking down the walls of prejudice which lead so many to refuse to admit the clearest possible evidence as to facts which have not occurred within their personal experience, I preface the report of my "Census of Hallucinations" or personal experiences of the so-called supernatural by a preliminary chapter on the perplexing subject of "Personality." This is the question that lies at the root of all the controversy as to ghosts. Before disputing about whether or not there are ghosts outside of us, let us face the preliminary question, whether we have not each of us a veritable ghost within our own skin?

Thrilling as are some of the stories of the apparitions of the living and the dead, they are less sensational than the suggestion made by hypnotists and psychical researchers of England and France, that each of us has a ghost inside him. They say that we are all haunted by a Spiritual Presence, of whose existence we are only fitfully and sometimes never conscious, but which nevertheless inhabits the innermost recesses of our personality. The theory of these researchers is that besides the body and the mind, meaning by the mind the Conscious Personality, there is also within our material frame the soul or Unconscious Personality, the nature of which is shrouded in unfathomable mystery. The latest word of advanced science has thus landed us back to the apostolic assertion that man is composed of body, soul and spirit; and there are some who see in the

scientific doctrine of the Unconscious Personality a welcome confirmation from an unexpected quarter of the existence of the soul.

The fairy tales of science are innumerable, and, like the fairy tales of old romance, they are not lacking in the grim, the tragic, and even the horrible. Of recent years nothing has so fascinated the imagination even of the least imaginative of men as the theory of disease which transforms every drop of blood in our bodies into the lists in which phagocyte and microbe wage the mortal strife on which our health depends. Every white corpuscle that swims in our veins is now declared to be the armed Knight of Life for ever on the look-out for the microbe Fiend of Death. Day and night, sleeping and waking, the white knights of life are constantly on the alert, for on their vigilance hangs our existence. Sometimes, however, the invading microbes come in, not in companies but in platoons, innumerable as Xerxes' Persians, and then "e'en Roderick's best are backward borne," and we die. For our life is the prize of the combat in these novel lists which science has revealed to our view through the microscope, and health is but the token of the triumphant victory of the phagocyte over the microbe.

But far more enthralling is the suggestion which psychical science has made as to the existence of a combat not less grave in the very inmost centre of our own mental or spiritual existence. The strife between the infinitely minute bacilli that swarm in our blood has only the interest which



attaches to the conflict of inarticulate and apparently unconscious animalculæ. The strife to which researches into the nature and constitution of our mental processes call attention concerns our conscious selves. It suggests almost inconceivable possibilities as to our own nature, and leaves us appalled on the brink of a new world of being of which until recently most of us were unaware.

There are no papers of such absorbing interest in the whole of the "Proceedings of the Society for Psychical Research" as those which deal with the question of the Personality of Man. "I," what am I? What is our Ego? Is this Conscious Personality which receives impressions through the five senses, and through them alone, is it the only dweller in this mortal tabernacle? May there not be other personalities, or at least one other that is not conscious, when we are awake, and alert, and about, but which comes into semi-consciousness when we sleep, and can be developed into complete consciousness when the other personality is thrown into a state of hypnotic trance? In other words, am I one personality or two? Is my nature dual? As I have two hemispheres in my brain, have I two minds or two souls?

The question will, no doubt, appear fantastic in its absurdity to those who hear it asked for the first time; but those who are at all familiar with the mysterious but undisputed phenomena of hypnotism will realize how naturally this question arises, and how difficult it is to answer it otherwise than in the affirmative. Every one knows Mr. Louis Stevenson's wonderful story of "Dr. Jekyll

and Mr. Hyde." The dual nature of man, the warfare between this body of sin and death, and the spiritual aspirations of the soul, forms part of the common stock of our orthodox belief. But the facts which recent researches have brought to light seem to point not to the old theological doctrine of the conflict between good and evil in one soul, but to the existence in each of us of at least two distinct selfs, two personalities, standing to each other somewhat in the relation of man and wife, according to the old ideal when the man is everything and the woman is almost entirely suppressed.

Every one is familiar with the phenomenon of occasional loss of memory. Men are constantly losing consciousness, from disease, violence, or violent emotion, and emerging again into active life with a gap in their memory. Nay, every night we become unconscious in sleep, and rarely, if ever, remember anything that we think of during slumber. Sometimes in rare cases there is a distinct memory of all that passes in the sleeping and the waking states, and we have read of one young man whose sleeping consciousness was so continuous that he led, to all intents and purposes, two lives. When he slept he resumed his dream existence at the point when he waked, just as we resume our consciousness at the point when we fall asleep. It was just as real to him as the life which he lived when awake. It was actual, progressive, continuous, but entirely different, holding no relation whatever to his waking life. Of his two existences he preferred that which was spent in

sleep, as more vivid, more varied, and more pleasurable. This was no doubt an extreme and very unusual case. But it is not impossible to conceive the possibility of a continuous series of connected dreams, which would result in giving us a realizing sense of leading two existences. That we fail to realize this now is due to the fact that our memory is practically inert or non-existent during sleep. The part of our mind which dreams seldom registers its impressions in regions to which on waking our conscious personality has access.

The conception of a dual or even a multiple personality is worked out in a series of papers by Mr. F. W. H. Myers\*, to which I refer all those who wish to make a serious study of this novel and startling hypothesis. But I may at least attempt to explain the theory, and to give some outline of the evidence on which it is based.

If I were free to use the simplest illustration without any pretence at scientific exactitude, I should say that the new theory supposes that there are inside each of us not one personality but two, and that these two correspond to husband and wife. There is the Conscious Personality, which stands for the husband. It is vigorous, alert, active, positive, monopolising all the means of communication and production. So intense is its consciousness that it ignores the very existence of its partner, excepting as a mere appendage and convenience to itself. Then there is the Unconscious Personality, which corresponds to the wife

\* "Human Personality" (Longmans, Green & Co.)

who keeps cupboard and storehouse, and the old stocking which treasures up the accumulated wealth of impressions acquired by the Conscious Personality, but who is never able to assert any right to anything, or to the use of sense or limb except when her lord and master is asleep or entranced. When the Conscious Personality has acquired any habit or faculty so completely that it becomes instinctive, it is handed on to the Unconscious Personality to keep and use, the Conscious Ego giving it no longer any attention. Deprived, like the wife in countries where the subjection of woman is the universal law, of all right to an independent existence, or to the use of the senses or of the limbs, the Unconscious Personality has discovered ways and means of communicating other than through the recognised organs of sense.

How vast and powerful are those hidden organs of the Unconscious Personality we can only dimly see. It is through them that Divine revelation is vouchsafed to man. The visions of the mystic, the prophecies of the seer, the inspiration of the sibyl, all come through this Unconscious Soul. It is through this dumb and suppressed Ego that we communicate by telepathy,—that thought is transferred without using the five senses. This under-soul is in touch with the over-soul, which, in Emerson's noble phrase, "abolishes time and space." "This influence of the senses has," he says, "in most men, overpowered their mind to that degree that the walls of time and space have come to look real and insurmountable; and

to speak with levity of these limits is in the world the sign of insanity. Yet time and space are but inverse measures of the force of the soul." It is this Unconscious Personality which sees the *Strathmore* foundering in mid-ocean, which hears a whisper spoken hundreds of miles off upon the battlefield, and which witnesses, as if it happened before the eyes, a tragedy occurring at the Antipodes.

In proportion as the active, domineering Conscious Personality extinguishes his submissive unconscious partner, materialism flourishes, and man becomes blind to the Divinity that underlies all things. Hence in all religions the first step is to silence the noisy, bustling master of our earthly tabernacle, who, having monopolised the five senses, will listen to no voice which it cannot hear, and to allow the silent mistress to be open-souled to God. Hence the stress which all spiritual religions have laid upon contemplation, upon prayer and fasting. Whether it is an Indian Yogi, or a Trappist Monk, or one of our own Quakers, it is all the same. In the words of the Revivalist hymn, "We must lay our deadly doing down," and in receptive silence wait for the inspiration from on high. The Conscious Personality has usurped the visible world; but the Invisible, with its immeasurable expanse, is the domain of the Sub-conscious. Hence we read in the Scriptures of losing life that we may find it; for things of time and sense are temporal, but the things which are not seen are eternal.

It is extraordinary how close is the analogy

when we come to work it out. The impressions stored up by the Conscious Personality and entrusted to the care of the Unconscious are often, much to our disgust, not forthcoming when wanted. It is as if we had given a memorandum to our wife and we could not discover where she had put it. But night comes ; our Conscious Self sleeps, our Unconscious Housewife wakes, and turning over her stores produces the missing impression ; and when our other self wakes it finds the mislaid memorandum, so to speak, ready to its hand. Sometimes, as in the case of somnambulism, the Sub-conscious Personality stealthily endeavours to use the body and limbs, from all direct control over which it is shut out as absolutely as the inmate of a Hindu zenana is forbidden to mount the charger of her warrior spouse. But it is only when the Conscious Personality is thrown into a state of hypnotic trance that the Unconscious Personality is emancipated from the marital despotism of her partner. Then for the first time she is allowed to help herself to the faculties and senses usually monopolised by the Conscious Self. But like the timid and submissive inmate of the zenana suddenly delivered from the thralldom of her life-long partner, she immediately falls under the control of another. The Conscious Personality of another person exercises over her the same supreme authority that her own Conscious Personality did formerly.

There is nothing of sex in the ordinary material sense about the two personalities. But their union is so close as to suggest that the intrusion of the

hypnotist is equivalent to an intrigue with a married woman. The Sub-conscious Personality is no longer faithful exclusively to its natural partner ; it is under the control of the Conscious Personality of another ; and in the latter case the dictator seems to be irresistibly over-riding for a time all the efforts of the Conscious Personality to recover its authority in its own domain.

What proof, it will be asked impatiently, is there for the splitting of our personality ? The question is a just one, and I proceed to answer it.

There are often to be found in the records of lunatic asylums strange instances of a dual personality, in which there appear to be two minds in one body, as there are sometimes two yolks in one egg.

In the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, M. Jules Janet records the following experiment which, although simplicity itself, gives us a very vivid glimpse of a most appalling complex problem :—

“An hysterical subject with an insensitive limb is put to sleep, and is told, ‘After you wake you will raise your finger when you mean Yes, and you will put it down when you mean No, in answer to the questions which I shall ask you.’ The subject is then wakened, and M. Janet pricks the insensitive limb in several places. He asks, ‘Do you feel anything ?’ The conscious-awakened person replies with the lips, ‘No,’ but at the same time, in accordance with the signal that has been agreed upon during the state of hypnotisation, the finger is raised to signify ‘Yes.’ It has been found that the finger will even indicate exactly

the number of times that the apparently insensitive limb has been wounded."

*The Double-Souled Irishman.*

Dr. Robinson, of Lewisham, who has bestowed much attention on this subject, sends me the following delightful story about an Irishman who seems to have incarnated the Irish nationality in his own unhappy person:—

"An old colleague of mine at the Darlington Hospital told me that he once had an Irish lunatic under his care who imagined that his body was the dwelling-place of two individuals, one of whom was a Catholic, with Nationalist—not to say Fenian—proclivities, and the other was a Protestant and an Orangeman. The host of these incompatibles said he made it a fixed rule that the Protestant should occupy the right side of his body and the Catholic the left, 'so that he would not be annoyed wid them quarrelling in his inside.' The sympathies of the host were with the green and against the orange, and he tried to weaken the latter by starving him, and for months would only chew his food on the left side of his mouth. The lunatic was not very troublesome, as a rule, but the attendants generally had to straight-waistcoat him on certain critical days—such as St. Patrick's Day and the anniversary of the battle of the Boyne; because the Orange fist would punch the Fenian head unmercifully, and occasionally he and the Fenian leagued together against the Orangeman and banged him against the wall. This lunatic, when questioned, said he did his best to keep the peace



between his troublesome guests, but that sometimes they got out of hand."

*Ansel Bourne and A. J. Brown.*

A similar case, although not so violent or chronic in its manifestation, is recorded in Vol. VII. (Part xix.) of the Psychical Research Society's Proceedings, as having occurred on Rhode Island some years ago. An excellent citizen, and a very religious lay preacher, of the name of Ansel Bourne, was the subject:—

On January 17th, 1887, he went from his home in Coventry, R.I., to Providence, in order to get money to pay for a farm which he had arranged to buy, leaving his horse at Greene Station, in a stable, expecting to return the same afternoon from the city. He drew out of the bank 551 dollars, and paid several small bills, after which he went to his nephew's store, 121, Broad Street, and then started to go to his sister's house on Westminster Street. This was the last that was known of his doings at that time. He did not appear at his sister's house, and did not return to Greene.

Nothing was heard of him until March the 14th, when a telegram came from a doctor in Norristown, Philadelphia, stating that he had just been discovered there. He was entirely unconscious of having been absent from home, or of the lapse of time between January 17th and March 14th. He was brought home by his relatives, who, by diligent inquiry were able to make out that Mr. Ansel Bourne, five weeks after leaving Rhode Island,

opened a shop in Norristown, and stocked it with toys and confectionery which he purchased in Philadelphia. He called himself A. J. Brown, and lived and did business, and went to meeting, like any ordinary mortal, giving no one any suspicion that he was any other than A. J. Brown.

On the morning of Monday, March 14th, about five o'clock, he heard, he says, an explosion like the report of a gun or a pistol, and, waking, he noticed that there was a ridge in his bed not like the bed he had been accustomed to sleep in. He noticed the electric light opposite his windows. He rose and pulled away the curtains and looked out on the street. He felt very weak, and thought that he had been drugged. His next sensation was that of fear, knowing that he was in a place where he had no business to be. He feared arrest as a burglar, or possibly injury. He says this is the only time in his life he ever feared a policeman.

The last thing he could remember before waking was seeing the Adams express wagons at the corner of Dorrance and Broad Streets, in Providence, on his way from the store of his nephew in Broad Street to his sister's residence in Westminster Street, on January 17th.

The memory of Ansel Bourne retained absolutely nothing of the doings of A. J. Brown, whose life he had lived for nearly two months. Professor William James hypnotised him, and no sooner was he put into the trance and was told to remember what happened January 17th, 1887, than he became A. J. Brown again, and gave a clear and connected narrative of all his doings

in the Brown state. He did not remember ever having met Ansel Bourne. Everything, however, in his past life, he said, was "mixed up." He only remembered that he was confused, wanted to get somewhere and have rest. He did not remember how he left Norristown. His mind was confused, and since then it was a blank. He had no memory whatever of his name or of his second marriage and the place of his birth. He remembered, however, the date of his birth, and of his first wife's death, and his trade. But between January 17th, 1887, and March 14th he was not himself but another, and that other one Albert J. Brown, who ceased to exist consciously on March 14th, but who promptly returned four years afterwards, when Ansel Bourne was hypnotised, and showed that he remembered perfectly all that happened to him between these two dates. The confusion of his two memories in his earlier life is puzzling, but it in no way impairs the value of this illustration of the existence of two independent memories—two selves, so to speak, within a single skin.

The phenomenon is not uncommon, especially with epileptic patients. Every mad-doctor knows cases in which there are what may be described as alternating consciousnesses with alternating memories. But the experiments of the French hypnotists carry us much further. In their hands this Sub-conscious Personality is capable of development, of tuition, and of emancipation. In this little suspected region lies a great resource. For when the Conscious Personality is hopeless, dis-

eased, or demoralised the Unconscious Personality can be employed to renovate and restore the patient, and then when its work is done it can become unconscious once more and practically cease to exist.

## CHAPTER II.

### LOUIS V. AND HIS TWO SOULS.

THERE is at present\* a patient in France whose case is so extraordinary that I cannot do better than transcribe the report of it here, especially because it tends to show not only that we have two personalities, but that each may use by preference a separate lobe of the brain. The Conscious Personality occupies the left and controls the right hand, the Unconscious the right side of the head and controls the left hand. It also brings to light a very curious, not to say appalling, fact, viz., the immense moral difference there may be between the Conscious and the Unconscious Personalities. In the American case Bourne was a character practically identical with Brown. In this French case the character of each self is entirely different. What makes the case still more interesting is that, besides the two personalities which we all seem to possess, this patient had an arrested personality, which was only fourteen years old when the age of his body was over forty. Here is the report, however, make of it what you will.

“ Louis V. began life (in 1863) as the neglected child of a turbulent mother. He was sent to a reformatory at ten years of age, and there showed himself, as he has always done when his organiza-

\* 1891.

tion had given him a chance, quiet, well-behaved, and obedient. Then at fourteen years old he had a great fright from a viper—a fright which threw him off his balance, and started the series of psychical oscillations on which he has been tossed ever since. At first the symptoms were only physical, epilepsy and hysterical paralysis of the legs; and at the asylum of Bonneval, whither he was next sent, he worked at tailoring steadily for a couple of months. Then suddenly he had a hysterio-epileptic attack—fifty hours of convulsions and ecstasy—and when he awoke from it he was no longer paralysed, no longer acquainted with tailoring, and no longer virtuous. His memory was set back, so to say, to the moment of the viper's appearance, and he could remember nothing since. His character had become violent, greedy, quarrelsome, and his tastes were radically changed. For instance, though he had before the attack been a total abstainer, he now not only drank his own wine, but stole the wine of the other patients. He escaped from Bonneval, and after a few turbulent years, tracked by his occasional relapses into hospital or madhouse, he turned up once more at the Rochefort asylum in the character of a private of marines, convicted of theft, but considered to be of unsound mind. And at Rochefort and La Rochelle, by great good fortune, he fell into the hands of three physicians—Professors Bourru and Burot, and Dr. Mabile—able and willing to continue and extend the observations which Dr. Camuset at Bonneval, and Dr. Jules Voisin at Bicetre, had already made on this most precious of

*mauvais sujets* at earlier points in his chequered career.

"He is now no longer at Rochefort, and Dr. Burot informs me that his health has much improved, and that his peculiarities have in great part disappeared. I must, however, for clearness sake, use the present tense in briefly describing his condition at the time when the long series of experiments were made.

"The state into which he has gravitated is a very unpleasing one. There is paralysis and insensibility of the right side, and, as is often the case in right hemiplegia, the speech is indistinct and difficult. Nevertheless he is constantly haranguing any one who will listen to him, abusing his physicians, or preaching—with a monkey-like impudence rather than with reasoned clearness—radicalism in politics and atheism in religion. He makes bad jokes, and if any one pleases him he endeavours to caress him. He remembers recent events during his residence at Rochefort asylum, but only two scraps of his life before that date, namely, his vicious period at Bonneval and a part of his stay at Bicetre.

"Except this strange fragmentary memory, there is nothing very unusual in this condition, and in many asylums no experiments on it would have been attempted. Fortunately the physicians at Rochefort were familiar with the efficacy of the contact of metals in provoking transfer of hysterical hemiplegia from one side to the other. They tried various metals in turn on Louis V. Lead, silver, and zinc had no effect. Copper produced a slight

return of sensibility in the paralysed arm, but steel applied to the right arm transferred the whole insensibility to the left side of the body.

"Inexplicable as such a phenomenon is, it is sufficiently common, as French physicians hold, in hysterical cases to excite little surprise. What puzzled the doctors was the change of character which accompanied the change of sensibility. When Louis V. issued from the crisis of transfer with its minute of anxious expression and panting breath, he might fairly be called a new man. The restless insolence, the savage impulsiveness, have wholly disappeared. The patient is now gentle, respectful, and modest, can speak clearly, but he only speaks when he is spoken to. If he is asked his views on religion and politics, he prefers to leave such matters to wiser heads than his own. It might seem that morally and mentally the patient's cure had been complete.

"But now ask what he thinks of Rochefort ; how he liked his regiment of marines. He will blankly answer that he knows nothing of Rochefort, and was never a soldier in his life. 'Where are you then, and what is the date of to-day ?' 'I am at Bicetre ; it is January 2nd, 1884, and I hope to see M. Voisin, as I did yesterday.'

"It is found, in fact, that he has now the memory of two short periods of life (different from those which he remembers when his right side is paralysed), periods during which, so far as now can be ascertained, his character was of this same decorous type, and his paralysis was on his left side.

"These two conditions are what are called his



first and his second, out of a series of six or more through which he can be made to pass. For brevity's sake I will further describe his fifth state only.

"If he is placed in an electric bath, or if a magnet is placed on his head, it looks at first sight as though a complete physical cure had been effected. All paralysis, all defect of sensibility, has disappeared. His movements are light and active, his expression gentle and timid, but ask him where he is, and you will find that he has gone back to a boy of fourteen, that he is at St. Urbain, his first reformatory, and that his memory embraces his years of childhood, and stops short on the very day on which he had the fright from the viper. If he is pressed to recollect the incident of the viper, a violent epileptiform crisis puts a sudden end to this phase of his personality." (Vol. IV. pp. 497, 498, 499, "Proceedings of the Society for Psychical Research.")

This carries us a good deal further. Here we have not only two distinct personalities, but two distinct characters, if not three, in one body. According to the side which is paralysed, the man is a savage reprobate or a decent modest citizen. The man seems born again when the steel touches his right side. Yet all that has happened has been that the Sub-conscious Personality has superseded his Conscious Personality in the control of Louis V.

*Lucie and Adrienne.*

The next case, although not marked by the same violent contrast, is quite as remarkable, because it

illustrates the extent to which the Sub-conscious Self can be utilised in curing the Conscious Personality.

The subject was a girl of nineteen, called Lucie, who was highly hysterical, having daily attacks of several hours' duration. She was also devoid of the sense of pain or the sense of contact, so that she "lost her legs in bed," as she put it.

On her fifth hypnotisation, however, Lucie underwent a kind of catalepsy, after which she returned to the somnambulic state; but that state was deeper than before. She no longer made any sign whether of assent or refusal when she received the hypnotic commands, but she executed them infallibly, whether they were to take effect immediately, or after waking.

In Lucie's case this went further, and the suggested actions became absolutely a portion of the trance-life. She executed them without apparently knowing what she was doing. If, for instance, in her waking state she was told (in the tone which in her hypnotic state signified command) to get up and walk about, she walked about, but to judge from her conversation she supposed herself to be still sitting quiet. She would weep violently when commanded, but while she wept she continued to talk as gaily and unconcernedly as if the tears had been turned on by a stop-cock.

Any suggestion uttered by M. Janet in a brusque tone of command reached the Unconscious Self alone; and other remarks reached the subject—awake or somnambulic—in the ordinary way. The next step was to test the intelligence of

this hidden "slave of the lamp," if I may so term it—this sub-conscious and indifferent executor of all that was bidden. How far was its attention alert? How far was it capable of reasoning and judgment? M. Janet began with a simple experiment. "When I shall have clapped my hands together twelve times," he said to the entranced subject before awakening her, "you will go to sleep again." There was no sign that the sleeper understood or heard; and when she was awakened the events of the trance were a blank to her as usual. She began talking to other persons. M. Janet, at some little distance, clapped his hands feebly together five times. Seeing that she did not seem to be attending to him, he went up to her and said, "Did you hear what I did just now?" "No; what?" "Do you hear this?" and he clapped his hands once more. "Yes, you clapped your hands." "How often?" "Once." M. Janet again withdrew and clapped his hands six times gently, with pauses between the claps. Lucie paid no apparent attention, but when the sixth clap of this second series—making the twelfth altogether—was reached, she fell instantly into the trance again. It seemed, then, that the "slave of the lamp" had counted the claps through all, and had obeyed the order much as a clock strikes after a certain number of swings of the pendulum, however often you stop it between hour and hour.

Thus far, the knowledge gained as to the unconscious element in Lucie was not direct, but inferential. The nature of the command which it could execute showed it to be capable of attention

and memory ; but there was no way of learning its own conception of itself, if such existed, or of determining its relation to other phenomena of Lucie's trance. And here it was that automatic writing was successfully invoked ; here we have, as I may say, the first fruits in France of the new attention directed to this seldom-trodden field. M. Janet began by the following simple command : " When I clap my hands you will write Bonjour." This was done in the usual scrawling script of automatism, and Lucie, though fully awake, was not aware that she had written anything at all.

M. Janet simply ordered the entranced girl to write answers to all questions of his after her waking. The command thus given had a persistent effect, and while the awakened Lucie continued to chatter as usual with other persons, her Unconscious Self wrote brief and scrawling responses to M. Janet's questions. This was the moment at which, in many cases, a new and invading separate personality is assumed.

A singular conversation gave to this limited creation, this statutory intelligence, an identity sufficient for practical convenience. " Do you hear me ? " asked Professor Janet. Answer (by writing), " No." " But in order to answer one must hear." " Certainly." " Then how do you manage ? " " I don't know." " There must be somebody that hears me." " Yes." " Who is it ? " " Not Lucie." " Oh, some one else ? Shall we call her Blanche ? " " Yes, Blanche." Blanche, however, had to be changed. Another name had to be chosen. " What name will you have ? "

*Constance*

"No name." "You must, it will be more convenient." "Well, then, Adrienne." Never, perhaps, has a personality had less spontaneity about it.

Yet Adrienne was in some respects deeper down than Lucie. She could get at the genesis of certain psychical manifestations of which Lucie experienced only the results. A striking instance of this was afforded by the phenomena of the hystero-epileptic attacks to which this patient was subject.

Lucie's special terror, which recurred in wild exclamation in her hysterical fits, was in some way connected with hidden men. She could not, however, recollect the incident to which her cries referred; she only knew that she had had a severe fright at seven years old, and an illness in consequence. Now, during these "crises" Lucie (except, presumably, in the periods of unconsciousness which form a pretty constant element in such attacks) could hear what Prof. Janet said to her. Adrienne, on the contrary, was hard to get at; could no longer obey orders, and if she wrote, wrote only "J'ai peur, j'ai peur."

M. Janet, however, waited until the attack was over, and then questioned Adrienne as to the true meaning of the agitated scene. Adrienne was able to describe to him the terrifying incident in her childish life which had originated the confused hallucinations which recurred during the attack. She could not explain the recrudescence of the hallucinations; but she knew what Lucie saw, and why she saw it; nay, indeed, it was

Adrienne, rather than Lucie, to whom the hallucination was directly visible.

Lucie, it will be remembered, was a hysterical patient very seriously amiss. One conspicuous symptom was an almost absolute defect of sensibility, whether to pain, to heat, or to contact, which persisted both when she was awake and entranced. There was, as already mentioned, an entire defect of the muscular sense also, so that when her eyes were shut she did not know the position of her limbs. Nevertheless it was remarked as an anomaly that when she was thrown into a cataleptic state, not only did the movements impressed upon her continue to be made, but the corresponding or complimentary movements, the corresponding facial expression, followed just as they usually follow in such experiments. Thus, if M. Janet clenched her fist in the cataleptic state, her arm began to deal blows, and her face assumed a look of anger. The suggestion which was given through the so-called muscular sense had operated in a subject to whom the muscular sense, as tested in other ways, seemed to be wholly lacking. As soon as Adrienne could be communicated with, it was possible to get somewhat nearer to a solution of this puzzle. Lucie was thrown into catalepsy; then M. Janet clenched her left hand (she began at once to strike out), put a pencil in her right, and said, "Adrienne, what are you doing?" The left hand continued to strike, and the face to bear the look of rage, while the right hand wrote, "I am furious." "With whom?" "With F." "Why?" "I don't know, but I am very angry." M. Janet

then unclenched the subject's left hand, and put it gently to her lips. It began to "blow kisses," and the face smiled. "Adrienne, are you still angry?" "No, that's over." "And now?" "Oh, I am happy!" "And Lucie?" "She knows nothing; she is asleep."

In Lucie's case, indeed, these odd manifestations were—as the pure experimentalist might say—only too sanative, only too rapidly tending to normality. M. Janet accompanied his psychological inquiries with therapeutic suggestion, telling Adrienne not only to go to sleep when he clapped his hands, or to answer his questions in writing, but to cease having headaches, to cease having convulsive attacks, to recover normal sensibility, and so on. Adrienne obeyed, and even as she obeyed the rational command, her own Undine-like identity vanished away. The day came when M. Janet called on Adrienne, and Lucie laughed and asked him who he was talking to. Lucie was now a healthy young woman, but Adrienne, who had risen out of the unconscious, had sunk into the unconscious again—must I say?—for ever more.

Few lives so brief have taught so many lessons. For us who are busied with automatic writing the lesson is clear. We have here demonstrably what we can find in other cases only inferentially, an intelligence manifesting itself continuously by written answers, of purport quite outside the normal subject's conscious mind, while yet that intelligence was but a part, a fraction, an aspect, of the normal subject's own identity.

And we must remember that Adrienne—while she was, if I may say so, the Unconscious Self reduced to its simplest expression—did, nevertheless, manifest certain differences from Lucie, which, if slightly exaggerated, might have been very perplexing. Her handwriting was slightly different, though only in the loose and scrawling character so frequent in automatic script. Again, Adrienne remembered certain incidents in Lucie's childhood which Lucie had wholly forgotten. Once more—and this last suggestion points to positive rather than to negative conclusions—Adrienne possessed a faculty, the muscular sense, of which Lucie was devoid. I am anxious that this point especially should be firmly grasped, for I wish the reader's mind to be perfectly open as regards the relative faculties of the Conscious and the Unconscious Self. It is plain that we must be on the watch for completion, for evolution, as well as for partition, for dissolution, of the corporate being.

*Félida X. and her Submerged Soul.*

Side by side with this case we have another in which the Conscious Personality, instead of being cured, has been superseded by the Sub-conscious. It was as if instead of "Adrienne" being submerged by Lucie, "Adrienne" became Lucie and dethroned her former master. The woman in question, Félida X., has been transformed.

In her case the somnambulic life has become the normal life; the "second state," which appeared at first only in short, dream-like accesses, has gradually replaced the 'first state,' which now



recurs but for a few hours at long intervals. Félicité's second state is altogether superior to the first—physically superior, since the nervous pains which had troubled her from childhood had disappeared ; and morally superior, inasmuch as her morose, self-centred disposition is exchanged for a cheerful activity which enables her to attend to her children and to her shop much more effectively than when she was in the *état bête*, as she now calls what was once the only personality that she knew. In this case, then, which is now of nearly thirty years' standing, the spontaneous readjustment of nervous activities—the second state, no memory of which remains in the first state—has resulted in an improvement profounder than could have been anticipated from any moral or medical treatment that we know. The case shows us how often the word "normal" means nothing more than "what happens to exist." For Félicité's normal state was in fact her morbid state ; and the new condition which seemed at first a mere hysterical abnormality, has brought her to a life of bodily and mental sanity, which makes her fully the equal of average women of her class. (Vol. IV. p. 503.)

## CHAPTER III.

### MADAME B. AND HER THREE SOULS.

MARVELLOUS as the cases cited in the last chapter appear, they are thrown entirely into the shade by the case of Madame B., in which the two personalities not only exist side by side, but in the case of the Sub-conscious self knowingly co-exist, while over or beneath both there is a third personality which is aware of both the other two, and apparently superior to both. The possibilities which this case opens up are bewildering indeed. But it is better to state the case first and discuss it afterwards. Madame B., who is still under Prof. Richet's observations,\* is one of the favourite subjects of the French hypnotiser. She can be put to sleep at almost any distance, and when hypnotised completely changes her character. There are two well-defined personalities in her, and a third of a more mysterious nature than either of the two first. The normal waking state of the woman is called Léonie I., the hypnotic state Léonie II. The third occult Unconscious Personality of the lowest depth is called Léonie III.

"This poor peasant," says Professor Janet, "is in her normal state a serious and somewhat melancholy woman, calm and slow, very gentle and extremely timid. No one would suspect the existence of the person whom she includes within

\* 1891.

her. Hardly is she entranced when she is metamorphosed ; her face is no longer the same ; her eyes, indeed, remain closed, but the acuteness of the other senses compensates for the loss of sight. She becomes gay, noisy, and restless to an insupportable degree ; she continues good-natured, but she has acquired a singular tendency to irony and bitter jests. . . . In this state she does not recognise her identity with her waking self. 'That good woman is not I,' she says ; 'she is too stupid !' "

Madame B. has been so often hypnotised, and during so many years (for she was hypnotised by other physicians as long ago as 1860), that Léonie II. has by this time acquired a considerable stock of memories which Madame B. does not share. Léonie II., therefore, counts as properly belonging to her own history and not to Madame B.'s all the events which have taken place while Madame B.'s normal self was hypnotised into unconsciousness. It was not always easy at first to understand this partition of past experiences.

"Madame B. in the normal state," says Professor Janet, "has a husband and children. Léonie II., speaking in the somnambulistic trance, attributes the husband to the 'other' (Madame B.), but attributes the children to herself. . . . At last I learnt that her former mesmerisers, as bold in their practice as certain hypnotisers of to-day, had induced somnambulism at the time of her accouchements. Léonie II., therefore, was quite right in attributing the children to herself ; the rule of partition was unbroken, and the somnam-

bulism was characterised by a duplication of the subject's existence" (p. 391).

Still more extraordinary are Léonie II.'s attempts to make use of Léonie I.'s limbs without her knowledge or against her will. She will write postscripts to Léonie I.'s letters, of the nature of which poor Léonie I. is unconscious.

It seems, however, that when once set up this new personality can occasionally assume the initiative, and can say what it wants to say without any prompting. This is curiously illustrated by what may be termed a conjoint epistle addressed to Professor Janet by Madame B. and her secondary self, Léonie II. "She had," he says, "left Havre more than two months when I received from her a very curious letter. On the first page was a short note written in a serious and respectful style. She was unwell, she said—worse on some days than on others—and she signed her true name, Madame B. But over the page began another letter in quite a different style, and which I may quote as a curiosity:—'My dear good sir,—I must tell you that B. really makes me suffer very much; she cannot sleep, she spits blood, she hurts me. I am going to demolish her, she bores me. I am ill also. This is from your devoted Leontine' (the name first given to Léonie II.).

"When Madame B. returned to Havre I naturally questioned her concerning this curious missive. She remembered the first letter very distinctly, but she had not the slightest recollection of the second. I at first thought there must have been

an attack of spontaneous somnambulism between the moment when she finished the first letter and the moment when she closed the envelope. But afterwards these unconscious, spontaneous letters became common, and I was better able to study the mode of their production. I was fortunately able to watch Madame B. on one occasion while she went through this curious performance. She was seated at a table, and held in the left hand the piece of knitting at which she had been working. Her face was calm, her eyes looked into space with a certain fixity, but she was not cataleptic, for she was humming a rustic tune; her right hand wrote quickly, and, as it were, surreptitiously. I removed the paper without her noticing me, and then spoke to her; she turned round wide-awake but was surprised to see me, for in her state of distraction she had not noticed my approach. Of the letter which she was writing she knew nothing whatever.

“Léonie II.’s independent action is not entirely confined to writing letters. She observed (apparently) that when her primary self, Léonie I., discovered these letters she (Léonie I.) tore them up. So Léonie II. hit upon a plan of placing them in a photographic album into which Léonie I. could not look without falling into catalepsy (on account of an association of ideas with Dr. Gibert, whose portrait had been in the album). In order to accomplish an act like this Léonie II. has to wait for a moment when Léonie I. is distracted, or, as we say, absent-minded. If she can catch her in this state Léonie II. can direct Léonie I.’s walks,

for instance, or start on a long railway journey without baggage, in order to get to Havre as quickly as possible."

In the whole realm of imaginative literature, is there anything to compare to this actual fact of three selves in one body, each struggling to get possession of it? Léonie I., or the Conscious Personality, is in possession normally, but is constantly being ousted by Léonie II., or the Sub-conscious Personality. It is the old, old case of the wife trying to wear the breeches. But there is a fresh terror beyond. For behind both Léonie I. and Léonie II. stands the mysterious Léonie III.

"The spontaneous acts of the Unconscious Self," says M. Janet, here meaning by *l'inconscient* the entity to which he has given the name of Léonie III., "may also assume a very reasonable form—a form which, were it better understood, might perhaps serve to explain certain cases of insanity. Mme. B., during her somnambulism (*i.e.*, Léonie II.) had had a sort of hysterical crisis; she was restless and noisy and I could not quiet her. Suddenly she stopped and said to me with terror. 'Oh, who is talking to me like that? It frightens me.' 'No one is talking to you.' 'Yes! there on the left!' And she got up and tried to open a wardrobe on her left hand, to see if some one was hidden there. 'What is that you hear?' I asked. 'I hear on the left a voice which repeats, "Enough, enough, be quiet, you are a nuisance."' Assuredly the voice which thus spoke was a reasonable one, for Léonie II. was insupportable; but I had suggested nothing of

the kind, and had no idea of inspiring a hallucination of hearing. Another day Léonie II. was quite calm, but obstinately refused to answer a question which I asked. Again she heard with terror the same voice to the left, saying, 'Come, be sensible, you must answer.' Thus the Unconscious sometimes gave her excellent advice."

And in effect, as soon as Léonie III. was summoned into communication, she accepted the responsibility of this counsel. "What was it that happened?" asked M. Janet, "when Léonie II. was so frightened?" "Oh! nothing. It was I who told her to keep quiet; I saw she was annoying you; I don't know why she was so frightened."

Note the significance of this incident. Here we have got at the root of a hallucination. We have not merely inferential but direct evidence that the imaginary voice which terrified Léonie II. proceeded from a profounder stratum of consciousness in the same individual. In what way, by the aid of what nervous mechanism, was the startling monition conveyed?

Just as Mme. B. was sent, by means of passes, into a state of lethargy, from which she emerged as Léonie II., so Léonie II., in her turn, was reduced by renewed passes to a state of lethargy from which she emerged no longer as Léonie II. but as Léonie III. This second waking is slow and gradual, but the personality which emerges is, in one important point, superior to either Léonie I. or Léonie II. Although one among the subject's phases, this phase possesses the memory of every phase. Léonie III., like Léonie II., knows the normal life

of Léonie I., but distinguishes herself from Léonie I., in whom, it must be said, these subjacent personalities appear to take little interest. But Léonie III. also remembers the life of Léonie II.—condemns her as noisy and frivolous, and is anxious not to be confounded with her either. “ Vous voyez bien que je ne suis pas cette bavarde, cette folle ; nous ne nous ressemblons pas du tout.”

We ask, in amazement, how many more personalities may there not be hidden in the human frame ? Here is simple Madame B., who is not one person but three—first her commonplace self ; secondly, the clever, chattering Léonie II., who is bored by B., and who therefore wants to demolish her ; and thirdly, the lordly Léonie III., who issues commands that strike terror into Léonie II., and disdains to be identified with either of the partners in Madame B.’s body.

It is evident, if the hypnotists are right, that the human body is more like a tenement house than a single cell, and that the inmates love each other no more than the ordinary occupants of tenemented property. But how many are there of us within each skin who can say ?



## CHAPTER IV.

### SOME SUGGESTED THEORIES.

OF theories to account for these strange phenomena there are enough and to spare. I do not for a moment venture to claim for the man and wife illustration the slightest scientific value. It is only a figure of speech which brings out very clearly one aspect of the problem of personality. The theory that there are two independent personalities within the human skin is condemned by all orthodox psychologists. There is one personality manifesting itself, usually consciously, but occasionally unconsciously, and the different method of manifestation differs so widely as to give the impression that there could not be the same personality behind both. A man who is ambidextrous will sign his name differently with his right or left hand, but it is the same signature. Mr. Myers thinks that the Secondary Personality of Subliminal Consciousness is merely a phase of the essential Unity of the Ego. Some time ago he expressed himself on this subject as follows :—

“ I hold that hypnotism (itself a word covering a vast variety of different states) may be regarded as constituting one special case which falls under a far wider category—the category, namely, of developments of a Secondary Personality. I hold that we each of us contain the potentialities of many different arrangements of the elements of

our personality, each arrangement being distinguishable from the rest by differences in the chain of memories which pertain to it. The arrangement with which we habitually identify ourselves—what we call the normal or primary self—consists, in my view, of elements selected for us in the struggle for existence with special reference to the maintenance of ordinary physical needs, and is not necessarily superior in any other respect to the latent personalities which lie alongside of it—the fresh combinations of our personal elements which may be evoked by accident or design, in a variety to which we at present can assign no limit. I consider that dreams, with natural somnambulism, automatic writing, with so-called mediumistic trance, as well as certain intoxications, epilepsies, hysterias, and recurrent insanities, afford examples of the development of what I have called secondary mnemonic chains ; fresh personalities, more or less complete, alongside the normal state. And I would add that hypnotism is only the name given to a group of empirical methods of inducing these fresh personalities.”

A doctor in philosophy, to whom I submitted these pages, writes me as follows :—“ There can be no doubt that every man lives a sub-conscious as well as a conscious life. One side of him is closed against examination by himself (*i.e.* unconscious) ; the other is conscious of itself. The former carries on processes of separation, combination, and distribution, of the thought-stuff handed over to it, corresponding almost exactly to the processes carried on by the stomach, which,

as compared with those of eating, etc., go on in the dark automatically."

Another doctor, not of philosophy but of medicine, who has devoted special attention to the phenomenon of sleep, suggests a new illustration which is graphic and suggestive. He writes :—

" With regard to dual or multiple consciousness, my own feeling has always been that the *individuals* stand one behind the other in the chambers of the mind, or else, as it were, in concentric circles. You may compare it to the Jewish tabernacle. First, there is the court of the Gentiles, where Ego No. 1 chaffers about trifles with the outer world. While he is so doing Ego No. 2 watches him from the court of the Levites, but does not go forth on small occasions. When we ' open out ' to a friend the Levite comes forth, and is in turn watched by the priest from the inner court. Let our emotions be stirred in sincere converse and out strides the priest, and takes precedence of the other two, they falling obediently and submissively behind him. But the priest is still watched by the high priest from the tabernacle itself, and only on great and solemn occasions does he make himself manifest by action. When he does, the other three yield to his authority, and then we say the man ' speaks with his whole soul ' and ' from the bottom of his heart.' But even now the Shekinah is upon the mercy-seat within the Holy of holies, and the high priest knows it."

The latest word\* of the French psychologists is thus stated by M. Foüillée :—

\* 1891.

“Contemporary psychology deprives us of the illusion of a definitely limited, impenetrable, and absolutely autonomous I. The conception of individual consciousness must be of an idea rather than of a substance. Though separate *in* the universe, we are not separate *from* the universe. Continuity and reciprocity of action exist everywhere. This is the great law and the great mystery. There is no such thing as an isolated and veritably monad being, any more than there is such a thing as an indivisible point, except in the abstractions of geometry.”

Whatever may be the true theory, it is evident that there is enough mystery about personality to make us very diffident about dogmatizing, especially as to what is possible and what is not.

Whether we have one mind or two, let us, at least, keep it (or them) open.

## PART II.

### THE THOUGHT BODY, OR THE DOUBLE.

"And as Peter knocked at the door of the gate, a damsel came to hearken, named Rhoda. And when she knew Peter's voice, she ran in and told how Peter stood before the gate. And they said unto her, Thou art mad. But she constantly affirmed that it was even so. Then said they, It is his angel (or double)."—ACTS xil. 13-15.

## CHAPTER I.

### AERIAL JOURNEYINGS.

I BEGAN to write this in the autumn of 1891 in a small country-house among the Surrey hills, whither I had retreated in order to find undisturbed leisure in which to arrange my ideas and array my facts. It was a pleasant place enough, perched on the brow of a heath-covered slope that dipped down to a ravine, at the head of which stands Professor Tyndall's house with its famous screen. Hardly a mile away northward lies the Devil's Punch Bowl, with its memorial stone erected in abhorrence of the detestable murder perpetrated on its rim by ruffians whose corpses slowly rotted as they swung on the gibbet overhead; far to the south spreads the glorious

amphitheatre of hills which constitute the Highlands of the South.

The Portsmouth road, along which for hundreds of years rolled to and fro the tide of martial life between London and the great Sea Gate of the Realm, lies near by, silent and almost disused. Mr. Balfour's land, on the brow of Hindhead, is enclosed but not yet built upon, although a whole archipelago of cottages and villas is springing up amid the heather as the ground slopes towards Selborne—White's Selborne—that can dimly be descried to the westward beyond Liphook Common. Memories there are, enough and to spare, of the famous days of old, and of the not less famous men of our own time; but the ghosts have fled. "There used to be a ghost in the mill," said my driver, "and another in a comparatively new house over in Lord Tennyson's direction, but we hear nothing about them now." "Not even at the Murder Stone of the Devil's Punch Bowl?" "Not even at the Murder Stone. I have driven past it at all hours, and never saw anything—but the stone, of course."

Yet a more suitable spot for a ghost could hardly be conceived than the rim of the Devil's Punch Bowl, where the sailor was murdered, and where afterwards his murderers were hanged. I visited it late at night, when the young moon was beginning to struggle through the cloudy sky, and looked down into the ravine which Cobbett declared was the most horrid place God ever made; but no sign of ghostly visitant could be caught among the bracken, no sound of the

dead voices was audible in the air. It is the way with ghosts—they seldom appear where they might be looked for. It is the unexpected in the world of shadows, as in the workaday world, which always happens.

Of this I had soon a very curious illustration. For, although there were no ghosts in the Devil's Punch Bowl by the Murder Stone, I found that there had been a ghost in the trim new little villa in which I was quartered! It didn't appear to me—at least, it has not done so as yet. But it appeared to some friends of mine whose statement is explicit enough. Here was a find indeed. I spent most of my boyhood within a mile of the famous haunted house or mill at Willington, but I had never slept before in a place which ghosts used as a trysting place. I asked my hostess about it. She replied, "Yes, it is quite true; but, although you may not believe it, I am the ghost." "You? How?" "Yes," she replied, quite seriously; "it is quite true what your friends have told you. They did see what you would correctly describe as an apparition. That is to say, they saw a more or less shadowy figure, which they at once identified, and which then gradually faded away. It was an apparition in the true sense of the word. It entered the room without using the door or window, it was visibly manifested before them, and then it vanished. All that is quite true. But it is also true that the ghost, as you call it, was my ghost." "Your ghost, but ——" "I am not dead, you are going to say. Precisely. But surely you must be well

aware of the fact that the ghosts of the living are much better authenticated than ghosts of the dead."

My hostess was the daughter of a well-known London solicitor, who, after spending her early youth in dancing and riding and other diversions of young ladies in society who have the advantage of a house in Park Lane, suddenly became possessed by a strange, almost savage, fascination for the occult lore of the ancient East. Abandoning the frivolities of Mayfair, she went to Girton, where she plunged into the study of Sanscrit. After leaving Girton, she applied herself to the study of the occult side of Theosophy. Then she married a black magician in the platonic fashion common to Occultists, early Christians, and Russian Nihilists, and since then she has prosecuted her studies into the invisible world with ever-increasing interest.

### *The Thought Body.*

"I see you are incredulous," she replied; "but, if you like, I will some time afford you an opportunity of proving that I am simply speaking the truth. Tell me, will you speak to me if I appear to you in my thought body?" "Certainly," I replied, "unless I am struck dumb. Nothing would please me better. But, of course, I have never seen a ghost, and no one can say how any utterly unaccustomed experience may affect him." "Unfortunately," she replied, "that is too often the case. All those to whom I have hitherto appeared have been so scared they could not



“speak.” “But, my dear friend, do you actually mean to say that you have the faculty of——” “Going about in my Thought Body? Most certainly. It is not a very uncommon faculty, but it is one which needs cultivation and development.” “But what is a Thought Body?” My hostess smiled: “It is difficult to explain truths on the plane of thought to those who are immersed body and soul in matter. I can only tell you that every person has, in addition to this natural body of flesh, bones, and blood, a Thought Body, the exact counterpart in every respect of this material frame. It is contained within the material body, as air is contained in the lungs and in the blood. It is of finer matter than the gross fabric of our outward body. It is capable of motion with the rapidity of thought. The laws of space and time do not exist for the mind, and the Thought Envelope of which we are speaking moves with the swiftness of the mind.”

“Then when your thought body appears?”

“My mind goes with it. I see, I hear, and my consciousness is with my Thought Envelope. But I want to have a proper interview while on my thought journeys. That is why I ask you if you would try to speak to me if I appear.”

“But,” I objected, “do you really mean that you hope to appear before me, in my office, as immaterial as gas, as visible as light, and yet to speak, to touch?”

“That is just what I mean,” she replied, laughing, “that and nothing less. I was in your office the other morning at six o’clock, but no one

was there. I have not got this curious power as yet under complete control. But when once we are able to direct it at will, imagine what possibilities it unfolds ! ”

“ But,” said I, “ if you can be seen and touched, you ought to be photographed ! ”

“ I wish to be photographed, but no one can say as yet whether such thought bodies can be photographed. When next I make the experiment I want you to try. It would be very useful.”

Useful indeed ! It does not require very vivid imagination to see that if you can come and go to the uttermost parts of the world in your thought shape, such Thought Bodies will be indispensable henceforth on every enterprising newspaper. It would be a great saving on telegraphy. When my ideal paper comes along, I mentally vowed I would have my hostess as first member of my staff. But of course it had got to be proved, and that not only once but a dozen times, before any reliance could be placed on it.

“ I often come down here,” said my hostess cheerfully, “ after breakfast. I just lie down in my bedroom in town, and in a moment I find myself here at Hindhead. Sometimes I am seen, sometimes I am not. But I am here ; seen or unseen, I see. It is a curious gift, and one which I am studying hard to develop and to control.”

“ And what about clothes ? ” I asked. “ Oh,” replied my hostess airily, “ I go in whatever clothes I like. There are astral counterparts to all our garments. It by no means follows that I appear in the same dress as that which is worn

by my material body. I remember, when I appeared to your friend, I wore the astral counterpart of a white silk shawl, which was at the time folded away in the wardrobe."

At this point, however, in order to anticipate the inevitable observation that my hostess was insane, I think I had better introduce the declarations of my two friends, who are quite clear and explicit as to their recollection of what they saw.

My witnesses are mother and daughter. The daughter I have seen and interviewed ; the mother I could not see, but took a statement down from her husband, who subsequently submitted it in proof to her for correction. I print the daughter's statement first.

" About eighteen months ago (in May, 1890) I was staying at the house of my friend in M—— Mansions. Mrs. M. had gone to her country house at Hindhead for a fortnight and was not expected back for a week. I was sitting in the kitchen reading Edna Lyall's ' Donovan.' About half-past nine o'clock I distinctly heard Mrs. M. walk up and down the passage which ran from the front door past the open door of the room in which I was sitting. I was not thinking of Mrs. M. and did not at the time realize that she was not in the flat, when suddenly I heard her voice and saw her standing at the open door. I saw her quite distinctly, and saw that she was dressed in the dress in which I had usually seen her in an evening, without bonnet or hat, her hair being plaited low down close to the back of her head. The dress, I said, was the same, but there were two differ-

ences which I noticed at once. In her usual dress, the silk front was grey ; this time the grey colour had given place to a curious amber, and over her shoulders she wore a shawl of white Indian silk. I noticed it particularly, because the roses embroidered on it at its ends did not correspond with each other. All this I saw as I looked up and heard her say, ' T——, give me that book.' I answered, half mechanically, ' Yes, Mrs. M.,' but felt somewhat startled. I had hardly spoken when Mrs. M. turned, opened the door leading into the main building, and went out. I instantly got up and followed her to the door. It was closed. I opened it and looked out, but could see nobody. It was not until then that I fully realised that there was something uncanny in what I had seen. I was very frightened, and after having satisfied myself that Mrs. M. was not in the flat, I fastened the door, put out the lights, and went to bed, burying my head under the bedclothes.

" The post next day brought a letter from Mrs. M. saying that she was coming by eleven o'clock. I was too frightened to stay in the house, and I went to my father and told him what I had seen. He told me to go back and hear what Mrs. M. had to say about the matter. When Mrs. M. arrived I told her what I had seen on the preceding evening. She laughed, and said, Oh !' I was here then, was I ? I did not expect to come here.' With that exception I have seen no apparition whatever, or had any hallucination of any kind, neither have I seen the apparition of Mrs. M. again."

After hearing this statement I asked Mrs. M. what she meant by the remark she had made on hearing Miss C.'s explanation of what she had witnessed. My hostess replied, "That night when I passed into the trance state, and lay down on the couch in the sitting-room at Hindhead, I did so with the desire of visiting my husband, who was in his retreat at Wimbledon. That, I should say, was between nine and half-past. After I came out of the trance I was conscious that I had been somewhere, but I did not know where. I started from Hindhead for Wimbledon, but landed at M—— Mansions, where, no doubt, I was more at home." "Then you had no memory of where you had been?" "Not the least." "And what about the shawl?" "The shawl was one that Miss C. had never seen. I had not worn it for two years, and the fact that she saw it and described it, is conclusive evidence against the subjective character of the vision. The originals of all the phantom clothes were at M—— Mansions at the time Miss C. saw me wearing them. I was not wearing the shawl. At the time when she saw it on my Thought Body it was folded up and put away in a wardrobe in an adjoining room. She had never seen it." I asked Miss C. what was the appearance of Mrs. M. She replied, "She just looked as she does always, only much more beautiful." How do you account," said I to my hostess, "for the change in colour of the silk front from grey to amber?" She replied, "It was a freak."

I then asked Mr. C., the father of the last witness, what had occurred in his wife's experience.

Here is the statement which his wife made to him, and which he says is absolutely reliable. "I was staying at Hindhead, in the lodge connected with the house in which you are staying. I was in some trouble, and Mrs. M. had been somewhat anxious about me. I had gone to sleep, but was suddenly aroused by the consciousness that some one was bending over me. When I opened my eyes I saw in shimmering outline a figure which I recognised at once as that of Mrs. M. She was bending over me, and her great lustrous eyes seemed to pierce my very soul. For a time I lay still, as if paralysed, being unable either to speak or to move, but at last gaining courage with time I ventured to strike a match. As soon as I did so the figure of Mrs. M. disappeared. Feeling reassured and persuaded that I had been deluded by my senses, I at last put out the light and composed myself to sleep. To my horror, no sooner was the room dark than I saw the spectral, shimmering form of Mrs. M. moving about the room, and always turning towards me those wonderful, piercing eyes. I again struck a match, and again the apparition vanished from the room.

"By this time I was in a mortal terror, and it was some time before I ventured to put out the light again, when a third time I saw the familiar presence which had evidently never left the room, but simply been invisible in the light. In the dark it shone by its own radiance. I was taken seriously ill with a violent palpitation of the heart, and kept my light burning. I felt so utterly upset that I could not remain any longer in the place

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and insisted next morning on going home. I did not touch the phantom, I simply saw it—saw it three times; and its haunting persistency rendered it quite impossible for me to mistake it for any mere nightmare.”

Neither Mrs. nor Miss C. have had any other hallucinations, and Mrs. C. is strongly sceptical. She does not deny the accuracy of the above statement, but scouts the theory of a Thought Body, or of any supernatural or occult explanation. On hearing Mrs. C.'s evidence I asked my hostess whether she was conscious of haunting her guest in this way. “I knew nothing about it,” she replied; “all that I know was that I had been much troubled about her and was anxious to help her. I went into a very heavy, deep sleep; but until next morning, when I heard of it from Mrs. C. I had no idea that my double had left my room.” I said, “This power is rather gruesome, for you might take to haunting me.” “I do not think so, unless there was something to be gained which could not be otherwise secured, some benefit to be conferred upon you.” “That is to say, if I were in trouble or dangerously ill, and you were anxious about me, your double might come and attend my sick-bed.” “That is quite possible,” she said imperturbably. “Well,” said I, “when are you coming to be photographed?” “Not for many months yet,” she replied, with a laugh. “For the Thought Body to leave its corporeal tenement it needs a considerable concentration of thought, and an absence of all disturbing conditions or absorbing preoccupations at the time. I see no

reason why I should not be photographed when the circumstances are propitious. I shall be very glad to furnish you with that evidence of the reality of the Thought Body, but such things cannot be fixed up to order."

This, indeed, was a ghost to some purpose—a ghost free from all the weird associations of death and the grave—a healthy, utilisable ghost, and a ghost, above all, which wanted to be photographed. It seemed too good to be true. Yet how strange it was! Here we have just been discussing whether or not we have each of us two souls, and, behold! my good hostess tells me quite calmly that it is beyond all doubt that we have two bodies.

### *Three Other Aerial Wanderers.*

A short time after hearing from my hostess this incredible account of her aerial journeyings, I received first hand from three other ladies statements that they had also enjoyed this faculty of bodily duplication. All four ladies are between twenty and forty years of age. Three of them are married. The first says she has almost complete control over her movements, but for the most part her phantasmal envelope is invisible to those whom she visits.

This, it may be said, is mere conscious clairvoyance, in which the faculty of sight was accompanied by the consciousness of bodily presence, although it is invisible to other eyes. It is, besides, purely subjective and therefore beside the mark. Still, it is interesting as embodying



the impressions of a mind, presumably sane, as to the experiences through which it has consciously passed. On the same ground I may refer to the experience of Miss X., the second lady referred to, who, when lying, as it was believed, at the point of death, declares that she was quite conscious of coming out of her body and looking at it as it lay in the bed. In all the cases I have yet mentioned the departure of the phantasmal body is accompanied by a state of trance on the part of the material body. There is not dual consciousness, but only a dual body, the consciousness being confined to the immaterial body.

It is otherwise with the experience of the fourth wanderer in my text. Mrs. Wedgwood, the daughter-in-law of Mr. Hensleigh Wedgwood, the well-known philologist, who was Charles Darwin's cousin, declares that she had once a very extraordinary experience. She was lying on a couch in an upper room one wintry morning at Shorncliffe, when she felt her Thought Body leave her and, passing through the window, alight on the snowy ground. She was distinctly conscious both in her material body and in its immaterial counterpart. She lay on the couch watching the movements of the second self, which at the same moment felt the snow cold under its feet. The second self met a labourer and spoke to him. He replied as if somewhat scared. The second self walked down the road and entered an officer's hut, which was standing empty. She noted the number of guns. There were a score or more of all kinds in all manner of places; remarked upon the quaint

looking-glass ; took a mental inventory of the furniture ; and then, coming out as she went in, she regained her material body, which all the while lay perfectly conscious on the couch. Then, when the two selves were reunited, she went down to breakfast, and described where she had been. " Bless me," said an officer, who was one of the party, " if you have not been in Major ——'s hut. You have described it exactly, especially the guns, which he has a perfect mania for collecting."

Here the immaterial body was not only visible but audible, and that not merely to the casual passer-by, but also to the material body which had for the moment parted with one of its vital constituents without losing consciousness.

It must, of course, be admitted that, with the exception of the statement by my two friends as to the apparition of Mrs. M.'s immaterial body, none of the other statements can pretend to the slightest evidential value. They may be worth as much as the confessions of the witches who swore they were dancing with Satan while their husbands held their material bodies clasped in their arms ; but any explanation of subjective hallucination or of downright lying would be preferred by the majority of people to the acceptance of the simple accuracy of these statements. The phenomenon of the aerial flight is, however, not unfamiliar to those who are interested in this subject.

### *Mrs. Besant's Theory.*

I asked Mrs. Besant whether she thought my hostess was romancing, and whether my friend had

not been the victim of some illusion. "Oh, no," said Mrs. Besant cheerfully. "There is nothing improbable about it. Very possibly she has this faculty. It is not so uncommon as you think. But its exercise is rather dangerous, and I hope she is well instructed." "How?" I asked. "Oh," Mrs. Besant replied, "it is all right if she knows what she is about, but it is just as dangerous to go waltzing about on the astral plane as it is for a girl to go skylarking down a dark slum when roughs are about. Elementals, with the desire to live, greedily appropriating the vitality and the passions of men, are not the pleasantest companions. Nor can other astrals of the dead, who have met with sudden or violent ends, and whose passions are unslaked, be regarded as desirable acquaintances. If she knows what she is about, well and good. But otherwise she is like a child playing with dynamite."

"But what is an astral body?"

Mrs. Besant replied, "There are several astrals, each with its own characteristics. The lowest astral body taken in itself is without conscience, will, or intelligence. It exists as a mere shadowy phantasm only as long as the material body lasts."

"Then the mummies in the Museum?" "No doubt a clairvoyant could see their astrals keeping their silent watch by the dead. As the body decays so the astral fades away." "But that implies the possibility of a decaying ghost?"

"Certainly. An old friend of mine, a lady who bears a well-known name, was once haunted for months by an astral. She was a strong-minded

girl, and she didn't worry. But it was rather ghastly when the astral began to decay. As the corpse decomposed the astral shrank, until at last, to her great relief, it entirely disappeared."

Mrs. Besant mentioned the name of the lady, who is well known to many of my readers, and one of the last to be suspected of such haunting.

## CHAPTER II.

### THE EVIDENCE OF THE PSYCHICAL RESEARCH SOCIETY.

IN that great text-book on the subject, "The Phantasms of the Living," by Messrs. Gurney, Myers, and Podmore, the phenomenon of the Thought Body is shown to be comparatively frequent, and the Psychical Research Society have about a hundred recorded instances. I will only quote here two or three of the more remarkable cases mentioned in these imposing volumes.

The best case of the projection of the Thought Body at will is that described, under the initials of "S. H. B.," in the first volume of the "Phantasms," pp. 104-109. Mr. B. is a member of the Stock Exchange, who is well known to many intimate friends of mine as a man of high character. The narrative, which is verified by the Psychical Research Society, places beyond doubt the existence of powers in certain individuals which open up an almost illimitable field of mystery and speculation. Mr. B.'s story, in brief, is this:—

"One Sunday night in November, 1881, I was in Kildare Gardens, when I willed very strongly that I would visit in spirit two lady friends, the Misses V., who were living three miles off in Hogarth Road. I willed that I should do this at one o'clock in the morning, and having willed it I

went to sleep. Next Thursday, when I first met my friends, the elder lady told me she woke up and saw my apparition advancing to her bedside. She screamed and woke her sister, who also saw me." (A signed statement by both sisters accompanies this narrative. They fix the time at one o'clock, and say that Mr. B. wore evening dress.)

"On December 1st, 1882, I was at Southall. At half-past nine I sat down to endeavour to fix my mind so strongly upon the interior of a house at Kew, where Miss V. and her sister lived, that I seemed to be actually in the house. I was conscious, but I was in a kind of mesmeric sleep. When I went to bed that night I willed to be in the front bedroom of that house at Kew at twelve, and make my presence felt by the inmates. Next day I went to Kew. Miss V.'s married sister told me, without any prompting from me, that she had seen me in the passage going from one room to another at half-past nine o'clock, and that at twelve, when she was wide awake, she saw me come into the front bedroom where she slept and take her hair, which is very long, into my hand. She said I then took her hand and gazed into the palm intently. She said, 'You need not look at the lines, for I never had any trouble.' She then woke her sister. When Mrs. L. told me this I took out the entry I had made the previous night and read it to her. Mrs. L. is quite sure she was not dreaming. She had only seen me once before, two years previously, at a fancy ball.

"On March 22nd, 1884, I wrote to Mr. Gurney,

of the Psychical Research Society, telling him I was going to make my presence felt by Miss V., at 44, Norland Square, at mid-night. Ten days afterwards I saw Miss V., when she voluntarily told me that on Saturday at midnight she distinctly saw me, when she was quite wide awake. I came towards her and stroked her hair. She adds in her written statement, 'The appearance in my room was most vivid and quite unmistakable.' I was then at Ealing."

Here there is the thrice-repeated projection at will of the Thought Body through space so as to make it both visible to, and tangible by, friends. But the Conscious Personality which willed the visit has not yet unlocked the memory of his unconscious partner, and Mr. B., although able to go and see and touch, could bring back no memory of his aerial flight. All that he knew was that he willed and then he slept. The fact that he appeared is attested not by his consciousness, but by the evidence of those who saw him.

### *A Visitor from Burmah.*

Here is a report of the apparition of a Thought Body, the material original of which was at the time in Burmah. The case is important, because the Thought Body was not recognised at the time, showing that it could not have been a subjective revival of the memory of a face. It is sent me by a gentleman in South Kensington, who wishes to be mentioned only by his initials, R.S.S.

"Towards the close of 1888 my son, who had obtained an appointment in the Indian Civil Service, left England for Burmah.

"A few days after his arrival in Rangoon he was sent up the country to join the District Commissioner of a district still at that period much harassed by Dacoits.

"After this two mails passed by without news of him, and as, up to this period, his letters had reached us with unfailing regularity, we had a natural feeling of anxiety for his safety. As the day for the arrival of the third mail drew near I became quite unreasonably apprehensive of bad news, and in this state of mind I retired one evening to bed, and lay awake till long past the middle of the night, when suddenly, close to my bedside, appeared very distinctly the figure of a young man. The face had a worn and rather sad expression; but in the few seconds during which it was visible the impression was borne in upon me that the vision was intended to be reassuring.

"I cannot explain why I did not at once associate this form with my son, but it was so unlike the hale, fresh-looking youth we had parted from only four or five months previously that I supposed it must be his chief, whom I knew to be his senior by some five years only.

"I related this incident to my son by the next mail, and was perplexed when I got his reply to hear that his chief was a man with a beard and moustache, whereas the apparition was devoid of either. A little later came a portrait of himself recently taken. It was the subject of my vision, of which the traits had remained, and still remain, in every detail, perfectly distinct in my recollection."



*Thought Visits Seen and Remembered.*

Here is an account of a visit paid at will, which is reported at first hand in the "Proceedings of the Psychical Research Society." The narrator, Mr. John Moule, tells how he determined to make an experiment of the kind now under discussion :—

"I chose for this purpose a young lady, a Miss Drasey, and stated that some day I intended to visit her, wherever the place might be, although the place might be unknown to me ; and told her if anything particular should occur to note the time, and when she called at my house again to state if anything had occurred. One day, about two months after (I not having seen her in the interval), I was by myself in my chemical factory, Redman Row, Mile End, London, all alone, and I determined to try the experiment, the lady being in Dalston, about three miles off. I stood, raised my hands, and willed to act on the lady. I soon felt that I had expended energy. I immediately sat down in a chair and went to sleep. I then saw in a dream my friend coming down the kitchen stairs where I dreamt I was. She saw me, and exclaimed suddenly, 'Oh ! Mr. Moule,' and fainted away. This I dreamt and then awoke. I thought very little about it, supposing I had had an ordinary dream ; but about three weeks after she came to my house and related to my wife the singular occurrence of her seeing me sitting in the kitchen where she then was, and she fainted away and nearly dropped some dishes she had in her hands. All this I saw exactly in my dream, so that I described the kitchen furniture and where I sat

as perfectly as if I had been there, though I had never been in the house. I gave many details, and she said, 'It is just as if you had been there.' " (Vol. III. pp. 420, 421.)

Mr. W. A. S., to quote another case, in April, 1871, at two o'clock in the afternoon, was sitting in a house in Pall Mall. He saw a lady glide in backwards at the door of the room, as if she had been slid in on a slide, each part of her dress keeping its proper place without disturbance. She glided in until the whole of her could be seen, except the tip of her nose, her lips, and the tip of her chin, which were hidden by the edge of the door. She was an old acquaintance of his, whom he had not seen for twenty or twenty-five years. He observed her closely until his brother entered the house, and coming into the room passed completely through the phantasm, which shortly afterwards faded away. Another person in the room could not see it. Some years afterwards he learned that she had died the same year, six months afterwards, from a painful cancer of the face. It was curious that the phantasm never showed him the front of its face, which was always hidden by the door. (Vol. II. p. 517.)

Sometimes, however, the Thought Body is both conscious and visible, although in most cases when visible it is not conscious, and retains no memory of what has passed. When it remembers it is usually not visible. In Mr. Dale Owen's remarkable volume, "Footfalls on the Boundary of Another World," there is a narrative, entitled "The Visionary Excursion," in which a lady,

whom he calls Mrs. A., whose husband was a brigadier-general in India, describes an aerial flight so explicitly that I venture to reprint her story here, as illustrating the possibility of being visible and at the same time remembering where you had been :—

In June of the year 1857, a lady, whom I shall designate as Mrs. A., was residing with her husband, a colonel in the British army, and their infant child, on Woolwich Common, near London.

One night in the early part of that month, suddenly awaking to consciousness, she felt herself as if standing by the bedside and looking down upon her own body, which lay there by the side of her sleeping husband. Her first impression was that she had died suddenly, and the idea was confirmed by the pale and lifeless look of the body, the face void of expression, and the whole appearance showing no sign of vitality. She gazed at it with curiosity for some time, comparing its dead look with that of the fresh countenances of her husband and of her slumbering infant in the cradle hard by. For a moment she experienced a feeling of relief that she had escaped the pangs of death ; but the next she reflected what a grief her death would be to the survivors, and then came the wish that she had broken the news to them gradually.

While engaged in these thoughts she felt herself carried to the wall of her room, with a feeling that it must arrest her further progress. But no, she seemed to pass through it into the open air. Outside the house was a tree ; and this also she

seemed to traverse as if it interposed no obstacle. All this occurred without any desire on her part.

She crossed Woolwich Common, visited the Arsenal, returned to the barracks, and then found herself in the bed-chamber of an intimate friend, Miss L. M., who lived at Greenwich. She began to talk ; but she remembered no more until she waked by her husband's side. Her first words were, " So I am not dead after all." She told her husband of her excursion, and they agreed to say nothing about it until they heard from Miss L. M.

When they met that lady, two days after, she volunteered the statement that Mrs. A. had appeared to her about three o'clock in the morning of the night before last, robed in violet, and had a conversation with her (" Footfalls on the Boundary of Another World," p. 256.)

### *A Doctor's Experience of the Dual Body.*

Whatever may be thought of the Psychic's description of her experiences in her thought journey, they are vivid and realistic. Here is the description given by a medical man in a well-known watering-place on the south coast of his experience in getting into his material body after an aerial excursion :—

" I was engaged to a young lady whom I very much loved. During the early part of this engagement I visited the Hall in the village, not far from the Vicarage, where the young lady resided. I was in the habit of spending from Sunday to Monday at the Hall. On one of these mornings of my departure I found myself standing between the

two closed windows in the lady's bedroom. It was about five o'clock on a bright summer morning. Her room looked eastward, mine directly west, and the church stood between the two houses, which were about five hundred yards apart. I have no impression whatever how I became transplanted from the house. The lady was in a camp bedstead, directly opposite to me, looking at and reaching out her arms towards me, when my disembodied spirit instantly disappeared to join the material body which it had left in some mysterious way. As I returned and was fitting in to my body on my left side, when half united I could see within me the ununited spiritual part on glow like an electric light, while the other united half was hidden in total darkness, looking black as through a thunder cloud, when, like the shutting of a drawer, the whole body became united, and I awoke in great alarm, with a belief that if any one had entered my room and moved my body from the position in which it lay on its back, the returning spirit could not have joined its material case, and that death, as it is vulgarly called, would have been inevitable."

In the morning at the breakfast-table the young lady said she had a strange experience. She saw M.D. in her bedroom, looking at her as she sat up in bed, and that he disappeared after a short stay ; but how he got there she could not say, as she was positive she had locked her bedroom door. So one experience corroborated the other.\*

\* Quoted from a remarkable work by James Gillingham, surgical mechanist, Chard, Somerset. Mr. Gillingham sent me the name of the doctor, and assures me that the narrative is quite authentic.

*Speaking Doubles.*

While discussing the subject, some friends called at Mowbray House, and were, as usual, asked to pay toll in the shape of communicating any experience they had had of the so-called supernatural. One of my visitors gave me the following narrative, the details of which are in the possession of the Psychical Research Society :—

“Some years ago my father and another son were crossing the Channel at night. My mother, who was living in England, was roused up in the middle of the night by the apparition of my father. She declares that she saw him quite distinctly standing by her bedside, looking anxious and distraught. Knowing that at that moment he was in mid-Channel, she augured that some disaster had overtaken him or the boy. She said, ‘Is there some trouble?’ He said, ‘There is; the boy——’ and then he faded from her sight. The curious part of the story is that my father at that very time had been thinking on board the steamer of having to tell his wife of the loss of the boy. The lad had been missed, and for a short time father feared he had fallen overboard. Shortly afterwards he was discovered to be quite safe. But during the period of suspense father was vividly conscious of the pain of having to break the news to his wife. It was subsequently proved by a comparison of the hour that his double had not only appeared but had spoken at the very moment he was thinking of how to tell her the news mid-way between France and England.”

Another case in which the double appeared was

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that of Dr. F. R. Lees, the well-known temperance controversialist. On communicating with the Doctor, the following is his reply :—

“ The little story or incident of which you have heard occurred above thirty years ago, and may be related in very few words. Whether it was coincidence, or transference of vivid thought, I leave to the judgment of others.

“ I had left Leeds for the Isle of Jersey (though my dear wife was only just recovering from a nervous fever) to fulfil an important engagement. On a Good Friday, myself and a party of friends in several carriages drove round a large portion of the island, coming back to St. Heliers from Bouley Bay, taking tea about seven o'clock at Captain ——'s villa. The party broke up about ten o'clock, and the weather being fine and warm, I walked to the house of a banker who entertained me. Naturally, my evening thoughts reverted to my home, and after reading a few verses in my Testament, I walked about the room until nearly eleven, thinking of my wife, and breathing the prayer, ‘ God bless you.’

“ I might not have recalled all the circumstances, save for the letter I received by the next post from her, with the query put in : ‘ Tell me what you were *doing within a few minutes of eleven o'clock* on Friday evening ? I will tell you in my next why I ask ; for something happened to me.’ In the middle of the week the letter came, and these words in it :—‘ I had just awoke from a slight repose, when I saw you in your night-dress bend over me, and utter the words, “ God bless

you ! ” I seemed also to feel your breath as you kissed me. I felt no alarm, but comforted, went off into a gentle sleep, and have been better ever since.’ I replied that this was an exact representation of my mind and words.”

Here there was apparently the instantaneous reproduction in Leeds of the image, and not only of the image but of the words spoken in Jersey, a hundred miles away. The theory that the phantasmal body is occasionally detachable from the material frame accounts for this in a fashion, and that is more than can be said for any other hypothesis that has yet been stated. In neither of these cases did an early death follow the apparition of the dual body.

*An Unknown Double Identified.*

Neither of these stories, however, is so wonderful as the following narrative, which is forwarded to me by a correspondent in North Britain, who received the statement from a Colonel now serving in India on the Bengal Staff, whose name is communicated on the understanding that it is not to be made public :—

“ In the year 1860 I was stationed at Banda, in Bundelcund, India. There was a good deal of sickness there at the time, and I was deputed along with a medical officer to proceed to the nearest railway station at that time Allahabad, in charge of a sick officer. I will call myself Brown, the medical officer Jones, and the sick officer Robertson. We had to travel very slowly, Robertson being carried by coolies in a doolie,



and on this account we had to halt at a rest-house, or pitch our camp every evening. One evening, when three marches out of Banda, I had just come into Robertson's room about midnight to relieve Jones, for Robertson was so ill that we took it by turns to watch him, when Jones took me aside and whispered that he was afraid our friend was dying, that he did not expect him to live through the night, and though I urged him to go and lie down, and that I would call him on any change taking place, he would not leave. We both sat down and watched. We had been there about an hour when the sick man moved and called out. We both went to his bedside, and even my inexperienced eyes saw that the end was near. We were both standing on the same side of the bed, furthest away from the door.

"Whilst we were standing there the door opened, and an elderly lady entered, went straight up to the bed, bent over it, wrung her hands and wept bitterly. After a few minutes she left ; we both saw her face. We were so astonished that neither of us thought of speaking to her, but as soon as she passed out of the door I recovered myself and, as quickly as possible, followed her, but could not find a trace of her. Robertson died that night. We were then about thirty miles from the nearest cantonment, and except the rest-house in which we were, and of which we were the only occupants, there was not a house near us. Next morning we started back to Banda, taking the corpse with us for burial.

"Three months after this Jones went to

England on leave, and took with him the sword, watch, and a few other things which had belonged to the deceased to deliver to his family. On arrival at Robertson's home, he was shown into the drawing-room. After waiting a few minutes, a lady entered—the same who had appeared to both of us in the jungle in India ; it was Robertson's mother. She told Jones that she had had a vision that her son was dangerously ill, and had written the date, etc., down, and on comparing notes they found that the date, time, etc., agreed in every respect.

“ People to whom I have told the story laugh at me, and tell me that I must have been asleep and dreamed it, but I know I was not, for I remember perfectly well standing by the bedside when the lady appeared.”

## CHAPTER III.

### AIMLESS DOUBLES.

The following curious experience is sent me by a commercial traveller, who gives his name and address in support of his testimony. Writing from Nottingham, he says :—

“ On Tuesday, the 6th October, I had a very singular experience. I am a commercial traveller, and represent a firm of cigar manufacturers. I left my hotel about four o'clock on the above date to call upon a customer, a Mr. Southam, Myton Gate, Hull. I met this gentleman in the street, nearly opposite his office ; he shook hands, and said, ‘ How are you ? I am waiting to see a friend ; I don't think I shall want any cigars this journey, but look in before eight o'clock.’ I called at 7.30, and spoke to the clerk in the office. He said, ‘ Mr. Southam has made out your cheque and there is also a small order.’ I said, ‘ Thanks, I should have liked to have seen him ; he made an appointment this afternoon for about eight.’ The clerk said, ‘ Where ? ’ I said, ‘ Just outside.’ He said, ‘ That is impossible, as both Mr. and Mrs. Southam have been confined to their room for a fortnight and have never been out.’ I said, ‘ How strange. I said to Mr. S——, “ You look different to your usual ; what's the matter with you ? ” Mr. S—— said, “ Don't you see I am in my *deshabille* ? ” The clerk remarked, ‘ You must

have seen his second self, for he has not been up to-day.' I came away feeling very strange.

"J. P. BROOKS.

"Sydney Villa, Ratcliffe Road, Bridgeford."

Mrs. Eliz. G. L——, of H—— House, sends me the following report of her experience of the double. She writes :—

"The only time I ever saw an apparition was on the evening of the last day of May, 1860. The impression then made is most vivid, and the day seldom recurs without my thinking of what happened then.

"It was a little after seven o'clock, the time for my husband's return from business. I was passing through the hall into the dining-room, where tea was laid, when (the front door being open) I saw my husband coming up the garden path, which was in a direct line with the hall. It was broad daylight, and nothing obstructed my view of him, and he was not more than nine or ten yards from me. Instead of going to him, I turned back, and said to the servant in the kitchen, 'Take tea in immediately, your master is come.' I then went into the dining-room, expecting him to be there. To my great surprise the room was empty, and there was no one in the garden. As my father was very ill in the next house but one to ours, I concluded that Mr. L——had suddenly determined to turn back and enquire how he was before having tea. In half an hour he came into the room to me, and I asked how my father was, when, to my astonishment, he told me that he had not

called, but had come home direct from the town. I said, '*You were in the garden half an hour ago, I saw you as distinctly as I see you now; if you were not there then, you are not here now,*' and I grasped his arm as I spoke to convince myself that it was really he. I thought that my husband was teasing me by his repeated denials, and that he would at last confess he was really there; and it was only when he assured me in the most positive and serious manner that he was a mile away at the time I saw him in the garden, that I could believe him. I have never been able to account for the appearance. There was no one I could possibly have mistaken for Mr. L——. I was in good health at the time, and had no illness for long afterwards. My mother is still living, and she can corroborate my statement, and bear witness to the deep impression the occurrence made upon me. I *saw* my husband as plainly as I have ever seen him since during the many years we have lived together."

*Two Dundee Doubles.*

Mr. Robert Kidd, of Gray Street, Broughty Ferry, who has filled many offices in Dundee, having been twenty-five years a police commissioner and five years a magistrate there, sends me the following report of two cases of the double:—

"A few years ago I had a shop on the High Street of Dundee—one door and one window, a cellar underneath, the entrance to which was at one corner of the shop. There was no way of getting in or out of the cellar but by that stair in the corner. It was lighted from the street by

glass, but to protect that there was an iron grating, which was fixed down. Well, I had an old man, a servant, named Robert Chester. I sent him a message one forenoon about 12 o'clock ; he was in no hurry returning. I remarked to my daughter, who was book-keeper, whose desk was just by the trap-door, that he was stopping long. Just as I spoke he passed the window, came in at the door, carrying a large dish under his arm, went right past me, past my daughter, who looked at him, and went down into the cellar. After a few minutes, as I heard no noise, I wondered what he could be about, and went down to see. There was no Robert there. I cannot tell what my sensations were when I realized this ; there was no possibility of his getting out, and we both of us saw and heard him go down. Well, in about twenty minutes he re-passed the window, crossed the floor, and went downstairs, exactly as he had the first time. There was no hallucination on our part. My daughter is a clever, highly-gifted woman ; I am seventy-eight years of age, and have seen a great deal of the world, a great reader, etc., etc., and not easily deceived or apt to be led away by fancy, and I can declare that his first appearance to us was a reality as much as the second ; We concluded, and so did all his relations, that it portended his death, but he is still alive, over eighty years of age. I give this just as it occurred, without any varnish or exaggeration whatever. The following narrative I firmly believe, as I knew the parties well, and that every means were used to prove its truthfulness.

“Mr. Alexander Drummond was a painter, who had a big business and a large staff of men. His clerk was Walter Souter, his brother-in-law, whose business it was to be at the shop (in Northgate, Dundee) sharp at six o'clock in the morning, to take an account of where the men were going, quantity of material, etc. In this he was assisted by Miss Drummond. One morning he did not turn up at the hour, but at twenty past six he came in at the door and appeared very much excited; but instead of stepping to the desk, where Mr. and Miss Drummond were awaiting him, he went right through the front shop and out at a side door. This in sight of Mr. and Miss D——, and also in sight of a whole squad of workmen. Well, exactly in another twenty minutes he came in, also very much excited, and explained that it was twenty minutes past six when he awakened, and that he had run all the way from his house (he lived a mile from the place of business). He was a very exemplary, punctual man, and when Mr. Drummond asked him where he went to when he came first, he was dumb-founded, and could not comprehend what was meant. To test his truthfulness, Mr. D—— went out to his wife that afternoon, when she told him the same story; that it was twenty past six o'clock when he awoke, and that he was very much excited about it, as it was the first time he had slept in. This story I believe as firmly as in my own case, as it was much talked about at the time, and I have just told it as it was told to me by all the parties. Of course I am a total stranger to

you, and you may require to know something about me before believing my somewhat singular stories. I am well known about here, have filled many offices in Dundee, and have been twenty-five years a police commissioner, and five years a magistrate in this place, am very well known to the Right Honourable C, Ritchie, and also to our county member, Mr. Barclay. If this little story throws any light upon our wondrous being I shall be glad."

*A Manchester Parallel.*

The following narrative, supplied by Mr. R. P. Roberts, 10, Exchange Street, Manchester, appears in the "Proceedings of the Psychical Research Society." It is a fitting pendant to Mr. Kidd's story :—

"The shop stood at the corner of Castle Street and Rating Row, Beaumaris, and I lived in the latter street. One day I went home to dinner at the usual hour. When I had partly finished I looked at the clock. To my astonishment it appeared that the time by the clock was 12.30. I gave an unusual start. I certainly thought that it was most extraordinary. I had only half-finished my dinner, and it was time for me to be at the shop. I felt dubious, so in a few seconds had another look, when to my agreeable surprise I found that I had been mistaken. It was only just turned 12.15. I could never explain how it was I made the mistake. The error gave me such a shock for a few minutes as if something had happened, and I had to make an effort to shake off the sensation. I finished my dinner, and



returned to business at 12.30. On entering the shop I was accosted by Mrs. Owen, my employer's wife, who used to assist in the business. She asked me rather sternly where I had been since my return from dinner. I replied that I had come straight from dinner. A long discussion followed, which brought out the following facts. About a quarter of an hour previous to my actual entering the shop (*i.e.* about 12.15), I was seen by Mr. and Mrs. Owen and a well-known customer, Mrs. Jones, to walk into the shop, go behind the counter, and place my hat upon the peg. As I was going behind the counter, Mrs. Owen remarked, with the intention that I should hear, 'that I had arrived now that I was not wanted.' This remark was prompted by the fact that a few minutes previous a customer was in the shop in want of an article which belonged to the stock under my charge, and which could not be found in my absence. As soon as this customer left I was seen to enter the shop. It was observed by Mr. and Mrs. Owen and Mrs. Jones that I did not appear to notice the remark made. In fact, I looked quite absent-minded and vague. Immediately after putting my hat on the peg I returned to the same spot, put my hat on again, and walked out of the shop, still looking in a mysterious manner, which induced one of the parties, I think Mrs. Owen, to say that my behaviour was very odd, and she wondered where I was off to.

"I, of course, contradicted these statements, and endeavoured to prove that I could not have eaten my dinner and returned in a quarter of an

hour. This, however, availed nothing, and during our discussion the above-mentioned Mrs. Jones came into the shop again, and was appealed to at once by Mr. and Mrs. Owen. She corroborated every word of their account, and added that she saw me coming down Rating Row when within a few yards of the shop ; that she was only a step or two behind me, and entered the shop in time to hear Mrs. Owen's remarks about my coming too late. These three persons gave their statement of the affair quite independently of each other. There was no other person near my age in the Owens' establishment, and there could be no reasonable doubt that my form had been seen by them and by Mrs. Jones. They would not believe my story until my aunt, who had dined with me, said positively that I had not left the table before my time was up. You will, no doubt, notice the coincidence. At the moment when I felt, with a startling sensation, that I ought to be at the shop, and when Mr. and Mrs. Owen were extremely anxious that I should be there, I appeared to them looking, as they said, 'as if in a dream or in a state of somnambulism.' "

(" Proceedings of the Psychical Research Society," Vol. I. p. 135-6.)

### *A Very Visible Double.*

A correspondent, writing from a Yorkshire village, sends me the following account of an apparition of a Thought Body in circumstances when there was nothing more serious than a yearning desire on the part of a person whose

phantasm appeared to occupy his old bed. My correspondent, Mr. J. G. —, says that he took it down from the lips of one of the most truthful men he ever knew, and a sensible person to boot. This person is still living, and I am told he has confirmed Mr. G——'s story, which is as follows :—

“Sixty years ago I was a farm servant at a place in Pembrokeshire (I can give the name, but don't wish it to be published). I was about fifteen years old. I, along with three other men-servants, slept in a granary in the yard. Our bedchamber was reached by means of ten broad stone steps. It was soon after Allhallows time, when all farm servants change places in that part of the country. A good and faithful foreman, who had been years on the farm, had this time desired a change, and had engaged to service some fifteen miles off, a change which he afterwards much regretted.

“One night I woke up in my bed some time during the small hours of the morning, and obedient to the call of nature, I got up, opened the door, and stood on the upper step of the stairs. It was a beautiful moonlight night. I surveyed the yard and the fields about. To my surprise, but without the least apprehension, I noticed a man coming down a field, jump over a low wall, and walk straight towards me. He stepped the three first steps one by one, then he took two or three steps at a stride. I knew the man well and recognised him perfectly. I knew all the clothes he wore, particularly a light waistcoat which he put on on great occasions. As he drew near me I receded to the doorway, and as he lifted up his two hands,

as in the act of opening the door, which was open already, I fled in screaming, and passing my own bed jumped in between two older men in the next bed. And neither time nor the sympathy of my comrades could pacify me for hours.

"I told my tale, which, after searching and seeing nobody, they disbelieved and put down to my timidity.

"Next morning, however, just as we were coming out from breakfast, in the presence of all of us the discharged foreman was seen coming down the same field, jumping the wall, walk toward the sleeping chamber, ascend the steps, lifting up his two hands to open the door in the self-same manner in every particular as I had described, and went straight to the same bed as I got into.

"I asked him, 'Were you here last night, John?'

"'No, my boy,' was the answer; 'my body was not here, but my mind was. I have run away from that horrid place, travelled most of the night, and every step I took my mind was fixed on this old bed, where my weary bones might be at rest.'"

I can supply names and all particulars, but do not wish them to be published.

### *Seeing Your Own Thought Body.*

In his "Footfalls" Mr. Owen records a still more remarkable case of the duplication of the body. A gentleman in Ohio, in 1833, had built a new house, seventy or eighty yards distant from

his old residence on the other side of a small ravine. One afternoon, about five o'clock, his wife saw his eldest daughter, Rhoda, aged sixteen, holding the youngest, Lucy, aged four, in her arm, sitting in a rocking-chair, just within the kitchen door of the new residence. She called the attention of another sister to what she saw, and was startled to hear that Rhoda and Lucy were upstairs in the old house. They were at once sent for, and on coming downstairs they saw, to their amazement, their exact doubles sitting on the doorstep of the new house. All the family collected—twelve in all—and they all saw the phantasmal Rhoda and Lucy, the real Rhoda and Lucy standing beside them. The figures seated at the hall door, and the two children now actually in their midst, were absolutely identical in appearance, even to each minute particular of dress. After watching them for five minutes, the father started to cross the ravine and solve the mystery. Hardly had he descended the ravine when the phantasmal Rhoda rose from the rocking chair, with the child in her arms, and lay down on the threshold. There she remained a moment or two, and then apparently sank into the earth. When the father reached the house no trace could be found of any human being. Both died within a year.

A correspondent of my own, a dressmaker in the North of England, sends me the following circumstantial account of how she saw her own double without any mischief following :—

“ I have a sewing-machine, with a desk at one

side and carved legs supporting the desk part ; on the opposite side the machine part is. The lid of the machine rests on the desk part when open, so that it forms a high back. I had this machine across the corner of a room, so that the desk part formed a triangle with the corner of the room. I sat at the machine with my face towards the corner. To my left was the window, to my right the fire ; at each side of my chair the doors of the machine walled me in as I sat working the treadles. Down each side of the machine are imitations of drawers. The wood is a beautiful walnut. I was sewing a long piece of material which passed from left to right. It was dinner-time, so I looked down to see how much more I had to do. It was almost finished, but there, in the space near the window, between the wall and the machine, was a full-sized figure of myself from the waist upwards. The image was lower than myself, but clear enough, with brown hair and eyes. How earnestly the eyes regarded me ; how thoughtfully ! I laughed and nodded at the image, but still it gazed earnestly at me. At its neck was a bright red bow, coming unpinned. Its white linen collar was turned up at the right-hand corner.

"When I got down to dinner I told my brother George I had seen Pepper's Ghost, and it was a distinct image of myself, clear enough, and yet I could see the wall and the side of the machine through the image, and George said, 'Had it a red bow and white collar on?' 'Oh, yes,' I said. 'It was just like me, only nicer,

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and when I laughed and nodded, it looked grave.' 'Very likely,' said George. 'It would think you very silly. And was its bow coming unpinned?' 'Yes,' I replied; 'and the right point of its collar was turned up.' He reached me a hand-mirror, and I saw that my bow was coming unpinned and the right point of my collar was turned up. So it could not have been a reflection, or it would not have been the right point, but the left of my collar that was turned up."

*The Wraith as a Portent.*

In the North country it is of popular belief that to see the ghost of a living man portends his approaching decease. The Rev. Henry Kendall, of Darlington, from whose diary (unpublished) I have the liberty to quote, notes the following illustration of this belief, under date August 16th, 1870:—

"Mrs. W. mentioned a curious incident that happened in Darlington: how Mrs. Percy, upholsterer, and known to several of us, was walking along the street one day when her husband was living, and she saw him walking a little way before her; then he left the causeway and turned in at a public-house. When she spoke to him of this, he said he had not been near the place, and she was so little satisfied with his statement that she called in at the 'public,' and asked them if her husband had been there, but they told her 'No.' In a very short period after this happened he died."

The phenomenon of a dual body haunted the imagination of poor Shelley. Shortly before his death he believed he had seen his wraith:—

"On the 23rd of June," says one of his biographers, 'he was heard screaming at midnight in the saloon. The Williamses ran in and found him staring on vacancy. He had had a vision of a cloaked figure which came to his bedside and beckoned him to follow. He did so, and when they had reached the sitting-room, the figure lifted the hood of his cloak and disclosed Shelley's own features, and saying, 'Siete soddissatto?' vanished. This vision is accounted for on the ground that Shelley had been reading a drama attributed to Calderon, named 'El Embozado o El Encapotado,' in which a mysterious personage who had been haunting and thwarting the hero all his life, and is at last about to give him satisfaction in a duel, finally unmask and proves to be the hero's own wraith. He also asks, 'Art thou satisfied?' and the haunted man dies of horror."

On the 29th of June some friends distinctly saw Shelley walk into a little wood near Lerici, when in fact he was in a wholly different direction. This was related by Byron to Mr. Cowell.

It is difficult to frame any theory that will account for this double apparition, except, of course, the hypothesis of downright lying on the part of the witnesses. But the hypothesis of the duplication of the body in this extraordinary fashion is one which cannot be accepted until the immaterial body is photographed under test conditions at the same time that the material body is under safe custody in another place. Of course, it is well to bear in mind that to all those who profess to know anything of occult lore, and



also to those who have the gift of clairvoyance, there is nothing new or strange in the doctrine of the immaterial body. Many clairvoyants declare that they constantly see the apparitions of the living mingling with the apparitions of the dead. They are easily distinguishable. The ghost of a living person is said to be opaque, whereas the ghost of one from whom life has departed is diaphanous as gossamer.

All this, of course, only causes the unbeliever to blaspheme. It is to him every whit as monstrous as the old stories of the witches riding on broomsticks. But the question is not to be settled by blasphemy on one side or credulity on the other. There is something behind these phantasmal apparitions; there is a real substratum of truth, if we could but get at it. There seems to be some faculty latent in the human mind, by which it can in some cases impress upon the eye and ear of a person at almost any distance the image and the voice. We may call it telepathy or what we please. It is a marvellous power, the mere hint of which indefinitely expands the horizon of the imagination. The telephone is but a mere child's toy compared with the gift to transmit not only the sound of the voice but the actual visible image of the speaker for hundreds of miles without any conductor known to man.

## CHAPTER IV.

## THE HYPNOTIC KEY.

HYPNOTISM is the key which will enable us to unlock most of these mysteries, and so far as hypnotism has spoken it does not tend to encourage the belief that the immaterial body has any substance other than the hallucination of the person who sees it. Various cases are reported by hypnotist practitioners which suggest that there is an almost illimitable capacity of the human mind to see visions and to hear voices. One very remarkable case was that of a girl who was told at midsummer by the hypnotist, when in the hypnotic state, that he would come to see her on New Year's Day. When she awoke from the trance she knew nothing about the conversation. One hundred and seventy-one days passed without any reference to it. But on the 172nd day, being New Year's Day, she positively declared that the doctor had entered her room, greeted her, and then departed. Curiously enough, as showing the purely subjective character of the vision, the doctor appeared to her in the depth of winter, wearing the light summer apparel he had on when he made the appointment in July. In this case there can be no question as to the apparition being purely subjective. The doctor did not make any attempt to visit her in his immaterial body, but she saw him and heard him as if he were there.

The late Mr. Gurney conducted some experiments with a hypnotic subject which seem to confirm the opinion that the phantasmal body is a merely subjective hallucination, although, of course, this would not explain how information had been actually imparted to the phantasmal visitant by the person who saw, or imagined they saw, his wraith. Mr. Gurney's cases are, however, very interesting, if only as indicating the absolute certainty which a hypnotised patient can be made to feel as to the objectivity of sights and sounds :—

"S. hypnotised Zillah, and told her that she would see him standing in the room at three o'clock next afternoon, and that she would hear him call her twice by name. She was told that he would not stop many seconds. On waking she had no notion of the ideas impressed upon her.

"Next day, however, she came upstairs about five minutes past three, looking ghastly and startled. She said, 'I have seen a ghost.' I assumed intense amazement, and she said she was in the kitchen cleaning some silver, and suddenly she heard her name called sharply twice over, 'Zillah!' in Mr. Smith's voice. She said, 'And I dropped the spoon I was rubbing, and turned and saw Mr. S., without his hat, standing at the foot of the kitchen stairs. I saw him as plain as I see you,' she said, and looked very wild and vacant.

"The next experiment took place on Wednesday evening, July 13th, 1887, when S., told her, when hypnotised, that the next afternoon, at three o'clock, she would see me (Mr. Gurney)

come into the room to her. She was further told that I would keep my hat on and say, 'Good-morning,' and that I would remark, 'It is very warm,' and would then turn round and walk out.

"Next day this is what Zillah reported. She said, 'I was in the kitchen washing up, and had just looked at the clock, and was startled to see how late it was (five minutes to three) when I heard footsteps coming down the stairs—rather a quick, light step—and I thought it was Mr. Sleep' (the dentist whose rooms are in the house), 'but as I turned round, with a dish mop in one hand and a plate in the other, I saw some one with a hat on who had to stoop as he came down the last step, and there was Mr. Gurney. He was dressed just as I saw him last night, black coat and grey trousers, his hat on, and a roll of paper like manuscript in his hand, and he said, "Oh! good-afternoon;" And then he glanced all round the kitchen and he glanced at me with an awful look, as if he was going to murder me, and said, "Warm afternoon, isn't it?" and then "Good-afternoon," or "Good-day," I am not sure which, and then turned and went up the stairs again; and after standing thunderstruck a minute, I ran to the foot of the stairs and saw just like a boot disappearing on the top step.' She said, 'I think I must be going crazy. Why should I always see something at three o'clock each day after the seance?' "

(Vol. V. pp. 11-13.)

Whatever hypothesis we select to explain these mysteries, they do not become less marvellous. Even if we grant that it is mere telepathy, or mind

affecting mind at a distance without the use of the recognised organs of sense or of any of the ordinary conducting mediums, what an enormous extension it gives to the ordinary conception of the limits of the human mind ! To be able instantaneously to paint upon the retina of a friend's eye the life-like image of ourselves, to make our voice sound in his ears at a distance of many miles, and to communicate to his mind information which he had never before heard of, all this is, it may be admitted, as tremendous a draft upon the credulity of mankind as the favourite Theosophical formula of the astral body. Yet who is there who, in face of the facts and experiences recorded above, will venture to deny that one or other of these hypotheses alone can account for the phenomena under consideration ?

It is obvious that when once the possibility of the Double is admitted, many mysteries could be cleared up, although it is also true that a great many inconveniences would immediately follow ; the establishment of the reality of the double would invalidate every plea of *alibi*. If a man can really be in two places at one time, there is an end to the plea which is most frequently resorted to by the accused to prove their innocence. There are other inconveniences, which are alluded to in the following letter from a lady correspondent, who believes that she has the faculty in frequent, although uncertain and unconscious, use :—

“ ‘ I saw you yesterday, and you cut me.’ Such was the remark I frequently heard from my friends: in the broad daylight they saw me in street or

tram, etc. Once a personal friend followed me into church on Christmas Day in a city at least 100 miles from where I really was. Another time I sat two pews in front of a friend at a cathedral service. When I denied having been there, she said, 'It's no good talking : I saw you, and you didn't want to wait for me.' 'But,' I said, 'you have my word that I was not there.' 'Yes,' she said, 'but I have my sight, and I saw you.' Of course, I naturally thought it was some one like me, and said, perhaps rather sarcastically, 'Would it be very strange if any one else bore some resemblance to me?' 'No,' said my friend, 'it would not ; but someone else doesn't wear your clothes.' On one occasion I remember three people saw me where I certainly was not physically present the same day ; all knew me personally. I often bought books of a man who kept a second-hand bookstall. One day he told me that he had a somewhat rare edition of a book I wanted, but that it was at the shop. I said, 'I'll come across to-morrow for it if I make up my mind to give the price.' The next day I was prevented from going, and went the day after, to hear it was sold. 'Why didn't you keep it?' I asked. 'I thought you did not want it when you came yesterday and did not buy it.' 'But I didn't come yesterday.' 'Why, excuse me, you did, and took the book up and laid it down again while I was serving Mr. M., and you went away before I could ask you about it ; Mr. M. remarked that it was strange you did not answer him when he spoke.' When I asked the gentleman referred to, he confirmed the story.

Mrs. B. also saw me lower down the same street that morning.

“ Still it never struck me that it was anything strange ; I was only rather curious to see the woman who was so like me. I saw her in an unexpected manner. Going into my room one night, I happened to glance down at my bed, and saw a form there. I thought it strange, yet was not startled. I bent over it, and recognised my own features distinctly. I was in perfect health at the time, and no disaster followed.”

*Queen Elizabeth's Double.*

In a volume published by Macmillan & Co., entitled “ *Legendary Fictions of the Irish Celt*,” I find the following references to the Double :—

“ If this phantom be seen in the morning it betokens good fortune and long life to its prototype ; if in the evening a near death awaits him. This superstition was known and felt in England even in the reign of Elizabeth. We quote a passage from Miss Strickland's account of her last illness :—

“ “ As her mortal illness drew towards a close, the superstitious fears of her simple ladies were excited almost to mania, even to conjuring up a spectral apparition of the Queen while she was yet alive. Lady Guildford, who was then in waiting on the Queen, leaving her in an almost breathless sleep in her privy chamber, went out to take a little air, and met her Majesty, as she thought, three or four chambers off. Alarmed at the thought of being discovered in the act of leaving the Royal patient alone, she hurried forward

in some trepidation in order to excuse herself, when the apparition vanished away. She returned terrified to the chamber, but there lay the Queen still in the same lethargic slumber in which she left her.' "



## PART III.

### CLAIRVOYANCE—THE VISION OF THE OUT OF SIGHT.

"Moreover, the spirit lifted me up and brought me unto the East gate, and, behold, at the door of the gate five-and-twenty men, among whom I saw," etc.—EZEKIEL xi. 1.

#### CHAPTER I.

#### THE ASTRAL CAMERA.

WHEN I was staying at Orchard Lea, in Windsor Forest, I did most of my writing in a spacious window on the first floor looking out over the garden. It opened French fashion, and thereby occasioned a curious optical illusion, which may perhaps help to shed some light upon the phenomena now under consideration. For when the sun was high in the sky and the French window was set at a certain angle, the whole of the flowers, figures, etc., on my right hand appeared reflected upon the lawn on the left hand as vividly as if they actually existed in duplicate. So real was the illusion that for some hours I was under the impression that a broad yellow gravel

path actually stretched across the lawn on my left! It was only when a little dog ran along the spectral path and suddenly vanished into thin air that I discovered the illusion. Nothing could be more complete, more life-like. The real persons who walked up the gravel to the house walked across the spectral gravel, apparently in duplicate. Both could be seen at one and the same time. I instantly thought that they could be photographed, so as to show the duplication produced by the illusion. Unfortunately, although the spectral path was distinctly visible through the glass to the eye, no impression whatever was left on the sensitive plate. My friend writes:—

“I have tried the phantom path, and I am sorry to say it is too phantom to make any impression on the plate. All that you get is the blaze of light from the glass window, some very faint trees, and no path at all. Possibly, with a June sun, it might have been different; but I doubt it, as one is told never to put the camera facing a window. It is having to take through the glass window which is fatal.”

This set me thinking: It was a simple optical illusion, no doubt, similar to that which enabled Pepper to produce his ghosts at the Polytechnic. But what was the agency which enabled me to see the figures and flowers, and trees and gravel, all transferred, as by the cunning act of some magician, from the right to the left? Simply a swinging pane of perfectly transparent glass. To those who have neither studied the laws of optics nor seen the phenomenon in question, it must

seem impossible that a pellucid window-pane could transfer so faithfully that which happened at one end of the garden to the other as to cause it to be mistaken for reality. Yet there was the phenomenon before my eyes. The dog ran double—the real dog to the right, the spectral dog to the left—and no one could tell at first sight “t’other from which.” Now, may it not be that this supplies a suggestion as to the cause of the phenomenon of clairvoyance? Is it not possible that there may exist in Nature some as yet undiscovered analogue to the swinging window-pane which may enable us to see before our eyes here and now events which are transpiring at the other end of the world? In the mysterious, sub-conscious world in which the clairvoyant lives, may there not be some subtle, sympathetic lens, fashioned out of strong affection or some other relation, which may enable some of us to see that which is quite invisible to the ordinary eye?

*A Surrey Laundry Seen in Cornwall.*

Such thoughts came to my mind when I asked the Housekeeper whether she had ever seen any of the phantasmal apparitions of her mistress, my hostess, Mrs. M. The housekeeper, a comfortable, buxom Cornish woman, smiled incredulously. No, she had seen nothing, heard nothing, believed nothing. “As to phantasmal bodies, she would prefer to see them first.” “Had she ever seen a ghost?” “No, never.” “Had ever had any hallucinations?” “No,” But one thing had happened, “rather curious” now that she came

to think of it. Last year, when living on the coast far down in the west country, she had suddenly seen as in a dream the house in Hindhead where we were now standing. She had never been in Surrey in her life. She had no idea that she would ever go there, nor did she know that it was in Surrey. What she saw was the laundry. She was standing inside it, and remarked to her husband how strange and large it looked. She looked out at the windows and saw the house and the surroundings with strange distinctness. Then the vision faded away, leaving no other impress on the mind than that she had seen an exceptionally large laundry close to a small country-house in a place where she had never been in before.

Six months passed ; she and her husband had decided to leave the west country and take a housekeeper and gardener's post elsewhere. They replied to an advertisement, were appointed by my hostess ; they transferred themselves to Hindhead, where they arrived in the dead of winter. When they reached their new quarters she saw, to her infinite astonishment, the precise place she had seen six months before. The laundry was unmistakable. There is not such another laundry in the county of Surrey. There it was, sure enough, and there was the house, and there were all the surroundings exactly as she had seen them down on the south-west coast. She did not believe in ghosts or phantasmal bodies or such like things, but one thing she knew beyond all possibility of doubt. She had seen her new home and laundry on the top of Hindhead, when living in

the west country six months before she ever set foot in Surrey, or even knew of the existence of Mrs. M. "The moment I saw it I recognised it and told my husband that it was the identical place I had seen when in our old home."

*William Howitt's Vision.*

The Housekeeper's story is very simple, and almost too commonplace. But its significance lies in those very characteristics. Here was no consuming passion, no bond of sympathy, nothing whatever material or sentimental to act as the refracting medium by which the Hindhead laundry could have been made visible in South Devon. Yet similar phenomena are of constant occurrence. A very remarkable case in point is that of William Howitt who, when on a voyage out to Australia, saw his brother's house at Melbourne so plainly that he described it on board ship, and recognised it the moment he landed. Here is his own version of this remarkable instance of clairvoyance:—

"Some weeks ago, while yet at sea, I had a dream of being at my brother's at Melbourne, and found his house on a hill at the further end of the town, and next to the open forest. His garden sloped a little down the hill to some brick buildings below; and there were greenhouses on the right hand by the wall, as you look down the hill from the house. As I looked out of the window in my dream, I saw a wood of dusky-foliaged trees having a somewhat segregated appearance in their heads—that is, their heads did not make that dense mass like our trees. 'There,' I said to some

one in my dream, 'I see your native forest of eucalyptus!'

"This dream I told to my sons and to two of my fellow-passengers at the time, and on landing, as we walked over the meadows, long before we reached the town, I saw this very wood. 'There,' I said, 'is the very wood of my dream. We shall see my brother's house there! And so we did. It stands exactly as I saw it, only looking newer; but there, over the wall of the garden, is the wood, precisely as I saw it and now see it as I sit at the dining-room window writing. When I looked on this scene I seem to look into my dream.'" (Owen's "Footfalls," p. 118.)

The usual explanation of these things is that the vision is the revival of some forgotten impressions on the brain. But in neither of the foregoing cases will that explanation suffice, for in neither case had the person who saw ever been in the place of which they had a vision. One desperate resource, the convenient theory of pre-existence, is useless here. The fact seems to be that there is a kind of invisible camera obscura in Nature, which at odd times gives us glimpses of things happening or existing far beyond the range of our ordinary vision. The other day when in Edinburgh I climbed up to the Camera Obscura that stands near the castle, and admired the simple device by which, in a darkened room upon a white, paper-covered table, the whole panorama of Edinburgh life was displayed before me. There were the "recruits" drilling on the Castle Esplanade; there were the passers-by hurrying along High

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Street ; there were the birds on the housetops, and the landscape of chimneys and steeples, all revealed as if in the crystal of a wizard's cave. The coloured shadows chased each other across the paper, leaving no trace behind. Five hundred years ago the owner of that camera would have been burned as a wizard ; now he makes a comfortable living out of the threepennypieces of inquisitive visitors. Is it possible to account for the phenomena of clairvoyance other than by the supposition that there exists somewhere in Nature a gigantic camera obscura which reflects everything, and to which clairvoyants habitually, and other mortals occasionally, have access ?

*Seen and Heard at 150 Miles Range.*

The preceding incidents simply record a prevision of places subsequently visited. The following are instances in which not only places, but occurrences, were seen as in a camera by persons at a distance varying from 150 to several thousand miles. Space seems to have no existence for the clairvoyant. They are quoted from the published " Proceedings of the Psychical Research Society " :

On September 9th, 1848, at the siege of Mooltan, Major-General R——, C.B., then adjutant of his regiment, was most severely and dangerously wounded ; and supposing himself to be dying, asked one of the officers with him to take the ring off his finger and send it to his wife, who at the time was fully 150 miles distant, at Ferozepore.

" On the night of September 9th, 1848," writes

his wife, "I was lying on my bed between sleeping and waking, when I distinctly saw my husband being carried off the field, seriously wounded, and heard his voice saying, 'Take this ring off my finger and send it to my wife.' All the next day I could not get the sight or the voice out of my mind. In due time I heard of General R—— having been severely wounded in the assault of Mooltan. He survived, however, and is still living. It was not for some time after the siege that I heard from General L——, the officer who helped to carry General R—— off the field, that the request as to the ring was actually made to him, just as I heard it at Ferozepore at that very time." (Vol. I. p. 30.)

*A Royal Deathbed in France seen in Scotland.*

The above case is remarkable because the voice was transmitted as well as the spectacle. In the next story the ear heard nothing, but the scene itself was very remarkable. A correspondent of the Psychical Research Society writes that whilst staying with her mother's cousin, Mrs. Elizabeth Broughton, wife of Mr. Edward Broughton, Edinburgh, and daughter of the late Colonel Blanckley, in the year 1844, she told her the following strange story:—

"She awoke one night and aroused her husband, telling him that something dreadful had happened in France. He begged her to go to sleep again and not to trouble him. She assured him that she was not asleep when she saw what she insisted on then telling him—what she saw, in fact, was ;



First, a carriage accident—which she did not actually see, but what she saw was the result—a broken carriage, a crowd collected, a figure gently raised and carried into the nearest house, then a figure lying on a bed, which she then recognised as the Duke of Orleans. Gradually friends collecting round the bed—among them several members of the French royal family—the queen, then the king, all silently, tearfully watching the evidently dying duke. One man (she could see his back, but did not know who he was) was a doctor. He stood bending over the duke, feeling his pulse, his watch in the other hand. And then all passed away ; she saw no more. As soon as it was daylight she wrote down in her journal all that she had seen. From that journal she read this to me. It was before the days of electric telegraph, and two or more days passed before the *Times* announced ‘The Death of the Duke of Orleans.’ Visiting Paris a short time afterwards, she saw and recognised the place of the accident and received the explanation of her impression. The doctor who attended the dying duke was an old friend of hers, and as he watched by the bed his mind had been constantly occupied with her and her family.” Vol. II. p. 160.)

The doctor’s sympathy may have been the key to the secret camera of Nature, but it in no wise “explains” how a lady in Edinburgh could see what went on inside a house in Paris so clearly as to know what had happened two days before the intelligence reached the *Times*.

*An African Event Seen in England.*

Here is another story where the event occurred in Africa and was seen in England. A correspondent from Wadhurst, West Dulwich, S.E., says :—

“ My late husband dreamt a certain curious dream about his brother, Mr. Ralph Holden, who was at that time travelling in the interior of Africa. One morning, in June or July, 1861, my husband woke me with the announcement, ‘ Ralph is dead.’ I said, ‘ You must be dreaming.’ ‘ No, I am not dreaming now ; but I dreamt twice over that I saw Ralph lying on the ground supported by a man.’ They learnt afterwards that Ralph must have died about the time when his brother dreamt about him and that he had died in the arms of his faithful native servant, lying under a large tree, where he was afterwards buried. The Holden family have sketches of the tree and the surroundings, and, on seeing it, my husband said, ‘ Yes, that is exactly the place where I saw Ralph in my dream, dying or dead.’ ” (Vol. I. p. 141.)

*A Vision Which Saved Many Lives.*

Dr. Horace Bushnell, in his “ Nature and the Supernatural,” tells a story, on the authority of Captain Yonnt, which differs from the foregoing in having a definite purpose, which, fortunately, was attained. Captain Yonnt, a patriarch in the Napa valley of California, told Dr. Bushnell that six or seven years before their conversation he had seen a vision which saved several lives. Here is his story :—

“ About six or seven years previous, in a mid-

winter's night, he had a dream, in which he saw what appeared to be a company of emigrants arrested by the snows of the mountains and perishing rapidly by cold and hunger. He noted the very cast of the scenery, marked by a huge, perpendicular front of white rock cliff; he saw the men cutting off what appeared to be tree-tops rising out of deep gulfs of snow; he distinguished the very features of the persons and the look of their particular distress. He awoke profoundly impressed by the distinctness and apparent reality of the dream. He at length fell asleep, and dreamed exactly the same dream over again. In the morning he could not expel it from his mind. Falling in shortly after with an old hunter comrade, he told his story, and was only the more deeply impressed by his recognising without hesitation the scenery of the dream. This comrade came over the Sierra, by the Carson Valley Pass, and declared that a spot in the Pass answered exactly his description. By this the unsophistical patriarch was decided. He immediately collected a company of men, with mules and blankets and all necessary provisions. The neighbours were laughing meantime at his credulity. 'No matter,' he said, 'I am able to do this, and I will; for I verily believe that the fact is according to my dream.' The men were sent into the mountains one hundred and fifty miles distant, directly to the Carson Valley Pass. And there they found the company exactly in the condition of the dream, and brought in the remnant alive." ("Nature and the Supernatural," p. 14.)

*The Vision of a Fire.*

The wife of a Dean of the Episcopal Church in one of the Southern States of America was visiting at my house while I was busy collecting materials for this work. Asking her the usual question as to whether she had ever experienced anything of the phenomena usually called supernatural, apparently because it is not the habitual experience of every twenty-four hours, she ridiculed the idea. Ghosts? not she. She was a severely practical, matter-of-fact person, who used her natural senses, and had nothing to do with spirits. But was she quite sure; had nothing ever occurred to her which she could not explain? Then she hesitated and said, "Well, yes; but there is nothing supernatural about it. I was staying away down in Virginia, some hundred miles from home, when one morning, about eleven o'clock, I felt an over-powering sleepiness. I never sleep in the daytime, and that drowsiness was, I think, almost my only experience of that kind. I was so sleepy I went to my room and lay down. In my sleep I saw quite distinctly my home at Richmond in flames. The fire had broken out in one wing of the house, which I saw with dismay was where I kept all my best dresses. The people were all about trying to check the flames, but it was of no use. My husband was there, walking about before the burning house, carrying a portrait in his hand. Everything was quite clear and distinct, exactly as if I had actually been present and seen everything. After a time I woke up, and, going downstairs, told my friends

the strange dream I had had. They laughed at me, and made such game of my vision that I did my best to think no more about it. I was travelling about, a day or two passed, and when Sunday came I found myself in a church where some relatives were worshipping. When I entered the pew they looked rather strange, and as soon as the service was over I asked them what was the matter. 'Don't be alarmed,' they said, 'there is nothing serious.' They then handed me a post-card from my husband, which simply said, 'House burned out; covered by insurance.' The date was the day on which my dream occurred. I hastened home, and then I learned that everything had happened exactly as I had seen it. The fire had broken out in the wing which I had seen blazing. My clothes were all burnt, and the oddest thing about it was that my husband, having rescued a favourite picture from the burning building, had carried it about among the crowd for some time before he could find a place in which to put it safely." Swedenborg, it will be remembered, also had a clairvoyant vision of a fire at a great distance.

*The Loss of the "Strathmore."*

A classic instance of the exercise of this faculty is the story of the wreck of the *Strathmore*. In brief the story is as follows:—The father of a son who had sailed in the *Strathmore*, an emigrant ship outward bound from the Clyde, saw one night the ship foundering amid the waves, and saw that his son, with some others, had escaped safely to a

desert island near which the wreck had taken place. He was so much impressed by this vision that he wrote to the owner of the *Strathmore*, telling him what he had seen. His information was scouted ; but after awhile the *Strathmore* was overdue and the owner got uneasy. Day followed day, and still no tidings of the missing ship. Then, like Pharaoh's butler, the owner remembered his sins one day and hunted up the letter describing the vision. It supplied at least a theory to account for the vessel's disappearance. All outward bound ships were requested to look out for any survivors on the island indicated in the vision. These orders being obeyed, the survivors of the *Strathmore* were found exactly where the father had seen them. In itself this is sufficient to confound all accepted hypotheses. Taken in connection with other instances of a similar nature, what can be said of it excepting that it almost necessitates the supposition of the existence of the invisible camera obscura which the Theosophists describe as the astral light ?

*The Analogy of the Camera Obscura.*

Clairvoyance can often be explained by telepathy, especially when there is strong sympathy between the person who sees and the person who is seen. Mr. Edward R. Lipsitt, of Tralee, sends me the following narrative, which illustrates this fact :—

“ I beg to narrate a curious case of telepathy I experienced when quite a boy. Some ten years ago I happened to sleep one night in the same room

with a young friend of about my own age. There existed a very strong sympathy between us. I got up early and went out for a short walk, leaving my friend fast asleep in his bed. I went in the direction of a well-known lake in that district. After gazing for some moments at the silent waters, I espied a large black dog making towards me. I turned my back and fled, the dog following me for some distance. My boots then being in a bad condition, one of the soles came off in the flight ; however, I came away unmolested by the dog. But how amazed was I when upon entering the room my friend, who was just rubbing his eyes and yawning, related to me my adventure word by word, describing even the colour of the dog and the very boot (the right one) the sole of which gave way ! ”

### *Motiveless Visions.*

There is often no motive whatever to be discovered in the apparition. A remarkable instance of this is recorded by Mr. Myers in an article in the *Arena*, where the analogy to a camera obscura is very close. The camera reflects everything that happens. Nothing is either great or small to its impartial lens. But if you do not happen to be in the right place, or if the room is not properly darkened, or if the white paper is taken off the table, you see nothing. We have not yet mastered the conditions of the astral camera. Here, however, is Mr. Myers' story, which he owes to the kindness of Dr. Elliott Coues, who happened to call on Mrs. C—— the very day on which that lady received the following letter from her friend Mrs. B——.

“ ‘ Monday evening, January 14th, 1889.

“ ‘ My Dear Friend,—I know you will be surprised to receive a note from me so soon, but not more so than I was to-day, when you were shown to me clairvoyantly, in a somewhat embarrassed position. I doubt very much if there was any truth in it ; nevertheless, I will relate it, and leave you to laugh at the idea of it.

‘ I was sitting in my room sewing this afternoon, about two o’clock, when what should I see but your own dear self ; but, heavens ! in what a position. Now, I don’t want to excite your curiosity too much, or try your patience too long, so will come to the point at once. You were falling up the front steps in the yard. You had on your black skirt and velvet waist, your little straw bonnet, and in your hand were some papers. When you fell, your hat went in one direction, and the papers in another. You got up very quickly, put on your bonnet, picked up the papers, and lost no time getting into the house. You did not appear to be hurt, but looked somewhat mortified. It was all so plain to me that I had ten to one notions to dress myself and come over and see if it were true, but finally concluded that a sober, industrious woman like yourself would not be stumbling around at that rate, and thought I’d best not go on a wild goose chase. Now, what do you think of such a vision as that ? Is there any possible truth in it ? I feel almost ready to scream with laughter whenever I think of it ; you did look *too* funny, spreading yourself out in the front yard. “ Great was the fall thereof.” ’



"This letter came to us in an envelope addressed : Mrs. E. A. C——, 217 Del. Ave., N.E., Washington, D.C., and with the postmarks, Washington, D.C., Jan. 15, 7 a.m., 1889, and Washington, N.E.C.S., Jan. 15, 8 a.m.

"Now the point is that every detail in this telepathic vision was correct. Mrs. C—— had actually (as she tells me in a letter dated March 7th, 1889) fallen in this way, at this place, in the dress described, at 2.41, on January 14th. The coincidence can hardly have been due to chance. If we suppose that the vision preceded the accident, we shall have an additional marvel, which, however, I do not think we need here face. 'About 2,' in a letter of this kind, may quite conceivably have meant 2.41."

The exceeding triviality of the incident often destroys the possibility of belief in the ordinary superstition that it was a direct Divine revelation. This may be plausible in cases of the *Strathmore*, where the intelligence was communicated of the loss of an English ship, but no one can seriously hold it when the only information to be communicated was a stumble on the stairs.

Considering the enormous advantages which such an astral camera would place in the hands of the detective police, I was not surprised to be told that the officers of the Criminal Investigation Department in London and Chicago occasionally consult clairvoyants as to the place where stolen goods are to be found, or where the missing criminals may be lurking.

*Mr. Burt's Dream.*

When I was in Newcastle I availed myself of the opportunity to call upon Mr. Burt, M.P. On questioning him as to whether he had ever seen a ghost, he replied in the negative, but remarked that he had had one experience which had made a deep impression upon his mind, which partook more of the nature of clairvoyance than the apparition of a phantom. "I suppose it was a dream," said Mr. Burt. "The dream or vision, or whatever else you call it, made a deep impression upon my mind. You remember Mr. Crawford, the Durham miners' agent, was ill for a long time before his death. Just before his death he rallied, and we all hoped he was going to get better. I had heard nothing to the contrary, when one morning early I had a very vivid dream. I dreamed that I was standing by the bedside of my old friend. I passed my hand over his brow, and he spoke to me with great tenderness, with much greater tenderness than he had ever spoken before. He said he was going to die, and that he was comforted by the long and close friendship that had existed between us. I was much touched by the feeling with which he spoke, and felt awed as if I were in the presence of death. When I woke up the impression was still strong in my mind, and I could not resist the feeling that Crawford was dying. In a few hours I received a telegram stating that he was dead. This is more remarkable because I fully expected he was going to get better, and at the moment of my dream he seems to have died. I cannot give any explanation

of how it came about. It is a mystery to me, and likely to remain so."

This astral camera, to which "future things unfolded lie," also retains the imperishable image of all past events. Mr. Browning's great uncle's studs brought vividly to the mind of the clairvoyant a smell of blood, and recalled all the particulars of the crime of which they had been silent witnesses. Any article or relic may serve as a key to unlock the chamber of this hidden camera.

## CHAPTER II.

### TRAGIC HAPPENINGS SEEN IN DREAMS.

#### *An Irish Outrage Seen in a Dream.*

ONE of the best stories of clairvoyance as a means of throwing light on crime is thus told by a correspondent of the Psychical Research Society :

One morning in December, 1836, he had the following dream, or, he would prefer to call it, revelation. He found himself suddenly at the gate of Major N. M.'s avenue, many miles from his home. Close to him was a group of persons, one of whom was a woman with a basket on her arm, the rest men, four of whom were tenants of his own, while the others were unknown to him. Some of the strangers seemed to be murderously assaulting H. W., one of his tenants, and he interfered. "I struck violently at the man on my left, and then with greater violence at the man's face on my right. Finding, to my surprise, that I had not knocked down either, I struck again and again with all the violence of a man frenzied at the sight of my poor friend's murder. To my great amazement I saw my arms, although visible to my eye, were without substance, and the bodies of the men I struck at and my own came close together after each blow through the shadowy arms I struck with. My blows were delivered with more extreme violence than I ever think I exerted, but I became painfully convinced of my incom-

petency. I have no consciousness of what happened after this feeling of unsubstantiality came upon me." Next morning he experienced the stiffness and soreness of violent bodily exercise, and was informed by his wife that in the course of the night he had much alarmed her by striking out again and again with his arms in a terrific manner, 'as if fighting for his life.' He, in turn, informed her of his dream, and begged her to remember the names of those actors in it who were known to him. On the morning of the following day (Wednesday) he received a letter from his agent, who resided in the town close to the scene of the dream, informing him that his tenant had been found on Tuesday morning at Major N. M.'s gate, speechless and apparently dying from a fracture of the skull, and that there was no trace of the murderers. That night he started for the town, and arrived there on Thursday morning. On his way to a meeting of magistrates he met the senior magistrate of that part of the country, and requested him to give orders for the arrest of the three men whom, besides H. W., he had recognised in his dream, and to have them examined separately. This was at once done. The three men gave identical accounts of the occurrence, and all named the woman who was with them. She was then arrested, and gave precisely similar testimony. They said that between eleven and twelve on the Monday night they had been walking homewards along the road, when they were overtaken by three strangers, two of whom savagely assaulted H. W., while the other prevented his

friends from interfering. H. W. did not die, but was never the same man afterwards ; he subsequently emigrated. (Vol. I. p. 142.)

The advantage which would accrue from the universal establishment of this instantaneous vision would not be unmixed. That it is occasionally very useful is obvious.

*A Clairvoyant Vision of a Murder.*

The most remarkable experiment in clairvoyant detection that I have ever come across is told by Dr. Backman, of Kalmar, in a recent number of the "Psychical Research Society's Proceedings." It is as follows :—

"In the month of October, 1888, the neighbourhood of Kalmar was shocked by a horrible murder committed in the parish of Wissefjerda, which was about fifty kilometres from Kalmar as the crow flies. What happened was that a farmer named P. J. Gustafsson had been killed by a shot when driving, having been forced to stop by stones having been placed on the road. The murder had been committed in the evening, and a certain tramp was suspected, because Gustafsson, in his capacity of under bailiff, had arrested him, and he had then undergone several years' penal servitude.

"This was all that I or the public knew about the case on November 1st of the same year. The place where the murder was committed and the persons implicated in it were quite unknown to me and the clairvoyant.

"On the same day, November 1st, having some

reason to believe that such a trial would be at least partially successful, I experimented with a clairvoyant, Miss Agda Olsen, to try if it was possible to get some information in this way about such an event.

“The judge of the neighbourhood, who had promised to be present, was unfortunately prevented from coming. The clairvoyant was hypnotised in my wife’s presence, and was then ordered ‘to look for the place where the murder had been committed and see the whole scene, follow the murderer in his flight, and describe him and his home and the motive for the murder.’ Miss Olsen then spoke as follows, in great agitation, sometimes using violent gestures. I took notes of her exact words and reproduce them here fully.

“ ‘It is between two villages—I see a road—in a wood—now it is coming—the gun—now he is coming along, driving—the horse is afraid of the stones—hold the horse! hold the horse! now! now he is killing him—he was kneeling when he fired—blood! blood!—now he is running in the wood—seize him!—he is running in an opposite direction to the horse in many circuits—not on any footpaths. He wears a cap and grey clothes—light—has long coarse brown hair, which has not been cut for a long time—grey-blue eyes—treacherous looks—great dark brown beard—he is accustomed to work on the land. I believe he has cut his right hand. He has a scar or a streak between his thumb and forefinger. He is suspicious and a coward.

“ ‘The murderer’s home is a red wooden house,

standing a little way back from the road. On the ground-floor is a room which leads into the kitchen, and from that again into the passage. There is also a larger room which does not communicate with the kitchen. The church of Wissefjerda is situated obliquely to your right when you are standing in the passage.

“ ‘His motive was enmity ; it seems as if he had bought something—taken something—a paper. He went away from home at daybreak, and the murder was committed in the evening.’

“ Miss Olsen was then awakened, and like all my subjects, she remembered perfectly what she had been seeing, which had made a very profound impression on her ; she added several things which I did not write down.

“ On November 6th (Monday) I met Miss Olsen, and she told me in great agitation that she had met the murderer from Wissefjerda in the street. He was accompanied by a younger person and followed by two policemen, and was walking from the police office to the gaol. I at once expressed my doubts of her being right, partly because country people are generally arrested by the country police, partly because they are always taken directly to gaol. But when she insisted on it, and maintained that it was the person she had seen when asleep, I went to the police office.

“ I inquired if any one had been arrested on suspicion of the crime in question, and a police-constable answered that such was the case, and that, as they had been taken to the town on Sunday, they had been kept in the police-station



over night, and after that had been obliged to go on foot to gaol, accompanied by two constables." (The police-constable, T. A. Ljung, states that Dr. Backman described quite accurately the appearance of the house, its furniture, how the rooms were situated, where the suspected man lived, and gave a very correct account of Niklas Jonnasson's personal appearance. The doctor also asked him if he had observed that Jonnasson had a scar on his right hand. He said he had not then observed it, but ascertained later that it really was so, and Jonnasson said that he got it from an abscess).

"The trial was a long one, and showed that Gustafsson had agreed to buy for Jonnasson, but in his own name, the latter's farm, which was sold by auction on account of Jonnasson's debts. This is what is called a thief's bargain. Gustafsson bought the farm, but kept it for himself. The statements of the accused men were very vague; the father had prepared an *alibi* with much care, but it failed to account for just the length of time that was probably enough to commit the murder in. The son tried to prove an *alibi* by means of two witnesses, but these confessed that they had given false evidence, which he had bribed them to do when they were in prison with him on account of another matter.

"But though the evidence against the defendants was very strong, it was not considered that there was sufficient legal evidence, and, there being no jury in Sweden, they were left to the verdict of posterity." (pp. 213-216.)

*A Terrible Vision of Torture at Sea.*

The following marvellous story of a vision reaches me from Scotland. The Rev. D. McQueen writes me from 165, Dalkeith-road, Edinburgh, December 14th, as follows :—

“I have been much interested in your Ghost Stories. I wish to inform you of one I have heard, and which I think eclipses in interest, minuteness of detail, and tragical pathos anything I have ever known, and which, if published and edited by your graphic pen, would cause a sensation in every scientific society in Great Britain.

“It is not in my power to write the whole story, as it is nearly sufficient for a pamphlet by itself, but its accuracy can be vouched for by many of the most respectable and intelligent people in the neighbourhood of Old Cumnock. I heard the story some years ago, and would have written you sooner, only I wished to make inquiries as to the whereabouts of the subject of the remarkable vision.

“About twenty years ago a young man belonging to Ayrshire embarked from an Australian port to re-visit his friends in this country. His mother and father still live. The former saw all that befell her son from the moment he set foot on the deck till he was consigned to the sea. She can describe the port from which he sailed, the crew of the ship, his fellow passengers. It was a weird story, for her son, by name George, was done to death by the brutality of the officers. This was partially corroborated by a passenger named Gilmour, who called on her after his arrival

in London. When he entered the house she said, 'Why did you allow them to ill-use my son.' He started, and said, 'Who told you?' She related all that happened during the weeks her son was ill, and when she finished her guest fainted. According to her, her son was ill-used from the time he started till his death. For example, she saw her son struck by a ball of ropes, as she said (a cork fender). He said that was so. She saw him put into a strait jacket and lowered into the hold of the ship, which actually took place. She saw them playing cards on deck and putting the counters into her son's pocket, which were actually found in his clothes when they came back. She can describe the berth her son occupied, the various parts of the ship, with an accuracy that is surprising to one that never has been on board ship. And last of all she tells the manner of his burial, the dress, the service that was read, the body moving, the protest of one passenger that he was not dead. She had a succession of trances by day and night which are unparalleled. She saw some of the painful scenes in church, and has been known to cry out in horror and agony. If you could only get some one to take it down from her own lips—she alone can tell it—you would make a narrative that would thrill the heart of every reader in the kingdom. The woman is reliable. She is the wife of a well-to-do farmer. Her name is Mrs. Arthur, Benston Farm, Old Cumnock.

"I have written an incoherent letter, as I am hurried at present, but I hope you will see your

way to investigate it. I say again, I have never heard so weird and true a tale. But get the lady to tell her own story. It is wonderful ! wonderful ! ”

On January 9th, 1892, the Rev. A. Macdonald, of the U.P. Manse, Old Cumnock, wrote to me as follows :—

“ I have much pleasure in replying to the questions you put to me, whether I am aware of the clairvoyant experiences of Mrs. Arthur (Benston, New Cumnock), and whether I consider her a reliable witness.

“ It is many years since I heard Mrs. Arthur relate her strange visions, and there are other friends, beside myself, who have heard the same narrative from her own lips.

“ Mrs. Arthur, I hold, is incapable of inventing the story which she tells, for she is a truthful, conscientious, and Christian woman. She herself believes in the reality of the vision as firmly as she believes in her own existence. The death of her son on his way back from Australia was the cause of a sorrow too deep for the mother to weave such a romance around it. Further, her statements are not the accretions of after years, but were told, and told freely, at the time when her son was known to have died. This is about twenty years ago. During these twenty years she has not varied in her statements, and repeats them still with all the faith and with all the circumstantial details of the first narration.

“ I consider her vision—extending as it does from the time the homeward-bound vessel left the

harbour, over many days, until the burial of her son's body at sea—worthy of a place alongside the best of the Ghost Stories you have given to the world."

Mr. Arthur, the son of the percipient in this strange story, wrote to me as follows from Lochside, New Cumnock, Ayrshire, on the 14th January, 1892 :—

"My mother, Mrs. Arthur, of Benston, New Cumnock, Ayrshire, received your valued favour of 8th inst., together with a copy of the Christmas Number of the *Review of Reviews*. The circumstances you refer to happened twenty-one years ago, a short account of which appeared in a Scotch paper, and a much fuller one appeared in an Australian paper, but, unfortunately, no copy has been preserved, even the diary in which the particulars were written has been destroyed.

"It would not serve any good purpose for you to send a shorthand writer to interview my mother, as she is approaching fourscore years, and her memory is rapidly failing. I believe I can get a very full account (barring *minutiæ*) from a younger brother. But if the young man who was a fellow-passenger with my brother (when my brother died at sea off the Cape of Good Hope) is still alive, he is the proper party to give a full and minute account. He was the party who informed my parents of my brother's death. My mother lost no time in visiting him for particulars. I think the young man's name was Gilmour. He was then in the neighbourhood of Edinburgh. When he began to narrate what had taken place,

my mother stopped him and asked him to listen to her. She then went on to say that on a certain date, while she was about her usual household duties, her son came into the room where she was, said so and so and so and so, and walked out. Mr. Gilmour said that what she had said was exactly what had occurred during his illness, and the date he had visited her was the day of his death.

"I was at this time living in Belize, British Honduras. On my mentioning this circumstance to some of my friends there, Mr. Cockburn, who was Police Magistrate in Belize, said that his daughter, Miss Cockburn, had a similar experience. He lived at that time in Grenada, and Miss Cockburn was at school in England. One day she was out walking with the other school girls; suddenly she saw her mother walking along the street in front of her. Miss C. ran off to speak to her, but before she caught her up, her mother turned down a side street. When the daughter reached the corner the mother was nowhere to be seen. Miss Cockburn wrote to her mother, telling her what she had seen, by the outgoing mail. Her letter crossed one from her father, telling her that her mother had died that day."

Clairvoyance is closely related to the phenomenon of the Double, for the clairvoyant seems to have either the faculty of transporting herself to distant places, or of bringing the places within range of her sight. Here is a narrative sent me by Mr. Masey, Fellow of the Geological Society, writing to me from 8, Gloucester Road, Kew, which illustrates the connection between clairvoyance and the Double:—

“ Mrs. Mary Masey, who resided on Redcliffe Hill, Bristol, at the beginning of this century, was a member of the Society of Friends, and was held in high esteem for piety.

“ A memorable incident in her life was that one night she dreamt that a Mr. John Henderson, a noted man of the same community, had gone to Oxford, and that he had died there. In the course of the next day, Mr. Henderson called to take leave of her, saying he was going to Oxford to study a subject concerning which he could not obtain the information he wanted in Bristol. Mrs. Masey said to him, ‘ John Henderson, thou wilt die there.’

“ Some time afterwards, Mrs. Masey woke her husband one night, saying, ‘ Remember, John Henderson died at Oxford at two o’clock this morning, and it is now three.’ Her husband, Philip Masey, made light of it ; but she told him that while asleep she had been transported to Oxford, where she had never been before, and that she had entered a room there, in which she saw Mr. John Henderson in bed, the landlady supporting his head, and the landlord with several other persons standing around. While gazing at him some one gave him medicine, and the patient, turning round, perceived her, and exclaimed, ‘ Oh, Mrs. Masey, I am going to die ; I am so glad you are come, for I want to tell you that my father is going to be very ill, and you must go and see him.’ He then proceeded to describe a room in his father’s house, and a bureau in it, ‘ in which is a box containing a remedy ; give it him, and he will

recover.' Her impression and recollection of all the persons in the room at Oxford was most vivid, and she even described the appearance of the house on the opposite side of the street. The only person she appeared not to have seen in the room was a clergyman who was present. The husband of Mrs. Masey accompanied Mr. Henderson's father to the funeral, and on their journey from Bristol to Oxford by coach (the period being before railways and telegraphs existed), Mr. Philip Masey related to him the particulars of his son's death, as described by his wife, which, on arrival, they found to have been exactly as told by Mrs. Masey.

"Mrs. Masey was so much concerned about the death of Mr. Henderson, jun., that she forgot all about the directions he had given her respecting the approaching illness of his father, but some time afterwards she was sent for by the father, who was very ill. She then remembered the directions given her by the son on his death-bed at Oxford. She immediately proceeded to the residence of Mr. Henderson, and on arrival at the house she found the room, the bureau, the box, and the medicine exactly as had been foretold to her. She administered the remedy as directed, and had the pleasure of witnessing the beneficial effect by the complete recovery of Mr. Henderson from a serious illness."

Here we have almost every variety of psychic experience. First of all there is second sight pure and simple ; second, there is the aerial journey of the Double, with the memory of everything that



had been seen and heard at the scene which it had witnessed ; third, there is communication of information which at that moment was not known to the percipient ; fourth, we have another prediction ; and finally, we have a complete verification and fulfilment of everything that was witnessed. It is idle to attempt to prove the accuracy of statements made concerning one who has been dead nearly a hundred years, but the story, although possessing no evidential value, is interesting as an almost unique specimen of the comprehensive and complicated prophetic ghost and clairvoyant story.

These facts, which are well accredited, would seem to show that in the book of Job Elihu was not far wrong when he said, "In slumberings upon the bed God openeth the ears of men and sealeth their destruction." Or, to quote from an author who uses more modern dialect, it justifies Abercromby's remark that "the subject of dreaming appears to be worthy of careful investigation, and there is much reason to believe that an extensive collection of authentic facts, carefully analysed, would unfold principles of very great interest in reference to the philosophy of the mental powers."

Clairvoyance is a gift, and a comparatively rare gift. It is a gift which requires to be much more carefully studied and scientifically examined than it has been hitherto. It is a by-path to many secrets. It may hold in it the clue to the acquisition of great faculties, hitherto regarded as forbidden to mere mortals.

### CHAPTER III.

#### MY OWN EXPERIENCE.

It is difficult for those who are not clairvoyant to understand what those who are clairvoyant describe, often with the most extraordinary precision and detail. Unfortunately for myself I am not a clairvoyant, but on one occasion I had an experience which enabled me to understand something of clairvoyant vision. I had been working late at night, and had gone to bed at about two o'clock in the morning somewhat tired, having spent several hours in preparing "Real Ghost Stories" for the press. I got into bed, but was not able to go to sleep, as usual, as soon as my head touched the pillow. I suppose my mind had been too much excited by hard work right up to the moment of going to bed for me readily to go to sleep. I shut my eyes and waited for sleep to come; instead of sleep, however, there came to me a succession of curiously vivid clairvoyant pictures. There was no light in the room, and it was perfectly dark; I had my eyes shut also. But, notwithstanding the darkness, I suddenly was conscious of looking at a scene of singular beauty. It was as if I saw a living miniature about the size of a magic-lantern slide. At this moment I can recall the scene as if I saw it again. It was a seaside piece. The moon was shining upon the water, which rippled slowly on to the beach.

Right before me a long mole ran out into the water. On either side of the mole irregular rocks stood up above the sea-level. On the shore stood several houses, square and rude, which resembled nothing that I had ever seen in house architecture. No one was stirring, but the moon was there, and the sea and the gleam of the moonlight on the rippling waters was just as if I had been looking out upon the actual scene. It was so beautiful that I remember thinking that if it continued I should be so interested in looking at it that I should never go to sleep. I was wide awake, and at the same time that I saw the scene I distinctly heard the dripping of the rain outside the window. Then suddenly, without any apparent object or reason, the scene changed. The moonlit sea vanished, and in its place I was looking right into the interior of a reading-room. It seemed as if it had been used as a schoolroom in the day-time and was employed as a reading-room in the evening. I remember seeing one reader, who had a curious resemblance to Tim Harrington, although it was not he, hold up a magazine or book in his hand and laugh. It was not a picture—it was there. The scene was just as if you were looking through an opera-glass ; you saw the play of the muscles, the gleaming of the eye, every movement of the unknown persons in the unnamed place into which you were gazing. I saw all that without opening my eyes, nor did my eyes have anything to do with it. You see such things as these, as it were, with another sense, which is more inside your head than in your eyes. This was a very poor

and paltry experience, but it enabled me to understand better than any amount of disquisition how it is that clairvoyants see. The pictures were *apropos* of nothing; they had been suggested by nothing I had been reading or talking of, they simply came as if I had been able to look through a glass at what was occurring somewhere else in the world. I had my peep and then it passed, nor have I had a recurrence of a similar experience.

### *Crystal-Gazing.*

Crystal-gazing is somewhat akin to clairvoyance. There are some people who cannot look into an ordinary globular bottle without seeing pictures form themselves, without any effort or will on their part, in the crystal globe. This is an experience which I have never been able to enjoy. But I have seen crystal-gazing going on at a table at which I have been sitting on one or two occasions with rather remarkable results. The experiences of Miss X. in crystal-gazing have been told at length and in detail in the "Proceedings of the Psychical Research Society." On looking into the crystal on two occasions as a test, to see if she could see me when she was several miles off, she saw, not me, but a different friend of mine on each occasion, whom she had never seen, but whom she immediately identified on seeing them afterwards at my office.

Crystal-gazing seems to be the least dangerous and most simple of all methods of experimenting. You simply look into a crystal globe the size of a five-shilling piece, or a water-bottle which is full

of clear water, and is placed so that too much light does not fall upon it, and then simply look at it. You make no incantations and engage in no mumbo-jumbo business ; you simply look at it for two or three minutes, taking care not to tire yourself, winking as much as you please, but fixing your thought upon whoever it is you wish to see. Then, if you have the faculty, the glass will cloud over with a milky mist, and in the centre the image is gradually precipitated in just the same way as a photograph forms on the sensitive plate. At least, the description given by crystal-gazers as to the way in which the picture appears reminded me of nothing so much as what I saw when I stood inside the largest camera in the world, in which the Ordnance Survey photographs its maps at Southampton.

## PART IV.

### PREMONITIONS AND SECOND SIGHT.

"But there are many such things in Nature, though we have not the right key to them. We all walk in mysteries. We are surrounded by an atmosphere of which we do not know what is stirring in it, or how it is connected with our own spirit. So much is certain—that in particular cases we can put out the feelers of our soul beyond its bodily limits, and that a presentiment, nay, an actual insight into, the immediate future is accorded to it."—Goethe's "Conversations with Eckermann."

## CHAPTER I.

### MY OWN EXTRAORDINARY PREMONITIONS.

IF clairvoyance partakes of the nature of the camera obscura, by which persons can see at a distance that which is going on beyond the direct range of their vision, it is less easy to suggest an analogy to explain the phenomena of premonition, or second sight. Although I have never seen a ghost—for none of my hallucinations are scenic—I may fairly claim to have a place in this census on the ground of the extraordinary premonitions I have had at various times of coming events. The second sight of the Highlander is always scenic; he does not hear so much as he sees. If death is foreshadowed, the circumstances preced-

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ing and following the event pass as in dramatic scene before the eyes of the seer. It is much as if the seers had access to a camera obscura which enabled them not only to see that which was occurring at the same moment in various parts of the world, but in its magic mirror could reflect events which have not yet been as if they were already existent.

The phenomena of premonition, combined with the faculties of clairvoyance by which the percipient is able to reproduce the past, make a great breach in our conceptions of both time and space. To the Deity, in the familiar line of the hymn, "future things unfolded lie"; but from time to time future things, sometimes most trivial, sometimes most important, are unfolded to the eye of mortal man. Why or how one does not know. All that he can say is that the vision came and went in obedience to some power over which he had no conscious control. The faculty of foreseeing, which in its higher forms constitutes no small part of a prophet's power, is said to exist among certain families, and to vary according to the locality in which they are living. Men who have second sight in Skye are said to lose it on the mainland. But residence in Skye itself is not sufficient to give the Englishman the faculty once said to be possessed by its natives. In England it is rare, and when it exists it is often mixed up with curious and somewhat bewildering superstitions, signs and omens portending death and disaster, which can hardly be regarded as being more than seventh cousins of the true faculty.

I can make no claim to the proud prerogative of the seer, but upon several occasions I have had some extraordinary premonitions of what was about to happen. I can give no explanation as to how they came, all that I know is they arrived, and when they arrived I recognised them beyond all possibility of mistake. I have had three or four very striking and vivid premonitions in my life which have been fulfilled to the letter. I have others which await fulfilment. Of the latter I will not speak here—although I have them duly recorded—for were I to do so I should be accused of being party to bringing about the fulfilment of my own predictions. Those which have already been fulfilled, although of no general importance to any one else, were of considerable importance to me, as will be seen by the brief outline concerning three of them.

*Leaving Darlington Fore-seen.*

The first occasion on which I had an absolutely unmistakable intimation of the change about to occur in my own circumstances was in 1880, the year in which I left the editorship of the *Northern Echo* to become the assistant of Mr. John Morley\* on the *Pall Mall Gazette*.

On New Year's Day, 1880, it was forcibly impressed upon my mind that I was to leave Darlington in the course of that year. I remember on the 1st of January meeting a journalistic confrère on my way from Darlington station to the *Northern Echo* office. After wishing him a Happy New Year, I said, "This is the last New Year's Day I shall

\* Now Lord Morley.



ever spend in Darlington; I shall leave the *Northern Echo* this year." My friend looked at me in some amazement, and said, "And where are you going to?" "To London," I replied, "because it is the only place which could tempt me from my present position, which is very comfortable, and where I have perfect freedom to say my say." "But," said my friend, somewhat dubiously, "what paper are you going to?" "I have no idea in the world," I said; "neither do I know a single London paper which would offer me a position on their staff of any kind, let alone one on which I would have any liberty of utterance. I see no prospect of any opening anywhere. But I know for certain that before the year is out I shall be on the staff of a London paper." "Come," said my friend, "this is superstition, and with a wife and family I hope you will do nothing rashly." "You need not fear as to that," I said; "I shall not seek any position elsewhere, it will have to come to me if I have to go to it. I am not going to throw myself out of a berth until I know where my next place is to be. Humanly speaking, I see no chance of my leaving Darlington, yet I have no more doubt than of my own existence that I shall be gone by this time next year." We parted.

The General Election soon came upon us, and when the time came for renewing my engagement on the *Northern Echo*, I had no option but to renew my contract and bind myself to remain at Darlington until July, 1880. Although I signed the contract, when the day arrived on which I

had either to give notice or renew my engagement, I could not shake from me the conviction that I was destined to leave Darlington at least six months before my engagement expired. At that time the *Pall Mall Gazette* was edited by Mr. Greenwood, and was, of all the papers in the land, the most antipathetic to the principles upon which I had conducted the *Northern Echo*.

The possibility of my becoming assistant editor to the editor of the *Pall Mall Gazette* seemed at that time about as remote as that of the Moderator of the Free Church of Scotland receiving a cardinal's hat from the Pope of Rome. Nevertheless, no sooner had Mr. Gladstone been seated in power than Mr. George Smith handed over the *Pall Mall Gazette* to his son-in-law, Mr. Henry Yates Thompson. Mr. Greenwood departed to found and edit the *St. James' Gazette*, and Mr. Morley became editor. Even then I never dreamed of going to the *Pall Mall*. Two other North-country editors and I, thinking that Mr. Morley was left in rather a difficulty by the secession of several of the *Pall Mall* staff, agreed to send up occasional contributions solely for the purpose of enabling Mr. Morley to get through the temporary difficulty in which he was placed by being suddenly summoned to edit a daily paper under such circumstances.

Midsummer had hardly passed before Mr. Thompson came down to Darlington and offered me the assistant editorship. The proprietor of the *Northern Echo* kindly waived his right to my services in deference to the request of Mr. Morley. As a result I left the *Northern Echo* in September,

1880, and my presentiment was fulfilled. At the time when it was first impressed upon my mind, no living being probably anticipated the possibility of such a change occurring in the *Pall Mall Gazette* as would render it possible for me to become assistant editor, so that the presentiment could in no way have been due to any possible calculation of chances on my part.

*The Editorship of the "Pall Mall Gazette."*

The second presentiment to which I shall refer was also connected with the *Pall Mall Gazette*, and was equally clear and without any suggestion from outward circumstances. It was in October, 1883. My wife and I were spending a brief holiday in the Isle of Wight, and I remember that the great troopers, which had just brought back Lord Wolseley's army from the first Egyptian campaign, were lying in the Solent when we crossed. One morning about noon we were walking in the drizzling rain round St. Catherine's Point. It was a miserable day, the ground slippery and the footpath here and there rather difficult to follow. Just as we were at about the ugliest part of our climb I felt distinctly, as it were, a voice within myself saying. You will have to look sharp and make ready, because by a certain date (which as near as I can recollect was the 16th of March next year) you will have sole charge of the *Pall Mall Gazette*.

I was just a little startled and rather awed because, as Mr. Morley was then in full command

and there was no expectation on his part of abandoning his post, the inference which I immediately drew was that he was going to die. So firmly was this impressed upon my mind that for two hours I did not like to speak about it to my wife. We took shelter for a time from the rain, but afterwards, on going home, I spoke on the subject which filled me with sadness, not without reluctance, and said to my wife, "Something has happened to me which has made a great impression upon my mind. When we were beside St. Catherine's Lighthouse I got into my head that Mr. Morley was going to die." "Nonsense," she said, "what made you think that?" "Only this," said I, "that I received an intimation as clear and unmistakable as that which I had when I was going to leave Darlington, that I had to look sharp and prepare for taking the sole charge of the *Pall Mall Gazette* on March 16th next. That is all, and I do not see how that is likely to happen unless Mr. Morley is going to die." "Nonsense," said my wife, "he is not going to die; he is going to get into Parliament, that is what is going to happen." "Well," said I, "that may be. Whether he dies or whether he gets into Parliament, the one thing certain to me is that I shall have sole charge of the *Pall Mall Gazette* next year, and I am so convinced of that that when we return to London I shall make all my plans on the basis of that certainty." And so I did. I do not hedge and hesitate at burning my boats.

As soon as I arrived at the *Pall Mall Gazette* office, I announced to Mr. Thompson, to Mr.

Morley, and to Mr. Milner,\* who was then on the staff, that Mr. Morley was going to be in Parliament before March next year, for I need hardly say that I never mentioned my first sinister intimation. I told Mr. Morley and the others exactly what had happened, namely, that I had received notice to be ready to take sole charge of the *Pall Mall Gazette* by March 16th next. They shrugged their shoulders, and Mr. Morley scouted the idea. He said he had almost given up the idea of entering Parliament, all preceding negotiations had fallen through, and he had come to the conclusion that he would stick to the *Pall Mall Gazette*. I said that he might come to what conclusion he liked, the fact remained that he was going to go.

I remember having a talk at the time with Mr. Milner about it. I remarked that the worst of people having premonitions is that they carefully hide up their prophecies until after the event, and then no one believed in them. "This time no one shall have the least doubt as to the fact that I have had my premonition well in advance of the fact. It is now October. I have told everybody whom it concerns whom I know. If it happens not to come to pass I will never have faith in my premonitions any more, and you may chaff me as much as you please as to the superstition. But if it turns up trumps, then please remember that I have played doubles or quits and won."

Nobody at the office paid much attention to my vision, and a couple of months later Mr. Morley came to consult me as to some slight change which he proposed to make in the terms of his engage-

\* Now Lord Milner.

ment which he was renewing for another year. As this change affected me slightly he came, with that courtesy and consideration which he always displayed in his dealings with his staff, to ask whether I should have any objection to this alteration. As he was beginning to explain what this alteration would be I interrupted him. "Excuse me, Mr. Morley," said I, "when will this new arrangement come into effect?" "In May, I think," was the reply. "Then," said I, "you do not need to discuss it with me. I shall have sole charge of the *Pall Mall Gazette* before that time. You will not be here then, you will be in Parliament." "But," said Mr. Morley, "that is only your idea. What I want to know is whether you agree to the changes which I propose to make and which will somewhat affect your work in the office?" "But," I replied, "it is no use talking about that matter to me. You will not be here, and I shall be carrying on the *Pall Mall Gazette*; then what is the use of talking about it." Then Mr. Morley lifted his chin slightly in the air, and looking at me with somewhat natural disdain, he asked, "And, pray, do you mean to tell me that I have not to make a business arrangement because you have had a vision?" "Not at all," said I; "you, of course, will make what business arrangements you please,—I cannot expect you to govern your conduct by my vision;—but as I shall have charge of the paper it is no use discussing the question with me. You can make what arrangements you please so far as I am concerned. They are so much waste paper. I ask you nothing

about the arrangement, because I know it will never come into effect so far as relates to my work on the paper." Finding that I was impracticable, Mr. Morley left and concluded his arrangement without consultation. One month later Mr. Ashton Dilke sickened with his fatal illness, and Mr. Morley was elected on February 24th, 1884, as Liberal candidate for Newcastle-on-Tyne. I remember that when the news came to Northumberland Street, the first remark which Mr. Thompson made was, "Well, Stead's presentiment is coming right after all."

I remember all through that contest, when the issue was for some time somewhat in doubt, feeling quite certain that if Mr. Morley did not get in he would die, or he would find some other constituency. I had no vision as to the success of his candidature at Newcastle. The one thing certain was that I was to have charge of the paper, and that he was to be out of it. When he was elected the question came as to what should be done? The control of the paper passed almost entirely into my hands at once, and Mr. Morley would have left altogether on the day mentioned in my vision, had not Mr. Thompson kindly interfered to secure me a holiday before saddling me with the sole responsibility. Mr. Morley, therefore, remained till midsummer; but his connection with the paper was very slight, parliamentary duties, as he understood them, being incompatible with close day-to-day editing of an evening paper.

Here, again, it could not possibly have been said that my premonition had any share in bringing

about its realisation. It was not known by Mr. Ashton Dilke's most intimate friends in October that he would not be able to face another session. I did not even know that he was ill, and my vision, so far from being based on any calculation of Mr. Morley's chances of securing a seat in Parliament, was quite independent of all electoral changes. My vision, my message, my premonition, or whatever you please to call it, was strictly limited to one point, Mr. Morley only coming into it indirectly. I was to have charge of certain duties which necessitated his disappearance from Northumberland Street. Note also that my message did not say that I was to be *editor* of the *Pall Mall Gazette* on Mr. Morley's departure, nor was I ever in strict title editor of that paper. I edited it, but Mr. Yates Thompson was nominally editor-in-chief, nor did I ever admit that I was editor until I was in the dock at the Old Bailey, when it would have been cowardly to have seemed to evade the responsibility of a position which I practically occupied, although, as a matter of fact, the post was never really conferred upon me.

### *My Imprisonment.*

The third instance which I will quote is even more remarkable, and entirely precluded any possibility of my premonition having any influence whatever in bringing about its realization. During what is known as the Armstrong trial it became evident from the judge's ruling that a conviction must necessarily follow. I was accused of having conspired to take Eliza Armstrong from



her parents without their consent. My defence was that her mother had sold the child through a neighbour for immoral purposes. I never alleged that the father had consented, and the judge ruled with unmistakable emphasis that her mother's consent, even if proved, was not sufficient. Here I may interpolate a remark to the effect that if Mrs. Armstrong had been asked to produce her marriage lines the sheet anchor of the prosecution would have given way, for long after the trial it was discovered that from a point of law Mr. Armstrong had no legal rights over Eliza, as she was born out of wedlock. The council in the case, however, said we had no right to suggest this, however much we suspected it, unless we were prepared with evidence to justify the suggestion. As at that time we could not find the register of marriage at Somerset House the question was not put, and we were condemned largely on the false assumption that her father had legal rights as custodian of his daughter. And this, as it happened, was not the case. This, however, by the way.

When the trial was drawing to a close, conviction being certain, the question was naturally discussed as to what the sentence would be. Many of my friends, including those actively engaged in the trial on both sides, were strongly of opinion that under the circumstances it was certain I should only be bound over in my own recognisance to come up for judgment when called for. The circumstances were almost unprecedented ; the judge, and the Attorney-General,

who prosecuted, had in the strongest manner asserted that they recognised the excellence of the motives which had led me to take the course which had landed me in the dock. The Attorney-General himself was perfectly aware that his Government could never have passed the Criminal Law Amendment Act—would never even have attempted to do so—but for what I had done. The jury had found me guilty, but strongly recommended me to mercy on the ground, as they said, that I had been deceived by my agent. The conviction was very general that no sentence of imprisonment would be inflicted.

I was never a moment in doubt. I knew I was going to gaol from the moment Rebecca Jarrett broke down in the witness-box. This may be said to be nothing extraordinary; but what was extraordinary was that I had the most absolute conviction that I was going to gaol for two months. I was told by those who considered themselves in a position to speak with authority that I was perfectly safe, that I should not be imprisoned, and that I should make preparations to go abroad for a holiday as soon as the trial was over.

To all such representations I always replied by asserting with the most implicit confidence that I was certain to go to gaol, and that my sentence would be two months. When, however, on November, 10th, 1885, I stood in the dock to receive sentence, and received from the judge a sentence of three months, I was very considerably taken aback. I remember distinctly that I had to remember where I was in order to restrain the

almost irresistible impulse to interrupt the judge and say, "I beg your pardon, my lord, you have made a mistake, the sentence ought to have been *two months*." But mark what followed. When I had been duly confined in Coldbath-on-the-Fields Prison, I looked at the little card which is fastened on the door of every cell giving the name of the prisoner, his offence, and the duration of his sentence. I found to my great relief that my presentiment had not been wrong after all. I had, it is true, been sentenced to three months' imprisonment, but the sentence was dated from the first day of the sessions. Our trial had been a very long one, and there had been other cases before it. The consequence was that the judge's sentence was as near two months as he possibly could have passed. My actual sojourn in gaol was two months and seven days. Had he sentenced me to two months' imprisonment I should only have been in gaol one month and seven days.

These three presentiments were quite unmistakable, and were not in the least to be confounded with the ordinary uneasy forebodings which come and go like clouds in a summer sky. Of the premonitions which still remain unfulfilled I will say nothing, excepting that they govern my action, and more or less colour the whole of my life. No person can have had three or four premonitions such as those which I have described without feeling that such premonitions are the only certainties of the future. They will be fulfilled, no matter how incredible they may appear; and amid the endless shifting circumstances of our life,

these fixed points, towards which we are inevitably tending, help to give steadiness to a career, and a feeling of security to which the majority of men are strangers.\* Premonitions are distinct from dreams, although many times they are communicated in sleep. Whether in the sleeping or waking stage there are times when mortal men gain, as it were, chance glimpses behind the veil which conceals the future. Sometimes this premonition takes the shape of a deep indwelling consciousness, based not on reason or on observation, that for us awaits some great work to be done, which we know but dimly, but which is, nevertheless, the one reality of life.

\*One of the premonitions referred to by my Father was fulfilled on that fatal night in April, 1912, when the Titanic struck an iceberg and sunk with 1,600 souls, and his life on this plane ended.

He had known for years and stated the fact to many that he would not die in his bed and that his "passing" would be sudden and dramatic—that he would, as he put it, "die in his boots."

As to the actual cause or place of his "passing" he had no premonition—but rather inclined to the idea that he would be kicked to death in the streets by an angry mob whilst defending some unpopular cause.

E. W. STEAD.

## CHAPTER II.

### WARNINGS GIVEN IN DREAMS.

In my case each of my premonitions related to an important crisis in my life, but often premonitions are of a very different nature. One which was told me when I was in Glasgow came in a dream, but it is so peculiar that it is worthy of mention in this connection. The Rev. William Ross, minister of the Church of Cowcaddens, in Glasgow, is a Highlander. On the Sunday evening after I had addressed his congregation, the conversation turned on premonitions and second sight, and he told me the following extraordinary dream :—When he was a lad, living in the Highlands, at a time when he had never seen a game of football, or knew anything about it, he awoke in the morning with a sharp pain in his ankle. This pain, which was very acute, and which continued with him throughout the whole day, was caused, he said, by an experience which he had gone through in a dream. He found himself in a strange place and playing at a game which he did not understand, and which resembled nothing that he had seen played among his native hills. He was running rapidly, carrying a big black thing in his arms, when suddenly another youth ran at him and kicked him violently on the ankle, causing such intense pain that he woke. The pain, instead of passing away, as is usual when we happen

anything in dreamland, was very acute, and he continued to feel it throughout the day.

Time passed, and six months after his dream he found himself on the playing fields at Edinburgh, engaged in his first game of football. He was a long-legged country youth and a swift runner, and he soon found that he could rush a goal better by taking the ball and carrying it than by kicking it. After having made one or two goals in this way, he was endeavouring to make a third, when, exactly as he had seen in his dream, a player on the opposite side swooped upon him and kicked him heavily upon the ankle. The blow was so severe that he was confined to the house for a fortnight. The whole scene was exactly that which he had witnessed in his dream. The playing fields, the game, the black round ball in his arms, and finally the kick on the ankle. It would be difficult to account for this on any ground of mere coincidence, the chances against it are so enormous. It is a very unusual thing for any one to suffer physical pain in the waking state from incidents which take place in dreams.

### *A Premonition of a Bad Debt.*

When in Edinburgh I had the good fortune to meet a gentleman, who had held an important position of trust in connection with the Indian railways. Speaking on the subject of premonitions, he said that on two occasions he had had very curious premonitions of coming events in dreams. One was very trivial, the other more serious, but both are quite inexplicable on the

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theory of coincidence. The evidential value is enhanced by the fact that each time he mentioned his dreams to his wife before the realisation came about. I saw his wife and she confirmed his stories. The first was curious from its simplicity. A certain debtor owed Mr. T. an amount of some £30. One morning he woke up and informed his wife that he had had a very disagreeable dream, to the effect that the money would never be paid, and that all he would recover of the debt was seven pounds odd shillings and sixpence. The number of shillings he had forgotten, but he remembered distinctly the pounds and the sixpence. A few days later he received an intimation that something had gone wrong with the debtor, and the total sum which he ultimately recovered was the exact amount which he had heard in his dream and had mentioned on the following morning to his wife.

### *A Dream of Death.*

His other dream was more curious. An acquaintance of his in India was compelled to return home on furlough on account of the ill-health of his wife, and he agreed to let his bungalow to Mr. T. One morning Mr. T. woke up and told his wife of what he had dreamt. He had gone to Lucknow railway station to take possession of Mr. C's. bungalow, but when stepping on the platform the stationmaster had told him that Mr. C. was dead, and that he hoped it would not make any difficulties about the bungalow. So deeply impressed was he with the dream that he telegraphed to his friend C. to ask when he was going to start

for England, feeling by no means sure that the reply telegram might not announce that he was dead. The telegram, however, came back in due course. Mr. C. stated that he was going to leave on such and such a date. Reassured, therefore, Mr. T. dismissed the idea of the dream as a subjective delusion. At the appointed time he departed for Lucknow. When he alighted he was struck by the strange resemblance of the scene to that in his dream, and this was further recalled to his mind when the stationmaster came up to him and said, not that Mr. C. was dead but that he was seriously ill, and that he hoped it would not make any difference about the bungalow. Mr. T. began to be uneasy. The next morning, when he entered the office, his chief said to him, "You will be very sorry to hear that Mr. C. died last night." Mr. T. has never had any other hallucinations, nor has he any theory to account for his dreams. All that he knows is that they occurred, and that in both cases what he saw was realised—in one case to the very letter, and in the other with a curious deviation which adds strong confirmatory evidence to the *bonâ fides* of the narrator. Both stories are capable of ample verification if sufficient trouble were taken, as the telegram in one case could be traced, the death proved, and in the other the receipt might probably be found.

DREAMS which give timely notice of coming accidents are, unfortunately, quite as often useless as they are efficacious for the protection of those to whom they are sent. Mr. Kendall, from whose psychical diary I have often quoted, sends me the



following story of a dream which occurred, but which failed to save the dreamer's leg, although he struggled against it, and did his best to avert his evil fate :—

“ Taking tea at a friend's house in the road where I live, I met with the Rev. Mr. Johnson, superintendent of the South Shields Circuit among the Primitive Methodists. He spoke with great confidence of the authenticity of a remarkable dream which he related. He used to reside at Shipley, near Bradford. His class-leader there had lost a leg, and he had heard direct from himself the circumstances under which the loss took place and the dream that accompanied. This class-leader was a blacksmith at a manufacturing mill which was driven by a water-wheel. He knew the wheel to be out of repair, when one night he dreamed that at the close of the day's work the manager detained him to repair it, that his foot slipped and became entangled between the two wheels, and was injured and afterwards amputated. In consequence he told his wife the dream in the morning, and made up his mind to be out of the way that evening, if he was wanted to repair the wheel. During the day the manager announced that the wheel must be repaired when the work-people left that evening, but the blacksmith determined to make himself scarce before the hour arrived. He fled to a wood in the vicinity, and thought to hide himself there in its recesses. He came to a spot where some timber lay which belonged to the mill, and detected a lad stealing some pieces of wood from the heap. He pursued

him in order to rescue the stolen property, became excited, and forgot all about his resolution. He found himself ere he was aware of it back at the mill just as the workpeople were being dismissed. He could not escape, and as he was principal smith he had to go upon the wheel, but he resolved to be very careful. In spite of his care, however, his foot slipped and got entangled between the two wheels just as he had dreamed. It was crushed so badly that he had to be carried to the Bradford Infirmary, where the leg was amputated above the knee. The premonitory dream was thus fulfilled throughout."

### *A Death Warning.*

A much more painful story and far more detailed is contained in the fifth volume of the "Proceedings of the Psychical Research Society," on the authority of C. F. Fleet, of 26, Grosvenor Road, Gainsborough. He swears to the authenticity of the facts. The detailed story is full of the tragic fascination which attaches to the struggle of a brave man, repeatedly warned of his coming death, struggling in vain to avert the event which was to prove fatal, and ultimately perishing within the sight of those to whom he had revealed the vision. The story in brief is as follows : Mr. Fleet was third mate on the sailing ship *Persian Empire*, which left Adelaide for London in 1868. One of the crew, Cleary by name, dreamed before starting that on Christmas morning, as the *Persian Empire* was passing Cape Horn in a heavy gale, he was ordered, with the rest of his watch, to secure a

boat hanging in davits over the side. He and another got into the boat, when a fearful sea broke over the ship, washing them both out of the boat into the sea, where they were both drowned. The dream made such an impression upon him that he was most reluctant to join the ship, but he overcame his scruples and sailed. On Christmas Eve, when they were nearing Cape Horn, Cleary had a repetition of his dream, exact in all particulars. He uttered a terrible cry, and kept muttering, "I know it will come true." On Christmas Day, exactly as he had foreseen, Cleary and the rest of the watch were ordered to secure a boat hanging in the davits. Cleary flatly refused. He said he refused because he knew he would be drowned, that all the circumstances of his dream had come true up to that moment, and if he went into that boat he would die. He was taken below to the captain, and his refusal to discharge duty was entered in the log. Then the chief officer, Douglas, took the pen to sign his name. Cleary suddenly looked at him and exclaimed, "I will go to my duty for now I know the other man in my dream." He told Douglas, as they were on deck, of his dream. They got into the boat, and when they were all making tight a heavy sea struck the vessel with such force that the crew would have been washed overboard had they not clung to the mast. The boat was turned over, and Douglas and Cleary were flung into the sea. They swam for a little time, and then went down. It was just three months after he had dreamed of it before leaving Adelaide.

Here we have inexorable destiny fulfilling itself in spite of the struggles of its destined victim. It reminds me of a well-known Oriental story, which tells how a friend who was with Solomon saw the Angel of Death looking at him very intently. On learning from Solomon whom the strange visitor was, he felt very uncomfortable under his gaze, and asked Solomon to transport him on his magic carpet to Damascus. No sooner said than done. Then said the Angel of Death to Solomon, "The reason why I looked so intently at your friend was because I had orders to take him at Damascus, and, behold, I found him at Jerusalem. Now, therefore, that he has transported himself thither I shall be able to obey my orders."

*A Life Saved by a Dream.*

The Rev. Alexander Stewart, LL.D., F.S.A., etc., Nether Lochaber, sends me the following instance of a profitable premonition:—

"It was in the winter of 1853 that my brother-in-law, Mr. Kenneth Morrison, came on a visit to us here at the Manse of Nether Lochaber. Mr. Morrison was at that time chief officer of the steamship *City of Manchester*, of the Inman line, one of the ocean 'greyhounds' of her day, sailing between Liverpool and Philadelphia.

"In my service here, at the time of Mr. Morrison's visit, was a native of Lochaber, Angus MacMaster by name, an active, intelligent man, of about thirty years of age, a most useful man, a capital shot, an expert angler, and one of the best violinists in the West Highlands. No great wonder,

therefore, that Morrison took a liking for Angus, and that the end of it was that Morrison invited Angus to join him on board the *City of Manchester*, where, it was arranged, he should act as one of the steerage stewards, and, at the same time, as Mr. Morrison's valet. To this Angus very willingly agreed, and so it was that when Mr. Morrison's leave of absence expired, he and Angus joined the *City of Manchester* at Liverpool.

"Within a twelvemonth afterwards, Mr. Morrison wrote to say that he was about to be promoted to the command of the new Inman Steamship *City of Glasgow*—at that time, of her class and kind, the finest ship afloat—and that having got a few weeks' holiday, he was coming down to visit his friends in Lochaber, bringing Angus MacMaster along with him, for he had proved so good and faithful a servant that he was resolved not to part with him.

"Sooner than was expected, and when his leave had only extended to some twenty days, Captain Morrison was summoned to Liverpool to take charge of his ship, which had already booked her full complement of passengers, and taken in most of her cargo, and only required some little putting to rights, which had better be done under her commander's supervision, before she sailed on her maiden trip to Philadelphia. 'I must be off the day after to-morrow,' said Morrison, as he handed the letter to me across the table. 'Please send for Angus,' he continued, 'I wish him to come at once, that we may be ready to start by Wednesday morning.' This

was at the breakfast table on a Monday morning ; and that same evening Angus, summoned by a special messenger from the glen in which he was staying with his friends, arrived at the Manse, but in so grave and cheerless a mood that I noticed it at once, and wondered what could be the matter with him. Taking him into a private room, I said, ' Angus, Captain Morrison leaves the day after to-morrow. You had better get his things packed at once. And, by the way, what a lucky fellow you are ! If you did so well on the *City of Manchester*, you will in a year or two make quite a fortune in the *City of Glasgow*.' To my astonishment Angus replied, ' I am not going in the *City of Glasgow*—at least, not on this voyage—and I wish you could persuade Captain Morrison—the best and kindest master ever man had—not to go either.' ' Not going ? What in the world do you mean, Angus ? ' was my very natural exclamation of surprise. ' Well, sir,' said Angus (the reader will please understand that our talk was in Gaelic). ' Well, sir,' said Angus, ' You must not be angry with me if I tell you that on the last three nights my father, who has been dead nine years, as you know, has appeared to me and warned me not to go on this voyage, for that it will prove disastrous. Whether in dream or waking vision of the night, I cannot say ; but I saw him, sir, as distinctly as I now see you ; clothed exactly as I remember him in life ; and he stood by my bedside, and with up-lifted hand and warning finger, and with a most solemn and earnest expression of countenance, he said, " Angus, my beloved son,

don't go on this voyage. It will not be a prosperous one." On three nights running has my father appeared to me in this form, and with the same words of warning ; and although much against my will, I have made up my mind that in the face of such warning, thrice repeated, it would be wrong in me to go on this voyage. It does not become me to do it, but I wish you, sir, would tell Captain Morrison what I have now told you ; and persuade him if possible to make the best excuse he can, and on no account to go on this voyage in the *City of Glasgow*.' I said all I could, of course, and when Captain Morrison was told of it, he, too, said all he could to shake Angus from his resolution ; but all in vain. And so it was that Morrison left without him ; poor Angus actually weeping as he bade his master good-bye.

"Early in March of that year, the *City of Glasgow*, with a valuable cargo and upwards of five hundred passengers on board, sailed under Morrison's command for Philadelphia ; and all that was good and prosperous was confidently predicted of the voyage of so fine a ship under charge of so capable a commander. When sufficient time had expired, and there was still no word of the ship's arrival at Philadelphia, Angus came to enquire if we had heard anything about her. I could only reply that there was as yet no word of her, but that the owners, in reply to my inquiries, were confident of her safety—their theory being that something had gone wrong with her engines, and that she was probably proceeding under sail. 'Pray God it may be so !'

said Angus, with the tears in his eyes ; and then in his own emphatic language—*ach s'eagal leam, aon chuid dhuibhse na dhomhsa nach tig fios na forfhais oirce gu brath*—(but great is my fear that neither to you, sir, nor to me shall word of her safety, or message from her at all ever arrive). And it was even so : from the day she left the Mersey until this day no word of the *City of Glasgow* has ever been heard. It was the opinion of those best able to offer a probable conjecture at the time, that she must have come into contact with an iceberg, and instantly gone down with all on board.

“ I may add that Angus was a Catholic, and that Father Macdonald, his priest, told me shortly afterwards that Angus, before my messenger calling him to the Manse could have reached him, had communicated the thrice-repeated dream or vision to him in confession, and precisely in the same terms he used in describing it to me. When no hope of the safety of the *City of Glasgow* could any longer be entertained, Angus emigrated to Australia, whence after the lapse of several years, he wrote me to say that he was well and doing well. Whether he is still in life, or gone over to the majority, I do not know.”

### *A Highlander's Dream of his Drowning.*

Another story, which was sent me by my old friend the housekeeper of the Hon. Auberon Herbert's Highland retreat on the shores of Loch Awe, is an awful tale of destiny, the premonition of which only renders it more tragic.



They were all sitting round the fire one winter night each relating his best story. Each had told his story of the most wonderful things he had heard or seen in the Ghost line except Martin Barrow from Uist who sat silently listening to all.

"Come, Martin," said the man of the house "are you not going to tell a story, I am sure you know many?"

"Well yes," said Martin. "I know some and there is one strange one, running in my mind all this night, that I have never told to anyone yet, but I think I must tell it to-night."

"Oh, yes, do, Martin," cried all present.

"Well," said Martin, "you all I am sure remember the night of the fatal boat accident at Portroch ferry, when Murdoch McLane, big David the Gamekeeper, and Donald McRae, the ferryman were drowned and I was the only one saved of the four."

"Yes we do that Martin, remember it well," said the good man, "that was the night the Taybridge was blown down, it was a Sunday night the 28th of Dec. '79."

"Yes you are right that was the very night. Well you know Murdoch and I were Salmon watching down the other side of the Loch that winter. Well one night about the middle of November we were sitting by the side of Altanlarich, it would be about midnight, we had sat for some time without speaking I thought Murdoch was asleep and I was very nearly so, when suddenly Murdoch sprung to his feet with a jump that brought me to mine in a second.

"Goodness what is wrong with you," said I, looking round in every direction to see what startled him but could see nothing.

"O dear, dear! what a horrid dream I have had," said he. 'A dream,' said I. 'My' I thought you had seen a ghost or something by the spring you gave.'

"Well! you would spring too if you could and you drowning.' Then he told me that he thought it was the 28th of December and there was such a storm he had never seen anything like it in his life before. 'We were crossing the loch at the ferry,' said he. 'We had the big white boat and four oars on her. Big David the keeper Donald the ferryman you and I. And man but it was awful. The boat right up on end at times every wave washing over us and filling the boat more and more, and no way of bailing her, because no one could let go his oar, you and I were on the weather side, and Big David and Donald on the other, they of course had the worst of it, we got on until we were near the other side, the waves were getting bigger and the boat getting heavier, we were going to run for the creek, when she was struck by a huge wave that filled her up to the seats and sent David and Donald on their backs, they lost their oars, and the next wave came right over her and down she went. The other two never were seen, you and I came up and tried to swim to the shore, you got near enough to catch a rope that was thrown you, but I could not get through the tremendous waves and was just going down when I awoke with such a start.'

“‘My what a frightful dream,’ said I. ‘I should not like to have such a dream although I do not believe in dreams or Ghosts or these things it was the rain falling on your face did it.’

“‘Well! maybe it was said he,’ but all the same I could see he was thinking a good deal about it all night, although I tried to laugh him out of it. Well time passed until about the beginning of December there was heavy rain Murdoch went home to see his wife and family as all the rivers were flooded and there was no need of watching. He was on his way back to his work on the evening of the next day, when he got to the ferry, it was raining and blowing like to blow the breeks off a Hieland man as they say. ‘Dear me Murdoch,’ said Donald the ferryman, ‘you surely, don’t mean to go out to-night.’

“‘It is very stormy,’ said Murdoch, ‘if you would be so kind as come over for me at six o’clock in the morning I would go home again I must be down passed the Governor’s before he gets up you know.’

“‘Oh! I’ll do that for you Murdoch,’ said Donald. So Murdoch went home again that night and next morning by six o’clock he was at the ferry again. ‘Well done, Donald. You are a man of your word,’ said he, as he saw what he thought was Donald on the pier waiting him with his boat along side,—the morning was calm and fair though pretty dark, he thought it strange Donald did not answer him, but hurrying down the pier was about to step into the boat, when he felt someone strike him a violent blow on the ear with

the open hand. Looking sharply round he was astonished to find no one near, but he thought as he turned round he had seen a dark shadow disappear in the distance.

“‘God be with us,’ said he, turning to Donald, ‘what was that?’ He was horror struck to see a most hideous object for what he had taken to be Donald, glaring at him with eyes of fire. ‘God have mercy on my soul,’ said he, as he turned to run, but he had no sooner done so than he was seized by a grasp of iron and pressed down towards the boat, then began a struggle for life. He wrestled and struggled with all his strength and you know he was a very strong man, but he could do nothing in the iron grasp of his foe, and that foe a mere shadow, he was surely and steadily forced towards the boat, he was being forced over the side of the pier and into the boat through which he could see the waves rolling quite clearly, it was a mere shadow also

“‘Oh God help me,’ he cried from the depth of his heart as he gave himself up for lost. Suddenly as though forced by some unseen power the grasp that held him ceased and Murdoch fell back upon the pier unconscious.

“How long he lay he could not say, but it was Donald throwing water in his face that brought him round, they went into the Hotel where the people were just getting up, and he got a glass of brandy to steady his nerves, and after a short time they started and Murdoch got back to his work sometime during the day, where he told me the whole affair.

“Poor Murdoch was much changed after that, for the few days that he lived you could easily see the thing was pressing upon his mind a good deal.

“I need not tell you of the boat accident, you all know that well enough already, how Murdoch’s dream became true even to the very letter. Mr. Ross the Minister was preaching in the little church up here we went to put him across the Loch and it was while coming back that we were caught in the storm and the boat was swamped. Big David and Donald never were seen. Murdoch and I tried to swim to the shore but he only got a short way when he also sank and was drowned. I got near enough to catch a rope that they threw out to me and they pulled me in although I was just about dead too.”

There are many cases of this unavailing warning. Mr. T. A. Hamilton, of Ryedale Terrace, Maxwelltown, Dumfries, writes:—

“Thirty years ago I had the misfortune to lose my right eye under peculiar circumstances, and the night previous to the day on which it happened my sister dreamt that it had happened under precisely the same circumstances to which it did, and related her dream to the household before it had occurred. The distance between the scene of the accident and the house in which she slept was eight miles.”

### *How a Betting Man was Converted.*

One of the most interesting cases of premonitions occurring in a dream is that which I have received from the Rev. Mr. Champness, who is

very well known in the Wesleyan denomination, and whose reputation for sterling philanthropy and fervent evangelical Christianity is much wider than his denomination. Here is the story, as Mr. Champness sends it me :—

“ Some years ago, when working as an Evangelist, it was arranged that I should conduct a Mission in a town which I had never visited before, and where, so far as I remember, I did not know a single person, though I ought to say I was very much interested in what I had heard about the place, and had been led to think with some anxiety about the Mission. It would appear that on the Saturday night preceding the Mission a man in the town dreamed that he was standing opposite the chapel where the Mission was to be held, and that while he was standing there watching the people leave the chapel, a minister, whom he had never seen before, came up to him and spoke to him with great earnestness about religious matters. He was so much impressed by the dream that he awoke his wife, and told her how excited he was. On the Sunday morning he went to the chapel, and greatly to his astonishment, when I came into the pulpit he saw that I was the man whom he had seen in his dream. I need not say that he was very much impressed, and took notice of everything that the preacher said and did. When he got home he reminded his wife of the dream he had had, and said, ‘ The man I saw in my dream was the preacher this morning, and preaches again to-night.’ This interested his wife so much that she went to chapel with him in the evening. He

attended on Monday and Tuesday evenings. On the Tuesday evening after the service he waited outside the chapel. To his great surprise, when I came out of the chapel I walked straight up to him, and spoke to him energetically, just as he had seen on the Saturday night. The whole thing was gone over again in reality, just as it had been done in the vision. On the Wednesday evening he was there again, and I remonstrated with those who had not yielded to the claims of Jesus Christ. I pushed them very hard, and was led to say, without premeditation, 'What hinders you? Why do you not yield yourself to Christ? Have you something on a horse?' Strange to say, there was a race to be run next day, and he had backed the favourite, and stood to win 8 to 1. As he said afterwards, 'I could not lug a racehorse to the penitent form.' After the service, he went straight to the man with whom he had made the bet, and said, 'That bet's off,' at which the man was very glad, as he expected to lose the bet. Sure enough, when the race was run the one that had been backed did win, but he had given up any intention of winning money in that way, and that night decided to become a Christian. He has since then died, and I have good hope of seeing him in the country where we may perhaps understand these things better than we do now."

### CHAPTER III.

#### PREMONITORY WARNINGS.

ONE of the most curiously detailed premonitory dreams that I have ever seen is one mentioned in Mr. Kendall's "Strange Footsteps." It is supplied by the Rev. Mr. Lupton, Primitive Methodist minister, a man of high standing in his Connection, whose mind is much more that of the lawyer than that of poet or dreamer :—

"By the District Meeting Hull District) of 1833, I was restationed for the Malton Circuit, with the late Rev. T. Batty. I was then superintendent of the Lincoln Circuit ; and, up to a few days before the change, Mrs. Lupton and myself were full of anticipation of the pleasures we should enjoy among our old friends on being so much nearer home. But some time before we got the news of our destination, one night—I cannot now give the date, but it was during the sittings of the Conference—I had a dream, and next morning I said to my wife, ' We shall not go to Malton, as we expect, but to some large town : I do not know its name, but it is a very large town. The house we shall occupy is up a flight of stairs, three stories high. We shall have three rooms on one level : the first—the kitchen—will have a closed bed in the right corner, a large wooden box in another corner, and the window will look down upon a small grass plot. The room adjoining will be



the best room : it will have a dark carpet, with six hair-seated mahogany chairs. The other will be a small bed-room. We shall not worship in a chapel, but in a large hall, which will be formed like a gallery. There will be a pulpit in it, and a large circular table before it. The entrance to it will be by a flight of stairs, like those in a church tower. After we have ascended so far, the stairs will divide—one way leading up to the left, to the top of the place. This will be the principal entrance, and it leads to the top of the gallery, which is entered by a door covered with green baize fastened with brass nails. The other stairs lead to the floor of the place ; and, between the door and the hall, on the right-hand side, in a corner, is a little room or vestry : in that vestry there will be three men accustomed to meet that will cause us much trouble ; but I shall know them as soon as ever I see them, and we shall ultimately overcome them, and do well.'

"By reason of some mishap or misadventure, the letter from Conference was delayed, so that only some week or ten days prior to the change I got a letter that informed me my station was Glasgow. You may judge our surprise and great disappointment ; however, after much pain for mind, and much fatigue of body and expense (for there were no railways then, and coaching was coaching in those days), we arrived at No. 6, Rotten Row, Glasgow, on the Saturday, about half-past three. To our surprise we found the entrance to our house up a flight of stairs (called in Scotland *turnpike stairs*) such as I saw in my dream. The house was

three stories high also, and when we entered the kitchen door, lo, there was the closed bed, and there the box (in Scotland called a *bunker*). I said to Mrs. Lupton, 'Look out of the window,' and she said, 'Here is the plot of grass.' I then said, 'Look into the other rooms,' and she replied, 'Yes, they are as you said.' My colleague, Mr. J. Johnson, said, 'We preach in the Mechanics' Institution Hall, North Hanover Street, George Street, and you will have to preach there in the morning.' Well, morning came; and, accompanied by Mr. Johnson, I found the place. The entrance was as I had seen in my dream. But we entered the hall by the right; there was the little room in the corner. We entered it, and one of the men I had seen in my dream, J. M'M——, was standing in it. We next entered the hall; there was the pulpit and the circular table before it. The hall was galleried to the top; and, lo, the entrance door at the top was covered with green baize and brass nails. Only one man was seated, J. P——; he was another of the men I saw in my dream. I did not wait long before J. Y——, the other man, entered. My dream was thus so far fulfilled. Well, we soon had very large, overflowing congregations. The three men above named got into loose, dissipated habits; and, intriguing for some months, caused us very much trouble, seeking, in conjunction with my colleague, to form a division and make a party and church for him. But, by God's help, their schemes were frustrated, and I left the station in a healthy and prosperous state."

Mrs. Dean, of 44, Oxford Street, writes as follows:—

“Early this summer, in sleep, I saw my mother very ill in agony, and woke, repeating the words, ‘Mother is dying.’ I looked anxiously for a letter in the morning, but no sign of one; and to several at breakfast I told my dream, and still felt anxious as the day wore on. In the afternoon, about three o’clock, a telegram came, saying, ‘Mother a little better; wait another wire.’ About an hour afterwards came a letter with a cheque enclosed for my fare, urging me to come home at once, ‘for mother, we fear, is dying.’ My mother recovered; but upon going home a short time after, I saw my mother just as she then was at that time, and my stepfather used the words just as I received them—‘Mother is dying.’ They live in Liverpool, and I am in London.”

The following is from the diary of the Rev. Henry Kendall, from which I have frequently quoted:—

“Mr. Marley related this evening a curious incident that occurred to himself long ago. When he was a young man at home with his parents, residing at Aycliffe, he was lying wide awake one morning at early dawn in the height of summer when his father came into his bedroom dressed just as he was accustomed to dress—red waistcoat, etc.—but with the addition of a tasselled nightcap which he sometimes kept on during the day. His father had been ailing for some time, and said to him, ‘Crawford, I want you to make me a promise before I die.’ His son replied, ‘I will, father; what is it?’ ‘That you will take care of your mother.’ ‘Father, I promise you.’

'Then,' said the father, 'I can die happy,' and went out at the window. This struck Mr. M. as an exceedingly odd thing; he got out of bed and looked about the room and satisfied himself that he had made no mistake, but that he had really talked with his father and seen him go out at the window. In the morning, when he entered his father's room, the first words he heard were, 'Crawford, I want you to make me a promise before I die.' Mr. M. replied, 'Father, I will; what is it?' 'That you will take care of your mother.' 'Father, I promise you.' 'Then I can die happy.' Thus the conversation that took place during the night under such singular circumstances was repeated verbatim in the morning; and while it implied that the father had been previously brooding over the subject of his wife's comfort after he should be taken away, it also supplied important evidence that the strange affair of the night was not mere imagination on the part of the son. The father died soon afterwards."

### *A Spectral Postman.*

Of a somewhat similar nature, although in this case it was visible and not audible, is that told me by the Rev. J. A. Dalane, of West Hartlepool, who, on August 14th, 1886, about three o'clock in the morning, saw a hand very distinctly, as in daylight, holding a letter addressed in the handwriting of an eminent Swedish divine. Both the hand and the letter appeared very distinctly for the space of about two minutes. Then he saw a similar hand holding a sheet of foolscap paper on

which he saw some writing, which he, however, was not able to read. After a few minutes this gradually faded and vanished away. This was repeated three different times. As soon as it had disappeared the third time he got up, lighted the gas, and wrote down the facts. Six hours afterwards, at nine o'clock, the post brought a letter which in every particular corresponded to the spectral letter which had been three times shown to him in the early morning.

*An Examination Paper Seen in Dream.*

The Rev. D. Morris, chaplain of Walton Gaol, near Liverpool, had a similar, although more useful experience, as follows :—

“ In December, 1853, I sat for a schoolmaster's certificate at an examination held in the Normal College, Cheltenham. The questions in the various subjects were arranged in sections according to their value, and printed on the margin of stiff blue-coloured foolscap, to which the answers were limited. It had been the custom at similar examinations in previous years for the presiding examiners to announce beforehand the daily subjects of examinations, but on this occasion the usual notice was omitted.

“ After sitting all day on Monday, my brain was further excited by anxious guessings of the morrow's subjects, and perusals of my note-books. That night I had little restful sleep, for I dreamt that I was busy at work in the examination hall, I had in my dream vividly before me the Geometry (Euclid) paper. I was so impressed with what

I had seen that I told my intimate friends to get up the bottom question in each section (that being the bearer of most marks), and, it is needless to say, I did the same myself. When the geometry paper was distributed in the hall by the examiners, to my wonder it was really in every respect, questions and sections, the paper that I had seen in my dream on the Monday night.

“Nothing similar to it happened to me before or since. The above fact has never been recorded in any publication.”

### *Forebodings and Dreams.*

An instance in which a dream was useful in preventing an impending catastrophe is recorded of a daughter of Mrs. Rutherford, the granddaughter of Sir Walter Scott. This lady dreamed more than once that her mother had been murdered by a black servant. She was so much upset by this that she returned home, and to her great astonishment, and not a little to her dismay, she met on entering the house the very black servant she had met in her dream. He had been engaged in her absence. She prevailed upon a gentleman to watch in an adjoining room during the following night. About three o'clock in the morning the gentleman hearing footsteps on the stairs, came out and met the servant carrying a quantity of coals. Being questioned as to where he was going, he answered confusedly that he was going to mend the mistress's fire, which at three o'clock in the morning in the middle of summer was evidently impossible. On further investiga-

tion, a strong knife was found hidden in the coals. The lady escaped, but the man was subsequently hanged for murder, and before his execution he confessed that he intended to have assassinated Mrs. Rutherford.

A correspondent in Dalston sends me an account of an experience which befell him in 1871, when a lady strongly advised him against going from Liverpool to a place near Wigan, where he had an appointment on a certain day. As he could not put off the appointment, she implored him not to go by the first train. In deference to her foreboding, he went by the third train, and on arriving at his destination found that the first train had been thrown off the line and had rolled down an embankment into the fields below. The warning in this case, he thinks, probably saved his life.

Another correspondent, Mr. A. N. Browne, of 19, Wellington Avenue, Liverpool, communicates another instance of a premonitory dream, which unfortunately did not avail to prevent the disaster:

“My sister-in-law was complaining to me on a warm August day, in 1882, of being out of sorts, upset and altogether depressed. I took her a bit to task, asked her why she was depressed, and elicited that she was troubled by dreaming the preceding night that her son Frank, who was spending his holidays with his uncle near Preston, was drowned. Of course I ridiculed the idea of a dream troubling any one. But she only answered that her dreams often proved more than mere sleep-disturbers. That was told to me at 2 p.m. or about. At 6.30 we dined, and all thought of

the dream had vanished out of my mind and my sister-in-law seemed to have overcome her depression. We were sitting in the drawing-room, say 8 p.m., when a telegram arrived. My sister-in-law received it, turned to her husband and said, 'It is for you, Tom.' He opened it and cried, 'My God! My God!' and fell into a chair. My sister-in-law snatched the telegram from her husband, looked at it, screamed, and fell prostrate. I in turn took the telegram, and read, 'Frank fell in the river here to-day, and was drowned.' It was a telegram from the youth's uncle, with whom he had been staying."

Dr. H. Grosvenor Shaw, M.R.C.S., medical officer to one of the asylums under the London County Council, sends me the following brief but striking story, which bears upon the subject under discussion :—

"Four men were playing whist. The man dealing stopped to drink, and whilst drinking the man next to him poked him in the side, telling him to hurry up. Some of the fluid he was drinking entered the larynx, and before he could recover his breath he fell back, hitting his head against the door post, and lay on the ground stunned for something under a minute. When he came to he was naturally dazed, and for the moment surprised at his surroundings. He said he had been at the bedside of his friend—mentioning his name—who was dying. The next morning a telegram came to say the friend was dead, and he died, it was ascertained at the exact time the accident at the card table took place. I would remark the dead man



had been enjoying perfect health, and no one had received any information that he was ill, which illness was sudden."

*A Vision of Coming Death.*

One familiar and very uncanny form of premonition, or of foreseeing, is that in which a coffin is seen before the death of some member of the household. The following narrative is communicated to me by Mrs. Crofts, of 22, Blurton Road, Clapton. She is quite clear that she actually saw what she describes :—

"A week prior to the death of my husband, when he and I had retired to rest, I lay for a long while endeavouring to go to sleep, but failed ; and after tossing about for some time I sat up in bed, and having sat thus for some time was surprised to see the front door open, I could see the door plainly from where I was, our bedroom door being always kept open. I was astonished but not afraid when, immediately after the door opened, two men entered bearing a coffin which they carried upstairs, right into the room where I was, and laid it down on the hearth-rug by the side of the bed, and then went away shutting the front door after them. I was of course somewhat troubled over the matter, and mentioned it to my husband when having breakfast the following morning. He insisted that I had been dreaming, and I did not again let the matter trouble my mind. A week that day my husband died very suddenly. I was engaged in one of the rooms upstairs the evening afterwards, when a knock came to the door, which was an-

swered by my mother, and I did not take any notice until I heard the footsteps of those coming up the stairs, when I looked out, and lo ! I beheld the two men whom I had seen but a week previously carry and put the coffin in exactly the same place that they had done on their previous visit. I cannot describe to you my feelings, but from that time until the present I am convinced that, call them what you like—apparitions, ghosts, or forewarnings—they are a reality.”

*Profitable Premonitions.*

There are, however, cases in which a premonition has been useful to those who have received timely warning of disaster. The ill-fated *Pegasus*, that went down carrying with it the well-known Rev. J. Morell Mackenzie, an uncle of the well-known physician, who preserves a portrait of the distinguished divine among his heirlooms, is associated with a premonition which saved the life of a lady and her cousin, the wives of two Church of England ministers. They had intended to sail in the *Pegasus* on Wednesday, but a mysterious and unaccountable impression compelled one of the ladies to insist that they should leave on the Saturday. They had just time to get on board, and so escaped going by the *Pegasus* which sailed on the following Wednesday and was wrecked, only two on board being saved.

Like to this story, in so far as it records her avoidance of an accident by the warning of a dream, but fortunately not resembling it in its more ghostly detail, is the story told in Mrs.

Sidgwick's paper on the Evidence for Premonitions, on the authority of Mrs. Raey, of 99, Holland Road, Kensington. She dreamed that she was driving from Mortlake to Roehampton. She was upset in her carriage close to her sister's house. She forgot about her dream, and drove in her carriage from Mortlake to her sister's house. But just as they were driving up the lane the horse became very restive. Three times the groom had to get down to see what was the matter, but the third time the dream suddenly occurred to her memory. She got out and insisted on walking to the house. He drove off by himself, the horse became unmanageable, and in a few moments she came upon carriage, horse, and groom, all in a confused mass, just as she had seen the night before, but not in the same spot. But for the dream she would certainly not have alighted from the carriage.

*The Visions of an Engine-Driver.*

In the same paper there is an account of a remarkable series of dreams which occurred to Mr. J. W. Skelton, an American engine-driver, which were first published in Chicago in 1886. Six times his locomotive had been upset at high speed, and each time he had dreamed of it two nights before, and each time he had seen exactly the place and the side on which the engine turned over. The odd thing in his reminiscences is that on one occasion he dreamed that after he had been thrown off the line a person in white came down from the sky with a span of white horses and a black chariot,

who picked him off the engine and drove him up to the sky in a south-easterly direction. In telling the story he says that every point was fulfilled excepting that—and he seems to regard it quite as a grievance—the chariot of his vision never arrived. On one occasion only his dream was not fulfilled, and in that case he believed the accident was averted solely through the extra precaution that he used in consequence of his vision.

*Wanted a Dream Diary.*

Of premonitions, especially of premonitions in dreams, it is easy to have too much. The best antidote for an excessive surfeit of such things is to note them down when they occur. When you have noted down 100 dreams, and find that one has come true, you may effectively destroy the superstitious dread that is apt to be engendered by stories such as the foregoing. It would be one excellent result of the publication of this volume if all those who are scared about dreams and forebodings would take the trouble to keep a dream diary, noting the dream and the fulfilment or falsification following. By these means they can not only confound sceptics, who accuse them of prophesying after the event, but what is much more important, they can most speedily rid themselves of the preposterous delusion that all dreams alike, whether they issue from the ivory gate or the gate of horn, are equally to be held in reverence. A quantitative estimate of the value of dreams is one of those things for which psychical science still sighs in vain.

## CHAPTER IV.

### SOME HISTORICAL, AND OTHER CASES.

Of the premonitions of history there are many, too familiar to need more than a passing allusion here. The leading case is, of course, the dream of Pilate's wife, which, if it had been attended to, might have averted the crucifixion. But there again foreknowledge was impotent against fate. Calphurnia, Cæsar's wife, in like manner strove in vain to avert the doom of her lord. There is no story more trite than that which tells of the apparition which warned Brutus that Cæsar would make Philippi his trysting-place. In these cases the dreams occurred to those closely associated with the doomed. One of the best known of dream presentiments in English history occurred to a person who had no connection with the victim. The assassination of Mr. Perceval in the Lobby of the House of Commons was foreseen in the minutest detail by John Williams, a Cornish mine manager, eight or nine days before the assassination took place. Three times over he dreamed that he saw a small man, dressed in a blue coat and white waistcoat, enter the Lobby of the House of Commons, when immediately another person, dressed in a snuff-coloured coat, took a pistol from under his coat and shot the little man in his left breast. On asking who the sufferer was he was informed that it was Mr. Perceval, Chancellor

of the Exchequer. He was so much impressed by the dream that he consulted his friends as to whether he should not go up to London and warn Mr. Perceval. Unfortunately they dissuaded him, and on May 13th the news arrived that Mr. Perceval had been killed on the 11th. Some time afterwards, when he saw a picture of the scene of the assassination, it reproduced all the details of the thrice-dreamed vision. There does not seem to have been any connection between Mr. Williams and Mr. Perceval, nor does there seem to have been any reason why it should have been revealed to him rather than to any one else.

### *The Inner Light of the Quakers.*

The Quakers, whether it is because they allow their Unconscious Personality to have more say in their lives than others who do not practise quietism as a religion, or whether it be from any other cause, it is difficult to say, seem to have more than their fair share of premonitions. Every one remembers how George Fox saw a "waft" of death go out against Oliver Cromwell when he met him riding at Hampton Court the day before he was prostrated with his fatal illness. Fox was full of visions. He foresaw the expulsion of the "Rump", the restoration of Charles II., and the Fire of London. Stephen Grellet is another notable Friend who was constantly foreseeing things. He not only foresaw things himself, but his faculty seemed to bring him into contact with others who foresaw things; and in his Life there is an excellent instance of a premonitory dream, told by Countess

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Tontschkoff three months before Napoleon's Invasion. The countess, whose husband was a general in the Russian army, dreamed that her father came to the room, holding her only son by the hand, and, in a tone of great sadness, said, "All thy comforts are gone; thy husband has fallen at Borodino."

As her husband at that time was sleeping beside her she dismissed the matter as a mere dream. But when it was repeated a second and a third time, she awoke her husband and asked him where Borodino was. She told him her dream, and they searched through the maps with the greatest care, but could not discover any such place. Three months later Napoleon entered Russia, and fought the bloody battle which opened the way to Moscow near the river Borodino, from which an obscure village takes its name. Her father holding her son by the hand, announced her husband's death, in the exact terms that she had heard him use in her dream three months before. She instantly recognised the inn in which she was then staying as the place that she had seen in her dream.

### *Goethe's Grandfather.*

Goethe, in his Autobiography, records the fact that his maternal grandfather had a premonition of his election to the aldermanic dignity, not unlike that which I had about my promotion to the *Pail Mall*. Goethe writes:—

"We knew well enough that he was often informed, in remarkable dreams, of things which were to happen. For example, he assured his wife, at a time when he was still one of the youngest

magistrates, that at the very next vacancy he should be appointed to a seat on the board of aldermen. And when, very soon after, one of the aldermen was struck with a fatal stroke of apoplexy, he ordered that on the day when the choice was to be made by lot the house should be arranged and everything prepared to receive the guests coming to congratulate him on his elevation ; and, sure enough, it was for him that the golden ball was drawn which decides the choice of aldermen in Frankfort. The dream which foreshadowed to him this event he confided to his wife as follows : He found himself in session with his colleagues, and everything was going on as usual, when an alderman, the same who afterwards died, descended from his seat, came to my grandfather, politely begged him to take his place, and then left the chamber. Something similar happened on the provost's death. It was usual in such cases to make great haste to fill the vacancy, seeing that there was always ground to fear that the Emperor, who used to nominate the provost, would some day or other reassert his ancient privilege. On this particular occasion the sheriff received orders at midnight to call an extra session for the next morning. When in his rounds the officer reached my grandfather's house, he begged for another bit of candle to replace that which had just burned down in his lantern. ' Give him a whole candle,' said my grandfather to the woman ; ' it is for me he is taking all this trouble.' The event justified his words. He was actually chosen provost. And it is worthy of notice that the person who drew



in his stead, having the third and last chance, the two silver balls were drawn first, and thus the golden one remained for him at the bottom of the bag." (Quoted by Owen, in "Footfalls on the Boundary of Another World.")

*Miss X.'s Dogcart.*

Some people have this gift of seeing in advance very much developed. There is, for instance, Miss X——, of the Psychical Research Society, whose exploits in seeing a dogcart and its passengers half an hour before they really arrived, has taken its place as the classical illustration of this fantastic faculty of intermittent foresight. As the story is so well authenticated, and has become a leading case in the discussion, I reprint the passage in which it occurs from the "Proceedings of the Psychical Research Society."

The narrative is by a friend of the recipient :—

"About eight years ago (April, 1882), X. and I were staying in a country house, in a neighbourhood quite strange to us both. One morning, soon after our arrival, we drove with a party of four or five others in a waggonette to the neighbouring town, and, on our return, as we came in sight of the house, X. remarked to our hostess, 'You have very early visitors; who are your friends?'

"We all turned to find the cause of the question, but could see no one, and as we were still in view of the front door on which Miss X.'s eyes were fixed, we asked her what she could possibly be dreaming of. She then described to us, the more minutely that we all joined in absolute denial of

the existence of anything at all, the appearance of a dog-cart standing at the door of the house with a white horse and two men, one of whom had got down and was talking to a terrier ; she even commented upon the dress of one of the gentlemen, who was wearing an ulster, she said, a detail which we certainly should not have supposed it possible for her to recognise at such a distance from the spot. As we drove up the drive X. drew attention to the fresh wheel marks, but here also we were all unable to see as she did, and when we arrived at the house and found no sign of cart and visitors, and on inquiry learned that no one had been near in our absence, we naturally treated the whole story as a mistake, caused by X.'s somewhat short sight.

" Shortly after she and I were in an upstairs room in the front of the house, when the sound of wheels was heard, and I went to the window to see what it might be. ' There's your dog-cart, after all ! ' I exclaimed ; for there before the door was the identical dog-cart as X. had described it, correct in every detail, one of the gentlemen—having got down to ring the bell—being at the moment engaged in playing with a small fox-terrier. The visitors were strangers to our friends—officers from the barracks near, who had driven over with an invitation to a ball.

" C. having read over D.'s account, had added, ' This is substantially the same account as I heard from one of the party in the carriage.' Mr. Myers adds, ' I heard C., an old family servant, tell the story independently with the same details.'

" Both D. and I were surprised at her accurate

knowledge of the story, which she had not learnt from us, but from another lady present on the occasion." ("Proceedings of the Psychical Research Society,' Vol. VI. p. 374.)

## PART V.

### GHOSTS OF THE LIVING ON BUSINESS.

“ ‘A strange coincidence,’ to use a phrase  
By which such things are settled nowadays.”—BYRON.

#### CHAPTER I.

##### WARNINGS OF PERIL AND DEATH.

It is said that every family has a skeleton in its cupboard. It would be equally true to say that every family has a ghost in its records. Sometimes it is a ghost of the living, sometimes of the dead ; but there are few who, if they inquire among their relatives, will not find one or more instances of apparitions, which, however small their evidential credentials, are implicitly accepted as genuine by those who witnessed them. In taking the Census of Hallucinations I made inquiry of an old school-fellow of mine, who, after I came to Wimbledon, was minister of the Congregational Church in that suburb. He subsequently removed to Portsmouth, where I found him with his father one morning, on the occasion of the laying of the foundation-stone of the new Sunday school. On mentioning the subject of the Census of Ghosts, the Rev. Mr.

Talbot, senior, mentioned a very remarkable apparition which, unlike most apparitions, appeared in time to save the life of its owner.

*How a Double Saved a Life.*

The Rev. Mr. Talbot, the father of my late pastor, gave me the following account of the apparition :—

“ My mother had an extraordinary power of foreseeing and also of seeing visions. Of her premonitions and dreams I could give you many instances ; but as that is not the point at present, I will give you the narrative of her other faculty, that of seeing spiritual or phantasmal forms which were not visible to others. We were sitting at tea one evening when my mother suddenly exclaimed, ‘ Dear me, Mrs. Lister is coming up the path, with her handkerchief to her eyes as if crying, on her way to the door. What can have brought her out at this time ? There seems to be something the matter with her head. I will go to the door and let her in.’ So saying, my mother arose and went to the front door, where she firmly expected to find Mrs. Lister. None of the rest of us had seen Mrs. Lister come up the path, but as our attention might have been occupied in another direction we did not think anything of it. To my mother’s astonishment, when she reached the door Mrs. Lister was not visible. She came back into the room much disturbed. ‘ There is something the matter with Mrs. Lister,’ she said. ‘ I am certain there is. Yoke the horse and we will drive over at once to the Listers’ house—which stood about

one mile from our place—and see what is the matter.’

“My father, knowing from of old that mother had reason for what she said, yoked the horse and drove off with my mother as rapidly as possible to Lister’s house. When they arrived there they knocked at the door; there was no answer. Opening the door they found no one downstairs. My mother then went to Mrs. Lister’s bedroom and found the unfortunate lady, apparently breathing her last, lying in a pool of blood. Her husband, in a fit of insanity, had severely beaten her and left her for dead, and then went and drowned himself in a pond.

“My father immediately went off for a doctor, who was able to stitch up Mrs. Lister’s worst wounds and arrest the bleeding. In the end Mrs. Lister recovered, owing her life entirely to the fortunate circumstance that at the moment of losing consciousness she had apparently been able to project a visual phantasm of herself before the window of our tea-room. She was a friend of my mother’s, and no doubt in her dire extremity had longed for her company. This longing in Mrs. Lister, in some way unknown to us, probably produced the appearance which startled my mother and led to her prompt appearance on the scene of the tragedy.”

This story was told me by Mr. Talbot, who was then a boy, seated at the table at which his mother witnessed the apparition, and was regarded by him as absolutely true. Evidence in support of it now will be somewhat difficult to get, as almost

all the witnesses have passed over to the majority, but I have no reason to doubt the truth of the story.

*More Doubles Seeking Help.*

The story of Mrs. Lister's double appearing to Mrs. Talbot when in imminent peril of death, however it may be scouted by the sceptics, is at least entirely in accord with many other narratives of the kind.

A member of the Psychical Research Society in Southport sends me the following account of an apparition of a severely wounded man, which bears considerable resemblance to Mr. Talbot's, although its evidential value is nothing like so good. Its importance rests solely in the fact that the apparition appeared as the result, not of death, but of a very serious injury which might have had fatal consequences :—

“Some years ago, a lady named L. B. was staying with relations at Beckenham, her husband being away at a shooting party in Essex. On a certain afternoon, when she had, as she says, no especial reason for her husband being recalled to her mind, she was somewhat surprised, on looking out of her bedroom window, to see him, as she imagined, entering the front garden gate. Wondering what could have been the cause of the unexpected arrival, she exclaimed to her sister-in-law, ‘Why, there’s Tom!’ and went downstairs thinking to meet him entering the house. He was nowhere to be seen. Not long afterwards there arrived the news that her husband had been shot accidentally and considerably injured. Directly

they met she related to him her curious vision, and on comparing notes it was discovered that it had certainly taken place more or less at the same hour as the accident, the husband declaring that as he fainted away his wife was most distinctly present in his thoughts. There was, unfortunately, no means of exactly fixing the hour, but there was no doubt at the time that the two occurrences—viz. the hallucination and the accident—must have anyhow taken place within a short time of one another, if not simultaneously.”

Here we have an incident not unlike that which occurred to Mrs. Talbot—the unexpected apparition of the phantasm or dual body of one who at the moment was in imminent danger of death. Tales of this class are somewhat rare, but when they do occur they indicate conclusively that there is no connection between the apparition of the wraith and the decease of the person to whom it belongs.

Here is another story that is sent me by a correspondent in Belsize Park Gardens, who vouches for the *bona fides* of the lady on whose authority he tells the tale:—

“A Scotch waitress in my employ, whilst laying the cloth for dinner one day, was startled by perceiving her father’s face looking at her through the window. She rushed out of the room and opened the front door, expecting to see him. Greatly surprised at finding no trace of him, after carefully searching the front garden, and looking up and down the road, she came in, and sitting down in the hall nearly fainted with fright. On inquiring



for particulars she told me she had distinctly seen her father's face, with a distressed expression upon it, looking earnestly at her. She seemed much troubled, and felt sure something was wrong. A few days after this vision a letter came, saying that her father (a Scotch gamekeeper) had been thrown from a dog-cart and nearly killed. She left my employ to go and nurse him."

*Two Doubles Summon a Priest to Their Deathbeds.*

The next narrative should rather have come under the head of premonitions, but as the premonition in this case was accompanied by an apparition, I include it in the present chapter. It is, in its way, even more remarkable than Mr. Talbot's story. It is more recent, it is prophetic, and the apparitions of two living men appeared together to predict the day of their death. The narrative rests on the excellent authority of the Rev. Father Fleming, the hard-working Catholic priest of Slindon, in Sussex. I heard of it from one of his parishioners who is a friend of mine, and on applying to Father Fleming, he was kind enough to write out the following account of his strange experience, for the truth of every word of which he is prepared to vouch. In all the wide range of spectral literature I know no story that is quite like this :—

"I was spending my usual vacation in Dublin in the year 1868, I may add very pleasantly, since I was staying at the house of an old friend of my father's, and whilst there was treated with the attention which is claimed by an honoured guest,

and with as much kindness and heartiness as if I were a member of his family. I was perfectly comfortable, perfectly at home. As to my professional engagements, I was free for the whole time of my holiday, and could not in any manner admit a scruple or doubt as to the manner in which my work was done in my absence, for a fully qualified and earnest clergyman was supplying for me. Perhaps this preamble is necessary to show that my mind was at rest, and that nothing in the ordinary course of events would have recalled me so suddenly and abruptly to the scene of my labours at Woolwich. I had about a week of my unexpired leave of absence yet to run when what I am about to relate occurred to me. No comment or explanation is offered. It is simply a narrative.

"I had retired to rest at night, my mind perfectly at rest, and slept, as young men do in robust health, until about four o'clock in the morning. It appeared to me about that hour that I was conscious of a knock at the door. Thinking it to be the man-servant who was accustomed to call me in the morning, I at once said, "Come in." To my surprise there appeared at the foot of the bed two figures, one a man of medium height, fair and well fleshed, the other tall, dark, and spare, both dressed as artisans belonging to Woolwich Arsenal. On asking them what they wanted, the shorter man replied, 'My name is C——s. I belong to Woolwich. I died on—— of ——, and you must attend me.'

"Probably the novelty of the situation and feelings attendant upon it, prevented me from

noticing that he had used the past tense. The reply which I received to my question from the other man was like in form, 'My name is M——ll, I belong to Woolwich, I died on —— of ——, and you must attend me.' I then remarked that the past tense had been used, and cried out, 'Stop! You said "died," and the day you mentioned has not come yet?' at which they both smiled, and added, 'We know this very well; it was done to fix your attention, but'—and they seemed to say very earnestly and in a marked manner—you must attend us!" at which they disappeared, leaving me awe-stricken, surprised, and thoroughly aroused from sleep. Whether what I narrate was seen during sleep, or when wholly awake, I do not pretend to say. It appeared to me that I was perfectly awake and perfectly conscious. Of this I had no doubt at the time, and I can scarcely summon up a doubt as to what I heard and saw whilst I am telling it. As I had lighted my lamp, I rose, dressed, and seating myself at a table in the room, read and thought, and, I need hardly say, from time to time prayed, and fervently, until day came. When I was called in the morning, I sent a message to the lady of the house to say that I should not go to the University Chapel to say Mass that morning, and should be present at the usual family breakfast at nine.

"On entering the dining-room my hostess very kindly inquired after my health, naturally surmising that I had omitted Mass from illness, or at least want of rest and consequent indisposition. I merely answered that I had not slept well, and

that there was something weighing heavily upon my mind which obliged me to return at once to Woolwich. After the usual regrets and leave-takings, I started by the mid-day boat for England. As the first date mentioned by my visitors gave me time, I travelled by easy stages, and spent more than two days on the road, although I could not remain in Dublin after I had received what appeared to me then, and appears to me still, as a solemn warning.

"On my arrival at Woolwich, as may be easily imagined, my brother clergy were very puzzled at my sudden and unlooked-for return, and concluded that I had lost my reckoning, thinking that I had to resume my duties a week earlier than I was expected to do. The other assistant priest was waiting for my return to start on his vacation—and he did so the very evening of my return. Scarcely, however, had he left the town when the first of my visitors sent in a request for me to go at once to attend him. You may, perhaps, imagine my feelings at that moment. I am sure you cannot realise them as I do even now after the lapse of so many years. Well, I lost no time. I had, in truth, been prepared, except hat and umbrella, from the first hour after my return. I went to consult the books in which all the sick-calls were entered and to speak to our aged, respected sacristan who kept them. He remarked at once, 'You do not know this man, father; his children come to our school, but he is, or has always been, considered as a Protestant.' Expressing my surprise, less at the fact than at his

statement, I hurried to the bedside of the sufferer. After the first few words of introduction were over he said, 'I sent for you, father, on Friday morning early and they told me that you were away from home, but that you were expected back in a few days, and I said I would wait.' I found the sick man had been stricken down by inflammation of the lungs, and that the doctor gave no hope of his recovery, yet that he would probably linger some days. I applied myself very earnestly indeed to prepare the poor man for death. Again the next day, and every day until he departed this life, did I visit him and spent not minutes but hours by his bedside.

"A few days after the first summons came the second. The man had previously been a stranger to me, but I recognised him by his name and appearance. As I sat by his bedside he told me, as the former had already done, that he had sent for me, had been told that I was absent, and had declared that he would wait for me. Thus far their cases were alike. In each case there was a great wrong to be undone, a conscience to be set right that had erred and erred deeply—and not merely that, it is probable, from the circumstances of their lives, that it was necessary that their spiritual adviser should have been solemnly warned. They made their peace with God, and I have seldom assisted at a deathbed and felt greater consolation than I did in each and both of these. Even now, after the lapse of many years, I cannot help feeling that I received a very solemn warning in Dublin, and am not far wrong in calling it, the Shadow of Death.—T. O. FLEMING."

*A Double From Shipboard.*

During my visit to Scotland in the month of October the subject of Ghosts naturally formed the constant topic of conversation, and many stories were told of all degrees of value bearing upon the subject. The following narrative came to me as follows : We had been visiting the Forth Bridge, driving down from Edinburgh in the public conveyance. Shortly before our visit three men had fallen from one of the piers of the bridge and been killed. The question was mooted as to whether or not they would haunt the locality, and from this the conversation naturally turned to apparitions of all kinds.

As we reached Edinburgh on our return a middle-aged passenger who had been seated on a seat in front turned round and said, "What do you make of this story, for the truth of which I can vouch :—A young sailor, whose vessel at that moment was lying at Limerick Harbour, appeared to his father, who at that time was at home with the rest of his family in Dublin. He appeared to him in the early morning. At breakfast his father told the rest of his family that he had seen his son, who had said to him : 'In my locker you will find a Bible in the pocket of my coat. In that Bible you will find a place-keeper which was given me by my sweetheart after I left home, and on it are the words, "Remember me." ' That day at noon the young sailor, after making ready dinner for the crew, went up aloft, missed his footing, fell, and was killed. His effects were fastened up in his locker and sent through the Customs House

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to his father. When they arrived the locker was opened, and exactly as the apparition had described the Bible was found in the pocket of the coat, and in the Bible a place-keeper, which none of the family had seen, on which were the words 'Remember me.' " "But," said I to my fellow-passenger, "how do you know that the story is true?" "Because," he said, "the sailor was my brother, and I remember my father telling us about the vision at the breakfast-table."

Unfortunately I did not ask for the name and address of my informant. We were just alighting from the drag, and I contented myself with giving him my name and address, and asking him to write out an account with full particulars, dates, etc. with verification. This he promised to do, but, unfortunately, he seems to have forgotten his promise, and a story which, if fully verified, would be very valuable, can only be mentioned as a sample of the narratives which are reported on every hand if people show any disposition to receive them with interest, or, in fact, with anything but scornful contempt.

## CHAPTER II.

### A DYING DOUBLE DEMANDS ITS PORTRAITS !

PERHAPS the most remarkable and most authentic ghost is a ghost which appeared at Newcastle, for the purpose of demanding its photographs ! The story was first told me by the late secretary of the Bradford Association of Helpers, Mr. Snowden Ward. I subsequently obtained it first hand from the man who saw the ghost. Running from the central railway station at Newcastle, a broad busy thoroughfare connects Neville Street with Grainger Street. On one side stands St. John's Church, on the other the Savings Bank, and a little past the Savings Bank, proceeding from the station, stand the shops and offices of Grainger Street. It is a comparatively new street, and is quite one of the last places in the world where one would expect to find visitants of a ghostly nature. Nevertheless, it was in one of the places of business in this busy and bustling thoroughfare that the ghost in question appeared, for that it did appear there can be no manner of doubt. Even if all the other cases published in this book were discarded as lacking in evidential value, this would of itself suffice to establish the fact that apparitions appear, for the circumstances are such as to preclude the adoption of any of the usual hypotheses to account for the apparition. I called upon Mr. Dickinson at 43, Grainger Street, on October 14th, examined



his premises, was shown the entry in his book, and cross-examined himself and Miss Simon, the lady clerk, who figures in the subsequent narrative. It will probably be best to reprint the statement, which originally appeared in the *Practical Photographer*, merely filling in names and supplementing it here and there with a little more detail :—

“ On Saturday, the 3rd of January this year,” said Mr. Dickinson, “ I arrived at my place of business, 43, Grainger Street, Newcastle, a few minutes before 8 a.m. The outer door is protected by an iron gate in which is a smaller lock-up gate, through which I passed into the premises. Having opened the office and turned the gas on at the meter, and lit the gas fire, I stood at the office counter for a few minutes waiting for the lad who takes down the iron gate at the front door.”

Mr. Dickinson told me that the reason he was down so early was because the lad who usually brought the keys was ill, and he had come earlier than usual on that account. The place is lit with electric light. Mr. Dickinson does not remember turning on the light, although, as it was only eight o'clock on the 3rd of January, he must have done so in order to read the entry in the book.

Before the lad came, a gentleman called to inquire if his photographs were finished.

He was a stranger to him. He came into the room and came up to the counter in the ordinary way. He was wearing a hat and overcoat, and there was nothing unusual about his appearance excepting that he did not seem very well. “ He said to me, ‘ Are my photographs ready ? ’ I

said, 'Who are you? We are not opened yet.' He said his name was Thompson. I asked him if he had the receipt (which usually accompanies any inquiry), and he replied that he had no receipt, but his photograph was taken on December 6th and that the prints were promised to be sent to him before this call.

"I then asked him whether it was a cash order or a subscription one. The reason for asking this is because we have two books in which orders are entered. He said he had paid for them at the time; his name would therefore be in the cash orders. Having got the date and his name, I referred to my book, and found the order as he stated. I read out to him the name and address, to which he replied, 'That is right.'

"Here is an exact copy of the entry in the order book:—

7976.

Sat., Dec. 6th, /90.

Mr. J. S. Thompson,

154, William Street, Hebburn Quay.

6 cabinets.

7/- pd.

"The above was written in pencil; on the margin was written in ink, 'Dec. 16,' which, Mr. Dickinson explained, is the date on which the negative came to the office, named and numbered, and ready to go to the printers.

"Below this again was written in ink.

5th.—3 Cabinets gratis, neg. broken, letter sent asking to re-sit.

"In my book I found a date given, on which the negative was ready to be put into the printer's hands; and the date being seventeen days pre-

vious, I had no hesitation in saying, 'Well, if you call later on you will get some;' and I called his attention to the fact that it was very early, and explained to him that the employé's would not be at work until nine o'clock, and if he could call after that time he would be certain to get some of his photographs. He said 'I have been travelling all night, and cannot call again.'

"Some short time before I had been at a hydropathic establishment in Yorkshire, and had travelled home at night. When he said he had been travelling all night, I remembered my own journey, and I thought perhaps he had been to some hydropathic establishment to benefit his health; and finding that he was getting no better, he had come back, perhaps to die, for he looked wretchedly ill. He spoke wearily and rather impatiently, when he said he could not call again.

"With that, he turned abruptly and went out. Anxious to retain his good-will, I shouted after him, 'Can I post what may be done?' but I got no answer. I turned once more to the book, looked at the number, and on a slip of paper wrote *No. 7976, Thompson, post.* (This I wrote with pen and ink, and have the paper yet)."

Mr. Dickinson said he had handed over this piece of paper to a representative of the Psychical Research Society who had lost it. It was, however, a mere memorandum written on the back of a traveller's card.

"At nine o'clock, when Miss Simon (clerk and reception room attendant, a bright, intelligent young lady) came, I handed the slip of paper to her,

and asked her to have it attended to, telling her that the man had called for them, and seemed much disappointed that he had not received them before. Miss Simon, with considerable surprise, exclaimed, 'Why, an old man called about these photographs yesterday (Friday), and I told him they could not be ready this week owing to the bad weather, and that we were nearly three weeks behind with our work.' I suggested that it was quite time Mr. Thompson's were ready, and inquired who was printing the order. I was told that it was not in print, and, pointing to a pile of negatives, Miss Simon said 'Thompson's is amongst that lot, and they have been waiting quite a fortnight.' I asked to be shown the negative, and about half an hour later Miss S. called me saying 'This is Thompson's negative.'

"I took it in my hands and looked at it carefully, remarking, 'Yes, that is it ; that is the chap who called this morning.'"

Mr. Dickinson said he had no difficulty in recognising it, although the man wore a hat and top-coat when he called, whereas in the portrait the sitter wore neither hat nor top coat.

"Miss Simon again referred to the fact that she had told the man who had called on the previous day that none were done, or could be done that week. 'Well,' I said, 'put this to one side, and I will see to it myself on Monday, and endeavour to hurry it forward.' On the Monday (January 5th) I was in one of the printing-rooms, and about 10.30 a.m., having one or two printing-frames empty, I thought of Thompson's negative, and

accordingly went down to the office and asked Miss S. for it. 'Oh! yes,' she replied, 'and here are a few more equally urgent, you may take them as well.' I said, 'That cannot be, as I have only two or three frames at liberty' (she had about twenty negatives in her hand, holding them out to me); 'give me Thompson's first, and let me get my mind at rest about it.' To which she answered, 'His is amongst this lot, I will have to pick it out.' (Each negative was in a paper bag.)

"I offered to help her, and she commenced at one end of the batch and I at the other; and before we got halfway through I came across one which I knew was very urgent, and turned away to look up the date of taking it, when crash! went part of the negatives on the floor. This accident seemed so serious that I was almost afraid to pick up the fallen negatives, but on doing so, one by one, I was greatly relieved to find *only one* was broken; but, judge of my horror to find that that one was Thompson's!

"I muttered something (not loud, but deep), and would fain have relieved my feelings, but the presence of ladies restrained me (this accident being witnessed also by my head printer, Miss L.).

"I could not honestly blame Miss Simon for this—each thought the other was holding the lot, and between us we let them drop.

"The negative was broken in two, right across the forehead of figure. I put the pieces carefully away, and taking out a memo. form, wrote to Mr. Thompson, asking him to kindly give another

sitting, and offering to recoup him for his trouble and loss of time. This letter was posted five minutes after the negative was broken, and the affair was forgotten by me for the time.

"However, on Friday, January 9th, I was in the printing-room upstairs, when I was signalled by the whistle which communicates with the office, and Miss Simon asked if I could go down, as the gentleman had called about the negative. I asked 'What negative?' 'Well,' she replied, 'the one we broke.'

"'Mr. Thompson's,' I answered. 'I am very busy and cannot come down, but you know the terms I offered him; send him up to be taken at once.'

"'But he is *dead*!' said Miss Simon.

"'Dead!' I exclaimed, and without another word I hastened down the stairs to my office. Here I saw an elderly gentleman, who seemed in great trouble.

"'Surely,' said I to him, 'you don't mean to say that this man is dead?'

"'It is only too true,' he replied.

"'Well, it must have been dreadfully sudden,' I said, sympathetically, 'because I saw him only last Saturday.'

"The old gentleman shook his head sadly, and said, 'You are mistaken, for he died last Saturday.'

"'Nay,' I returned, 'I am not mistaken, for I recognised him by the negative.'

"However, the father (for such was his relationship to my sitter) persisted in saying I was mis-

taken, and that it was he who called on the Friday and not his son, and, he said, 'I saw that young lady (pointing to Miss Simon), and she told me the photographs would not be ready that week.'

" 'That is quite right,' said Miss Simon, 'but Mr. Dickinson also saw a gentleman on the Saturday morning, and, when I showed Mr. Dickinson the negative, he said, "Yes, that's the man who called." I told Mr. Dickinson *then* of your having called on the Friday.'

" Still Mr. Thompson, sen., seemed to think that we were wrong, and many questions and cross-questions I put to him only served to confirm him in his opinion that I had got mixed ; but this he said—no one was authorised to call, nor had they any friend or relative who would know of the portraits being ordered, neither was there any one likely to impersonate the man who had sat for his portrait.

" I had no further interview with the old gentleman until a week later, when he was much calmer in his appearance and conversation, and at this interview he told me that his son died on Saturday, January 3rd, at about 2.30 p.m. ; he also stated that at the time I saw him (the sitter) he was unconscious, and remained so up to the time of his death. I have not had any explanation of this mysterious visit up to present date, February 26th, 1891.

" It is curious to me that I have no recollection of hearing the man come upstairs, or of him going down. In appearance he was pale and careworn, and looked as though he had been very ill. This

thought occurred to me when he said he had been travelling all night.

JAMES DICKINSON.

43, Grainger Street, Newcastle."

Miss Simon, in further conversation with me, stated that when the father called on Friday night and asked for the photographs, he came late, at least after the electric light was lit. He seemed disappointed, but made no further remark when he was told they were not ready. Mr. Dickinson stated that in conversation with the father afterwards, he told him that his son, on the Friday, had been delirious and had cried out for his photographs so frequently that they had tried to get them, and that was why he had called on Friday night. Hebburn is on the south side of the Tyne, about four miles from Newcastle. The father was absolutely certain that it was physically impossible for his son to have left the house. He did not leave it. They knew the end was approaching, and he and his wife were in constant attendance at the death-bed. He also stated that it was impossible, from the position of the bedroom, for him to have left the house, even if he had been able to get out of bed without their hearing him. As a matter of fact, he did not get out of bed, and at the moment when his Double was talking to Mr. Dickinson in Grainger Street he was lying unconscious at Hebburn.

It is impossible to explain this on the theory that Mr. Dickinson visualised the impression left upon his mind by Mr. Thompson, for Mr. Dickinson had never seen Mr. Thompson in his life. Neither



could he have given apparent objectivity to a photograph which he might possibly have seen, although Mr. Dickinson asserts that he had never seen the photograph until it was brought him on the Saturday morning. If he had done so by any chance he would not have fitted his man with a top-coat and hat. It cannot, therefore, be regarded as a subjective hallucination ; besides, the evidence afforded by the looking up of the book, the making an entry of what occurred, and the conversation which took place, in which the visitor mentioned facts which were not present in Mr. Dickinson's own mind, but which he verified there and then by looking up his books, bring it as near certainty as it is possible to arrive in a case such as this. Whoever the visitor was, it was not a subjective hallucination on the part of Mr. Dickinson.

It is equally impossible to believe that it was the actual Mr. Thompson, because he was at that moment within six hours of death, and the evidence of his father is that his son at that moment was physically incapable of getting out of bed, and that he was actually lying unconscious before their eyes at Hebburn at the moment when his apparition was talking to Mr. Dickinson at Newcastle. The only other hypothesis that can be brought forward is that some one personated Thompson. Against this we have the fact that Mr. Dickinson, who had never seen Thompson, recognised him immediately as soon as he saw the negative of his portrait.

Further, if any one had come from Hebburn on behalf of Thompson, he would not have asserted

that he was Thompson himself, knowing, as he would, that he was speaking to a photographer, who, if the photographs had been ready, would at once have compared the photographs with the person standing before him, when the attempted personation would at once have been detected. Besides, no one was likely to have been so anxious about the photographs as to come up to Newcastle an hour before the studio opened in order to get them.

We may turn it which way we please, there is no hypothesis which will fit the facts except the assumption that there is such a thing as a Thought Body, capable of locomotion and speech, which can transfer itself wherever it pleases, clothing itself with whatever clothes it desires to wear, which are phantasmal like itself. Short of that hypothesis, I do not see any explanation possible ; and yet, if we admit that hypothesis, what an immense vista of possibilities is opened up to our view !

## PART VI.

### GHOSTS KEEPING PROMISE.

"There is something in that ancient superstition  
Which erring as it is, our fancy loves."—SCOTT.

#### CHAPTER. I.

#### MY IRISH FRIEND.

MANY of the apparitions that are reported are of phantasms that appear in fulfilment of a promise made to survivors during life. Of this class I came, in the course of my census, upon a very remarkable case.

Among my acquaintances is an Irish lady, the widow of an official who held a responsible position in the Dublin Post Office. She is Celt to her backbone, with all the qualities of her race. After her husband's death she contracted an unfortunate marriage—which really was no marriage legally—with an engineer of remarkable character and no small native talent. He, however, did not add to his other qualities the saving virtues of principle and honesty. Owing to these defects my friend woke up one fine morning to find that her new husband had been married previously, and that his wife was still living.

On making this discovery she left her partner and came to London, where I met her. She is a woman of very strong character, and of some considerable although irregular ability. She has many superstitions, and her dreams were something wonderful to hear. After she had been in London two years her bigamist lover found out where she was, and leaving his home in Italy followed her to London. There was no doubt as to the sincerity of his attachment to the woman whom he had betrayed, and the scenes which took place between them were painful, and at one time threatened to have a very tragic ending.

Fortunately, although she never ceased to cherish a very passionate affection for her lover, she refused to resume her old relations with him, and after many stormy scenes he departed for Italy, loading her with reproaches. Some months after his departure she came to me and told me she was afraid something had happened to him. She had heard him calling her outside her window, and shortly afterwards saw him quite distinctly in her room. She was much upset about it.

I pooh-poohed the story, and put it down to a hallucination caused by the revival of the stormy and painful scenes of the parting. Shortly afterwards she received news from Italy that her late husband, if we may so call him, had died about the same time she heard him calling her by her name under her window in East London.

I only learnt when the above was passing through the press<sup>2</sup> that the unfortunate man, whose phantasm appeared to my friend, died

suddenly either by his own hand or by accident. On leaving London he drank on steadily, hardly being sober for a single day. After a prolonged period of intoxication he went out of the house, and was subsequently found dead, either having thrown himself or fallen over a considerable height, at the foot of which he was found dead.

I asked Mrs. G. F.—to write out for me, as carefully as she could remember it after the lapse of two years, exactly what she saw and heard. Here is her report:—

*The Promise.*

“ In the end of the summer of 1886 it happened one morning that Irwin and myself were awake at 5.30 a.m., and as we could not go to sleep again, we lay talking of our future possible happiness and present troubles. We were at the time sleeping in Room No. 16, Hotel Washington, overlooking the Bay of Naples. We agreed that nothing would force us to separate in this life—neither poverty nor persecution from his family, nor any other thing on earth. (I believed myself his wife then.) We each agreed that we would die together rather than separate. We spoke a great deal that morning about our views of what was or was not likely to be the condition of souls after death, and whether it was likely that spirits could communicate, by any transmitted feeling or apparition, the fact that they had died to their surviving friends. Finally, we made a solemn promise to each other that whichever of us died first would appear to the other after death if such was permitted.

“ Well, after the fact of his being already married came to light, we parted. I left him, and he followed me to London on December '87. During his stay here I once asked if he had ever thought about our agreement as to as to who should die first appealing to the other ; and he said, ‘ Oh, Georgie, you do not need to remind me ; my spirit is a part of yours, and can never be separated nor dissolved even through all eternity ; *no, not even* though you treat me as you do ; even though you became the wife of another you cannot divorce our spirits. And whenever my spirit leaves this earth I will appear to you.’

“ Well, in the beginning of August '88 he left England for Naples ; his last words were that I would never again see him ; I should *see* him, but not alive, for he would put an end to his life and heart-break. After that he never wrote to me ; still I did not altogether think he would kill himself. On the 22nd or 23rd of the following November ('88), I posted a note to him at Sarno post office. No reply came, and I thought it might be he was not at Sarno, or was sick, or travelling, and so did not call at the post office, and so never dreamed of his being dead.”

### *Its Fulfilment.*

“ Time went on and nothing occurred till November 27th (or I should say 28th, for it occurred at 12.30, or between 12 and 1 a.m., I forget the exact time). It was just at that period when I used to sit up night after night till 1, 2, and

o

3 o'clock a.m. at home doing the class books ; on this occasion I was sitting close to the fire, with the table beside me, sorting cuttings. Looking up from the papers my eyes chanced to fall on the door, which stood about a foot and a half open, and right inside, but not so far in but that his clothes touched the edge of the door, stood Irwin ; he was dressed as I last had seen him—overcoat, tall hat, and his arms were down by his sides in his natural, usual way. He stood in his exact own perfectly upright attitude, and held his head and face up in a sort of dignified way, which he used generally to adopt on all occasions of importance or during a controversy or dispute. He had his face turned towards me, and looked at me with a terribly meaning expression, very pale, and as if pained by being deprived of the power of speech or of local movements.

“ I got a shocking fright, for I thought at first sight he was living, and had got in unknown to me to surprise me. I felt my heart jump with fright, and I said, ‘ Oh ! ’ but before I had hardly finished the exclamation, his figure was fading away, and, horrible to relate, it faded in such a way that the flesh seemed to fade out of the clothes, or at all events the hat and coat were longer visible than the whole man. I turned white and cold, felt an awful dread ; I was too much afraid to go near enough to shut the door when he had vanished. I was so shaken and confused, and half paralysed, I felt I could not even cry out ; it was as if something had a grip on my spirit, I feared to stir, and sat up all night, fearing to take my eyes off

the door, not daring to go and shut it. Later on I got an umbrella and walked tremblingly, and pushed the door close without fastening it. I feared to touch it with my hand. I felt such a relief when I saw daylight and heard the landlady moving about.

"Now, though I was frightened, I did not for a moment think he was dead, nor did it enter my mind then about our agreement. I tried to shake off the nervousness, and quite thought it must be something in my sight caused by imagination, and nerves being overdone by sitting up so late for so many nights together. Still, I thought it dreadfully strange, it was *so real*."

#### *A Ghost's Cough.*

"Well, about three days passed, and then I was startled by hearing his voice outside my window, as plain as a voice could be, calling, 'Georgie! Are you there, Georgie?' I felt certain it was really him come back to England. I could not mistake his voice. I felt quite flurried, and ran out to the hall door, but no one in sight. I went back in, and felt rather upset and disappointed, for I would have been glad if he had come back again, and began to wish he really would turn up. I then thought to myself, 'Well, that was so queer. Oh, it *must* be Irwin, and perhaps he is just hiding in some hall door to see if I *will* go out and let him in, or what I will do. So out I went again. This time I put my hat on, and ran along and peeped into hall doors where he might be hiding, but with no result. Later on that night I could have sworn



I heard him cough twice right at the window, as if he did it to attract attention. Out I went again. No result.

“ Well, to make a long story short, from that night till about nine weeks after that voice called to me, and coughed, and coughed, sometimes every night for a week, then three nights a week, then miss a night and call on two nights, miss three or four days, and keep calling me the whole night long, on and off, up till 12 midnight or later. One time it would be, ‘ Georgie ! It’s *me* ! Ah, Georgie ! ’ Or, ‘ Georgie, are you in ? Will you *speak* to *Irwin* ? ’ Then a long pause, and at the end of, say, ten minutes, a most strange, unearthly *sigh*, or a cough—a perfectly intentional, forced cough, other times nothing but, ‘ Ah, Georgie ! ’ On one night there was a dreadful fog. He called me so plain, I got up and said, ‘ Oh, really ! that man *must* be here ; he must be lodging somewhere near, as sure as life ; if he is not outside I must be going mad in my mind or imagination.’ I went and stood outside the hall door steps in the thick black fog. No lights could be seen that night. I called out, ‘ Irwin ! Irwin ! here, come on. I *know* you’re there, trying to humbug me, I *saw* you in *town* ; come on in, and don’t be making a fool of yourself.’

“ Well, I declare to you, a voice that seemed *within three yards* of me, replied out of the fog, ‘ It’s *only Irwin*,’ and a most awful, and great, and supernatural sort of *sigh* faded away in the distance. I went in, feeling quite unhinged and nervous, and could not sleep. After that night it was chiefly *sighs* and coughing, and it was kept

up until one day, at the end of about nine weeks, my letter was returned marked, 'Signor O'Neill è morto,' together with a letter from the Consul to say he had died on November 28th, 1888, *the day on which he appeared to me.*"

### *The Question of Dates.*

On inquiring as to dates and verification Mrs. F—— replied :—

" I don't know the *hour* of his death, but if you write to Mr. Turner, Vice Consul, Naples, he can get it for you. He appeared to me at the hour I say ; of course there is a difference of time between here and Naples. The strange part is that once I was informed of his death by human means (the letter), his spirit seemed to be satisfied, for no voice ever came again after ; it was as if he wanted to inform and make me know he had died, and as if he *knew* I had not been informed by human agency.

" I was so struck with the apparition of November 28th, that I made a note of the date at the time so as to tell him of it when next I wrote. My letter reached Sarno a day or two after he died. There is no possible doubt about the voice being his, for he had a peculiar and uncommon voice, one such as I never heard any exactly like, or like at all in any other person. And in life he used to call me through the window as he passed, so I would know who it was knocked at the door, and open it. When he said, ' *Ah !* ' after death, it was so awfully sad and long drawn out, and as if expressing that now all was over and our separation and his being

dead was all so very, very pitiful and unutterable ; the sigh was so real, so almost *solid*, and discernible and unmistakable, till at the end it seemed to have such a supernatural, strange, awful dying-away sound, a sort of fading, retreating into distance sound, that gave the impression that it was not *quite all* spirit, but that the spirit had some sort of visible and half-material being or condition. This was especially so the night of the fog, when the voice seemed nearer to me as I stood there, and as if it was able to come or stay nearer to me because there *was* a fog to hide its materialism. On each of the other occasions it seemed to keep a good deal further off than on that night, and always sounded as if at an elevation of about 10ft. or 11ft. from the ground, except the night of the fog, when it came down on a *level* with me as well as nearer.

GEORGINA F——."

## CHAPTER II

### LORD BROUGHAM'S TESTIMONY.

WHEN we come to the question of the apparition pure and simple, one of the best-known leading cases is that recorded by Lord Brougham, who was certainly one of the hardest-headed persons that ever lived, a Lord Chancellor, trained from his youth up to weigh evidence. The story is given as follows in the first volume of "Lord Brougham's Memoirs" :—

"A most remarkable thing happened to me, so remarkable that I must tell the story from the beginning. After I left the High School I went with G—, my most intimate friend, to attend the classes in the University. There was no divinity class, but we frequently in our walks discussed many grave subjects—among others, the immortality of the soul and a future state. This question, and the possibility of the dead appearing to the living, were subjects of much speculation, and we actually committed the folly of drawing up an agreement, written with our blood, to the effect that whichever of us died the first should appear to the other, and thus solve any doubts we had entertained of the 'life after death.'

"After we had finished our classes at the college, G— went to India, having got an appointment there in the Civil Service. He seldom wrote to me, and after the lapse of a few years I had nearly

forgotten his existence. . . . One day I had taken, as I have said, a warm bath ; and, while lying in it and enjoying the comfort of the heat, I turned my head round, looking towards the chair on which I had deposited my clothes, as I was about to get out of the bath. On the chair sat G——, looking calmly at me. How I got out of the bath I know not ; but on recovering my senses I found myself sprawling on the floor. The apparition, or whatever it was that had taken the likeness of G——, had disappeared.

“ This vision had produced such a shock that I had no inclination to talk about it, or to speak about it even to Stewart, but the impression it made upon me was too vivid to be easily forgotten, and so strongly was I affected by it that I have here written down the whole history, with the date, December 19th, and all the particulars, as they are now fresh before me. No doubt I had fallen asleep, and that the appearance presented so distinctly before my eyes was a dream I cannot for a moment doubt ; yet for years I had had no communication with G——, nor had there been anything to recall him to my recollection. Nothing had taken place concerning our Swedish travels connected with G——, or with India, or with anything relating to him, or to any member of his family. I recollected quickly enough our old discussion, and the bargain we had made. I could not discharge from my mind the impression that G—— must have died, and that his appearance to me was to be received by me as a proof of a future state. This was on December 19th, 1799.

“ In October, 1862, Lord Brougham added as a postscript :—‘ I have just been copying out from my journal the account of this strange dream, “ Certissima mortis imago ! ” And now to finish the story begun about sixty years since. Soon after my return to Edinburgh there arrived a letter from India announcing G——’s death, and stating that he died on December 19th.’ ”

*A Vow Fulfilled.*

Very many of the apparitions of this description appear in connection with a promise made during lifetime to do so. A lady correspondent sends me the following narrative, which she declares she had from the sister of a student at the Royal Academy who was personally known to her. He told the story first to his mother, who is dead, so that all chance of verifying the story is impossible. It may be quoted, however, as a pendant to Lord Brougham’s vision, and is much more remarkable than his, inasmuch as the phantom was seen by several persons at the same time :—

“ I think it was about the year 1856 as nearly as I can remember, that a party of young men, students of the Royal Academy, and some of them members also, used to meet in a certain room in London, so many evenings in the week, to smoke and chat. One of them—the son of a colonel in the army, long since dead—this only son kept yet a remnant, if no more, of the faith of his childhood, cherished in him by his widowed mother with jealous care, as he detailed to her from time to time fragments of the nightly discussions against the immortality of the soul.

“On one particular evening the conversation drifted into theological matters—this young Academician taking up the positive side, and asserting his belief in a hereafter of weal or woe for all *human* life.

“Two or three of the others endeavoured to put him down, but he, maintaining his position quietly, provoked a suggestion, half in earnest and half in jest, from one of their number, that the first among them who should die, should appear to the rest of their assembly afterwards in that room at the usual hour of meeting. The suggestion was received with jests and laughter by some, and with graver faces by others—but at last each man solemnly entered into a pledge that if he were the first to die amongst them, he would, if permitted, return for a few brief seconds to this earth and appear to the rest to certify to the truth.

“Before very long one young man’s place was empty. No mention being made of the vow that they had taken, probably time enough had elapsed for it to have been more or less, for the present, forgotten.

“The meetings continued. One evening when they were sitting smoking round the fire, one of the party uttered an exclamation, causing the rest to look up. Following the direction of his gaze, each man saw distinctly for himself a *shadowy* figure, in the likeness of the only absent one of their number, distinctly facing them on the other side of the room. The eyes looked earnestly, with a yearning, sad expression in them, slowly upon each member there assembled, and then vanished

as a rainbow fades out of existence from the evening sky.

“For a few seconds no one spoke, then the most confirmed unbeliever among them tried to explain it all away, but his words fell flat, and no one echoed his sentiments; and then the widow’s son spoke. ‘Poor —— is dead’ he said, ‘and has appeared to us according to his vow.’ Then followed a comparison of their sensations during the visitation, and all agreed in stating that they felt a cold chill similar to the entrance of a winter fog at door or window of a room which has been warm, and when the appearance had faded from their view the cold breath also passed away.

“I *think*, but will not be positive on *this*, the son of the widow lady died long after this event, but how long or how short a time I never heard; but the facts of the above story were told me by the sister of this young man. I also knew their mother well. She was of a gentle, placid disposition, by no means excitable or likely to credit any superstitious tales. Her son returned home on that memorable evening looking very white and subdued, and, sinking into a chair, he told her he should never doubt again the truths that she had taught him, and a little reluctantly he told her the above, bit by bit, as it were, as she drew it from him.”

A similar story to the foregoing one was supplied me by the wife of the Rev. Bloomfield James, Congregational minister at Wimbledon. (1891). It is as follows:—

“My mother, aunt, and Miss E., of Bideford,



North Devon, were at school together at Teignmouth. The two latter girls formed a great friendship, and promised whichever died first would come to the other. About the year 1815 or 1816 my aunt Charlotte was on the stair coming from her room when she saw Miss E. walking up. Aunt was not at all frightened, as she was expecting her friend on a visit, and called out, 'Oh, how glad I am to see you, but why did you not write!' A few days afterwards news came of Miss E.'s death on that evening."

It is very rare that the apparition speaks; usually it simply appears, and leaves those who see it to draw their own inferences. But sometimes the apparition shows signs of the wound which caused its death. The most remarkable case of this description is that in which Lieutenant Colt, of the Fusiliers, reported his death at Sebastopol to his brother in Scotland more than a fortnight before the news of the casualty arrived in this country.

#### *The Case of Lieutenant Colt.*

Captain G. F. Russell Colt, of Gartsherrie, Coatbridge, N.B., reports the case as follows to the Psychical Society (Vol. i. page 125):—

"I had a very dear brother (my eldest brother), Oliver, lieutenant in the 7th Royal Fusiliers. He was about nineteen years old, and had at that time been some months before Sebastopol. I corresponded frequently with him, and once when he wrote in low spirits, not being well, I said in answer that he was to cheer up, but that if anything did

happen to him he was to let me know by appearing to me in my room. This letter, I found subsequently, he received as he was starting to receive the sacrament from a clergyman who has since related the fact to me.

“ Having done this he went to the entrenchments and never returned, as in a few hours afterwards the storming of the Redan commenced. He, on the captain of his company falling, took his place and led his men bravely on. He had just led them within the walls, though already wounded in several places, when a bullet struck him in the right temple and he fell amongst heaps of others, where he was found in a sort of kneeling posture (being propped up by the other dead bodies) thirty-six hours afterwards. His death took place, or rather he fell, though he may not have died immediately, on September 8th, 1855.

“ That night I awoke suddenly and saw facing the window of my room by my bedside, surrounded by a light sort of phosphorescent mist, as it were, my brother kneeling. I tried to speak but could not. I buried my head in the bedclothes, not at all afraid (because we had all been brought up not to believe in ghosts and apparitions), but simply to collect my ideas, because I had not been thinking or dreaming of him, and indeed had forgotten all about what I had written to him a fortnight before. I decided that it must be fancy and the moonlight playing on a towel, or something out of place ; but on looking up again there he was, looking lovingly, imploringly, and sadly at me. I tried again to speak, but found myself tongue-

tied. I could not utter a sound. I sprang out of bed, glanced through the window, and saw that there was no moon, but it was very dark and raining hard, by the sound against the panes. I turned and still saw poor Oliver. I shut my eyes, walked through it, and reached the door of the room. As I turned the handle, before leaving the room, I looked once more back. The apparition turned round his head slowly, and again looked anxiously and lovingly at me, and I saw then for the first time a wound on the right temple with a red stream from it. His face was of a waxy pale tint, but transparent looking, and so was the reddish mark. But it was almost impossible to describe his appearance. I only know I shall never forget it. I left the room and went into a friend's room, and lay on the sofa the rest of the night. I told him why, I also told others in the house, but when I told my father he ordered me not to repeat such nonsense, and especially not to let my mother know.

“On the Monday following I received a note from Sir Alexander Milne to say that the Redan was stormed, but no particulars. I told my friend to let me know if he saw the name among the killed and wounded before me. About a fortnight later he came to my bedroom in his mother's house in Athole Crescent in Edinburgh, with a very grave face. I said, ‘I suppose it is to tell me the sad news I expect,’ and he said, ‘Yes.’ Both the colonel of the regiment and one or two officers who saw the body confirmed the fact that the appearance was much according to my description, and the death-wound was exactly where I had seen it.

His appearance, if so, must have been some hours after death, as he appeared to me a few minutes after two in the morning.

“Months later his little Prayer-book and the letter I had written to him were returned to Inveresk, found in the inner breast pocket of the tunic which he wore at his death. I have them now.”

## APPENDIX.

### SOME HISTORICAL GHOSTS.

THE following collection presents a list of names—more or less well known—with which ghost stories of some kind are associated. The authority for these stories, though in many cases good, is so varied in quality that they are not offered as evidential of anything except the wide diversity of the circles in which such things find acceptance

#### *Royal.*

HENRY IV., of France, told d'Aubigné (see d'Aubigné *Histoire Universelle*) that in presence of himself, the Archbishop of Lyons, and three ladies of the Court, the Queen (Margaret of Valois) saw the apparition of a certain cardinal afterwards found to have died at the moment. Also he (Henry IV.) was warned of his approaching end, not long before he was murdered by Ravallac, by meeting an apparition in a thicket in Fontainebleau. “(Sully's Memoirs.)”

ABEL, THE FRATRICIDE, King of Denmark was buried in unconsecrated ground, and still haunts the wood of Poole, near the city of Sleswig.

VALDEMAR IV. haunts Gurre Wood, near Elsinore.

CHARLES XI., of Sweden, accompanied by his chamberlain and state physician, witnessed the trial of the assassin of Gustavus III., which occurred nearly a century later.

JAMES IV., of Scotland, after vespers in the chapel at Linlithgow, was warned by an apparition against his intended expedition into England. He, however, proceeded, and was warned again at Jedburgh, but, persisting, fell at Flodden Field.

CHARLES I., OF ENGLAND, when resting at Daven-tree on the Eve of the battle of Naseby, was twice visited by the apparition of Strafford, warning him not to meet the Parliamentary Army, then quartered at Northampton. Being persuaded by Prince Rupert to disregard the warning, the King set off to march northward, but was surprised on the route, and a disastrous defeat followed.

ORLEANS, DUKE OF, brother of Louis XIV., called his eldest son (afterwards Regent) by his second title, Duc de Chartres, in preference to the more usual one of Duc de Valois. This change is said to have been in consequence of a communication made before his birth by the apparition of his father's first wife, Henrietta of England, reported to have been poisoned.

#### *Historical Women.*

ELIZABETH, QUEEN is said to have been warned of her death by the apparition of her own double. (So, too, Sir Robert Napier and Lady Diana Rich).

CATHERINE DE MEDICIS saw, in a vision, the battle of Jarnac, and cried out, "Do you not see the Prince of Condé dead in the hedge?" This and many similar stories are told by Margaret of Valois in her Memoirs.

PHILIPPA, WIFE OF THE DUKE OF LORRAINE, when a girl in a convent, saw in vision the battle of Pavia, then in progress, and the captivity of the king her cousin, and called on the nuns about her to pray.

JOAN OF ARC was visited and directed by various Saints, including the Archangel Michael, S. Catherine, S. Margaret, etc.

#### *Lord Chancellors.*

ERSKINE, LORD, himself relates (Lady Morgan's "Book of the Boudoir," 1829, vol. i. 123) that the spectre of his father's butler, whom he did not know to be dead, appeared to him in broad daylight, "to meet your honour," so it explained, "and to solicit your interference with my lord to recover a sum due to me which the steward at the last settlement did not pay," which proved to be the fact.

#### *Cabinet Ministers.*

BUCKINGHAM, DUKE OF, was exhorted to amendment and warned of approaching assassination by apparition of his father, Sir George Villiers, who was seen by Mr. Towers, surveyor of works at Windsor. All occurred as foretold.

CASTLEREAGH, LORD (who succeeded the above as Foreign Secretary), when a young man,

quartered with his regiment in Ireland, saw the apparition of "The Radiant Boy," said to be an omen of good. Sir Walter Scott speaks of him as one of two persons "of sense and credibility, who both attested supernatural appearances on their own evidence."

PEEL, SIR ROBERT, and his brother, both saw Lord Byron in London in 1810, while he was, in fact, lying dangerously ill at Patras. During the same fever, he also appeared to others, and was even seen to write down his name among the inquirers after the King's health.

### *Emperors.*

TRAJAN, Emperor, was extricated from Antioch during an earthquake, by a spectre which drove him out of a window. (Dio Cassius, lib. lxxviii.)

CARACALLA, Emperor, was visited by the ghost of his father Severus.

JULIAN THE APOSTATE, Emperor, (1) when hesitating to accept the Empire, saw a female figure, "The Genius of the Empire," who said she would remain with him, but not for long. (2) Shortly before his death, he saw his genius leave him with a dejected air. (3) He saw a phantom prognosticating the death of the Emperor Constans. (See S. Basil.)

THEODOSIUS, Emperor, when on the eve of a battle, was reassured of the issue by the apparition of two men; also seen independently by one of his soldiers.



*Soldiers.*

CURTIVS RUFVS (pro-consul of Africa) is reported by Pliny to have been visited, while still young and unknown, by a gigantic female—the Genius of Africa—who foretold his career. (Pliny, b. vii. letter 26.)

JULIVS CÆSAR was marshalled across the Rubicon by a spectre, which seized a trumpet from one of the soldiers and sounded an alarm.

XERXES, after giving up the idea of carrying war into Greece, was persuaded to the expedition by the apparition of a young man, who also visited Artabanus, uncle to the king, when, upon Xerxes' request, Artabanus assumed his robe and occupied his place. (Herodotus, vii.)

BRUTUS was visited by a spectre, supposed to be that of Julius Cæsar, who announced that they would meet again at Philippi, where he was defeated in battle, and put an end to his own life.

DRUSUS, when seeking to cross the Elbe, was deterred by a female spectre, who told him to turn back and meet his approaching end. He died before reaching the Rhine.

PAUSANTIUS, General of the Lacedæmonians, inadvertently caused the death of a young lady of good family, who haunted him day and night, urging him to give himself up to justice. (Plutarch in Simone.)

DIO, General, of Syracuse, saw a female apparition sweeping furiously in his house, to denote that his family would shortly be swept out of Syra-

cuse, which, through various accidents was shortly the case.

NAPOLEON, at S. Helena, saw and conversed with the apparition of Josephine, who warned him of his approaching death. The story is narrated by Count Montholon, to whom he told it.

BLUCHER, on the very day of his decease, related to the King of Prussia that he had been warned by the apparition of his entire family, of his approaching end.

FOX, GENERAL, went to Flanders with the Duke of York shortly before the birth of his son. Two years later he had a vision of the child—dead—and correctly described its appearance and surroundings, though the death occurred in a house unknown to him.

GARFIELD, GENERAL, when a child of six or seven, saw and conversed with his father, lately deceased. He also had a premonition, which proved correct, as to the date of his death—the anniversary of the battle of Wickmauga, in which he took a brave part.

LINCOLN, PRESIDENT, had a certain premonitory dream which occurred three times in relation to important battles, and the fourth on the eve of his assassination.

COLIGNI, ADMIRAL, was three times warned to quit Paris before the Feast of St. Bartholemew but disregarded the premonition and perished in the Massacre (1572).

*Men of Letters.*

PETRARCH saw the apparition of the bishop of his diocese at the moment of death.

EPIMENIDES, a poet contemporary with Salon, is reported by Plutarch to have quitted his body at will and to have conversed with spirits.

DANTE, JACOPO, son of the poet, was visited in a dream by his father, who conversed with him and told him where to find the missing thirteen cantos of the *Commedia*.

TASSO saw and conversed with beings invisible to those about him.

GOETHE saw his own double riding by his side under conditions which really occurred years later. His father, mother, and grandmother were all ghost-seers.

DONNE, DR., when in Paris, saw the apparition of his wife in London carrying a dead child at the very hour a dead infant was in fact born.

BYRON, LORD is said to have seen the Black Friar of Newstead on the eve of his ill-fated marriage. Also, with others, he saw the apparition of Shelley walk into a wood at Lerici, though they knew him at the time to be several miles away.

SHELLEY, while in a state of trance, saw a figure wrapped in a cloak which beckoned to him and asked, *Siete soddisfatto?*—are you satisfied?

BENVENUTO CELLINI, when in captivity at Rome by order of the Pope, was dissuaded from suicide by the apparition of a young man who frequently visited and encouraged him.

**MOZART** was visited by a mysterious person who ordered him to compose a Requiem, and came frequently to inquire after its progress, but disappeared on its completion, which occurred just in time for its performance at Mozart's own funeral.

**BEN JONSON**, when staying at Sir Robert Cotton's house, was visited by the apparition of his eldest son with a mark of a bloody cross upon his forehead at the moment of his death by the plague. He himself told the story to Drummond of Hawthornden.

**THACKERAY**, W. M. writes, "It is all very well for you who have probably never seen spirit manifestations, to talk as you do, but had you seen what I have witnessed you would hold a different opinion."

**MRS. BROWNING'S** spirit appeared to her sister with warning of death. Robert Browning writes, Tuesday, July 21st, 1863, "Arabel (Miss Barrett) told me yesterday that she had been much agitated by a dream which happened the night before—Sunday, July 19th. She saw *her*, and asked, When shall I be with you? The reply was, Dearest, in five years, where upon Arabel awoke. She knew in her dream that it was not to the living she spoke." In five years, within a month of their completion, Miss Barrett died, and Browning writes, "I had forgotten the date of the dream, and supposed it was only three years, and that two had still to run."

**HALL**, BISHOP, and his brother, when at Cambridge each had a vision of their mother looking

sadly at them, and saying she would not be able to keep her promise of visiting them. She died at the time.

DR. GUTHRIE was directed, by repeated pullings at his coat, to go in a certain direction, contrary to previous intention, and was thus the means of saving the life of a parishioner.

MILLER, HUGH, tells, in his "Schools and Schoolmasters," of the apparition of a bloody hand, seen by himself and the servant but not by others present. Accepted as a warning of the death of his father.

PORTER, ANNA MARIA, when living at Esher, was visited one afternoon by an old gentleman—a neighbour, who frequently came in to tea. On this occasion he left the room without speaking, and fearing that something had happened she sent to inquire, and found that he had died at the moment of his appearance.

EDGORTH, MARIA, was waiting with her family for an expected guest, when the vacant chair was suddenly occupied by the apparition of a sailor cousin, who stated that his ship had been wrecked and he alone saved. The event proved the contrary—he alone was drowned.

MARRYAT, CAPTAIN—the story is told by his daughter—while staying in a country-house in the North of England saw the family ghost—an ancestress of the time of Queen Elizabeth who had poisoned her husband. He tried to shoot her, but the ball passed harmlessly into the door behind, and the lady faded away—always smiling.

DE STAEL, MADAME, was haunted by the spirit of her father, who counselled and helped her in all times of need.

L.E.L.'s ghost was seen by Dr. Madden in the room in which she died at Cape Coast Castle.

DE MORGAN, PROFESSOR, writes : " I am perfectly convinced that I have both seen and heard, in a manner that should make unbelief impossible, things called spiritual which cannot be taken by a rational being to be capable of explanation by imposture, coincidence, or mistake."

FOOTE, SAMUEL, in the year 1740, while visiting at his father's house in Truro, was kept awake by sounds of sweet music. His uncle was about the same time murdered by assassins.

### *Men of Science.*

DAVY, SIR HUMPHREY, when a young man, suffering from yellow fever on the Gold Coast, was comforted by visions of his guardian angel, who, years after, appeared to him again—incarnate—in the person of his nurse during his last illness.

HARVEY, WILLIAM, the discoverer of the circulation of the blood, used to relate that his life was saved by a dream. When a young man he was proceeding to Padua, when he was detained—with no reason alleged—by the governor at Dover. The ship was wrecked, and all on board lost, and it was then explained that the governor had received orders—in a dream—to prevent a person, to whose description Harvey answered, from going on board that night.

FARQUHAR, SIR WALTER, physician (made a baronet in 1796), visited a patient at Pomeroy Castle. While waiting alone a lady appeared to him, exhibiting agony and remorse (who proved to be the family ghost) prognosticating, the death of the patient, which followed.

CLARK, SIR JAMES, WIFE OF, while living in their house in Brook Street, saw the apparition of her son, Dr. J. Clark, then in India, carrying a dead baby wrapped in an Indian shawl. Shortly afterwards, he did, in fact, send home the body of a child for interment, which had died at the hour noted, to fill up the coffin it was wrapped up in an Indian scarf.

HERBERT OF CHERBURY, LORD, one of the first to systematise deism, when in doubt whether he should publish his "De Veritate," as advised by Grotius, prayed for a sign, and heard sounds "like nothing on earth, which did so comfort and cheer me, that I took my petition as granted."

BACON, FRANCIS, was warned in a dream of his father's approaching end, which occurred in a few days.

### *Theologians.*

LUTHER, MARTIN, was visited by apparitions,—one, according to Melancthon, who announced his coming by knocking at the door.

MELANCTHON says that the apparition of a venerable person came to him in his study and told him to warn his friend Grynaeus to escape at once from the danger of the Inquisition, a warning which saved his life.

ZWINGLI was visited by an apparition "with a perversion of a text of Scripture."

OBERLIN, PASTOR, was visited almost daily by his deceased wife, who conversed with him, and was visible not only to himself, but to all about him.

FOX, GEORGE, while walking on Pendle Hill, Yorkshire, saw his future converts coming towards him "along a river-side, to serve the Lord."

NEWMAN, CARDINAL, relates in a letter, Jan. 3rd, 1833, that when in quarantine in Malta, he and his companions heard footsteps not to be accounted for by human agency.

WILBERFORCE, BISHOP, experienced remarkable premonitions, and phenomena even more startling are attributed to him.

SAINTS.—The stories of visions, apparitions, etc. which are told in connection with the Saints are far too numerous to quote. The following, however, may be referred to as of special interest :—(1) *Phantasms of the Living*.—St. Ignatius Loyala, Gennadius (the friend of St. Augustine), St. Augustine himself, twice over (he tells the story himself, Serm. 233), St. Benedict and St. Meletius, all appeared during life in places distant from their actual bodily whereabouts. (2) *Phantasms of the Dead*.—St. Anselm saw the slain body of William Rufus, St. Basil that of Julian the Apostate, St. Benedict the ascent to heaven of the soul of St. Germanus, bishop of Capua—all at the moment of death. St. Augustine and St. Edmund, Archbishops of Canterbury, are said to have conversed with spirits. St. Ambrose and St. Martin of Tours received



information concerning relics from the original owners of the remains. (3) *Premonitions*.—St. Cyprian and St. Columba each foretold the date and manner of his own death as revealed in visions.

*Miscellaneous.*

HARCOURT, COUNTESS when Lady Nuneham, mentioned one morning having had an agitating dream, but was met with ridicule. Later in the day Lord Harcourt—her husband's father—was missing. She exclaimed, "Look in the well," and fainted away. He was found there with a dog, which he had been trying to save.

AKSAKOFF, MME., wife of Chancellor Aksakoff, on the night of May 12th, 1855, saw the apparition of her brother, who died at the time. The story is one very elaborate as to detail.

RICH, LADY DIANA, was warned of her death by a vision of her own double in the avenue of Holland House.

BREADALBANE, MAY, LADY, her sister (both daughters of Lord Holland), was also warned in vision of her death.

THE DAUGHTER OF SIR CHARLES LEE.—This story, related by the Bishop of Gloucester, 1662, is very well known. On the eve of her intended marriage with Sir W. Perkins, she was visited by her mother's spirit, announcing her approaching death at twelve o'clock next day. She occupied the intervening time with suitable preparations, and died calmly at the hour foretold.

**BERESFORD, LADY**, wife of Sir Tristram, before her marriage in 1687, made a secret engagement with Lord Tyrone, that which ever should die first would appear to the other. He fulfilled his promise on October 15th, 1693, and warned her of her death on her forty-eighth birthday. All was kept secret, but after the fated day had passed, she married a second time, and appeared to enter on a new lease of life. Two years later, when celebrating her birthday, she accidentally discovered that she was two years younger than had been supposed, and expired before night. The story is one of the best known and most interesting in ghost-lore.

**FANSHAWE, LADY**, when visiting in Ireland, heard the banshee of the family with whom she was visiting, one of whom did in fact die during the night. She also relates (in her "Memoirs," p. 28) that her mother once lay as dead for two days and a night. On her return to life she informed those about her that she had asked of two apparitions, dressed in long, white garments, for leave, like Hezekiah, to live for fifteen years, to see her daughter grow up, and that it was granted. She died in fifteen years from that time.

**MAIDSTONE LADY**, saw a fly of fire as premonitory of the deaths—first, of her husband, who died in a sea-fight with the Dutch, May 28th, 1672, and second, of her mother-in-law, Lady Winchilsea.

**CHEDWORTH, LORD**, was visited by a friend and fellow-sceptic, saying he had died that night

and had realised the existence of another world. While relating the vision the news arrived of his friend's death.

RAMBOUILLET, MARQUIS OF, had just the same experience. A fellow-unbeliever, his cousin, the Marquis de Pr cy, visited him in Paris, saying that he had been killed in battle in Flanders, and predicting his cousin's death in action, which shortly occurred in the battle of the Faubourg St. Antoine. (Quoted by Calmet from "Causes C lebres," xi. 370.)

LYTTLETON, LORD (third), died Nov. 27th, 1799, was warned of his death three days earlier, and exhorted to repentance. The story, very widely quoted, first appears in the *Gentleman's Magazine*, vol. lxxxv. 597. He also himself appeared to Mr. Andrews, at Dartford Mills, who was expecting a visit from him at the time.

MIDDLETON, LORD, was taken prisoner by the Roundheads after the battle of Worcester. While in prison he was comforted by the apparition of the laird Bocconi, whom he had known while trying to make a party for the king in Scotland, and who assured him of his escape in two days, which occurred.

BALCARRES, LORD, when confined in Edinburgh Castle on suspicion of Jacobitism, was visited by the apparition of Viscount Dundee—shot at that moment at Killiecrankie.

HOLLAND, LORD (the first), who was taken prisoner at the battle of St. Neot's in 1624, is said still to haunt Holland House, dressed in the cap and clothes in which he was executed.

MONTGOMERY, COUNT OF, was warned by an apparition to flee from Paris, and thus escaped the Massacre of St. Bartholemew. (See Coligni.)

SHELBURNE, LORD, eldest son of the Marquis of Lansdowne, is said, in Mrs. Schimmelpenninck's Memoirs, to have had, when five years old, a premonitory vision of his own funeral, with full details as to stoppages, etc. Dr. Priestley was sent for, and treated the child for slight fever. When about to visit his patient (whom he expected to find recovered) a few days later, he met the child running bare-headed in the snow. When he approached to rebuke him the figure disappeared, and he found that the boy had died at the moment. The funeral was arranged by the father—then at a distance—exactly in accordance with the premonition.

EGLINTON, LORD, was three times warned of his death by the apparition of the family ghost, the Bodach Glas—the dark-grey man. The last appearance was when he was playing golf on the links at St. Andrews, October 4th, 1861. He died before night.

CORNWALL, THE DUKE OF, in 1100, saw the spectre of William Rufus pierced by an arrow and dragged by the devil in the form of a buck, on the same day that he was killed. (Story told in the "Chronicle of Matthew Paris.")

CHESTERFIELD, EARL OF (second), in 1652, saw, on waking, a spectre with long white robes and black face. Accepting it as intimation of some illness of his wife, then visiting her father at Networth, he set off early to inquire, and met





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# True Ghost Stories



Real life ghost stories and hauntings  
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# Introduction

Hi.

Welcome along to the official True Ghost Stories Ebook.

In this volume, you will find an utterly fascinating and varied selection of some of the best true cases of ghostly experiences and paranormal activity, which have all been submitted to me by the many people who have visited the True Ghost Stories website over the past year or so. If you enjoy reading actual cases of hauntings and spirit manifestation, then I guarantee that you will thoroughly enjoy reading this book!

There are all kinds of spirits here: from ghostly grandparents to spectres that haunt fairgrounds. There are also a few stories about such famous cases as 'The Brown Lady' and 'The Amityville Horror'.

I must express my deepest gratitude to all those people who very kindly submitted their experiences, without which this book would not have been possible. I must also thank everybody for the continual interest and support you have all shown since the site was first launched.

I hope to compile a further book soon, so keep sending those True Ghost Stories in!

Kind regards

The Webmaster

True Ghost Stories

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# **CONTENTS**

The Phantom Wood Chopper

A Scottish Haunting

A True Ouija Experience

Abbey The Weeping Ditch Lady

Angel of Death

Bedtime Spectre

Blackpool Ghosts

Blackpool Pleasure Beach

Borley Rectory

Dead Mother's Voice

Ghost Dream

Ghost Girls and Ouija Boards

Ghost In The Uniform

Grandpa's Ghost

Haunted Hospital

Haunted House

The Brown Lady

The Haunted Airfield

The Ghost Boy

## The Shuffling Slippers

(This is an actual experience which happened to me, The Webmaster of [www.trueghoststories.co.uk](http://www.trueghoststories.co.uk), around 1979, whilst I was in my late auntie's flat, all alone, one Sunday afternoon. I still get goosebumps to this day each time I reflect on it!)

It was a sunny Sunday afternoon in early spring. I was minding my auntie's flat whilst she was out visiting relatives. As the Sunday afternoon movie on TV wasn't quite to my liking, I thought I would pop into the bedroom and relax with a good book.

As I lay there, deeply engrossed in my adventure novel, I suddenly heard the faint sound of shuffling footsteps from somewhere inside the flat.

I listened, frowning as the sound of the footsteps grew more distinct, as if they were shuffling, nearer and nearer, towards the closed bedroom door. The footsteps sounded just like those that my auntie would make . . . or any old woman with a habit of dragging her feet as she walked.

Putting my book down, I listened closely. My immediate thought was that maybe my auntie had come back to the flat, for some reason. However, I could not recall her knocking on the door, or even using her own key to let herself in . . .

"Fran, is that you?" I called out.

No answer.

The footsteps shuffled to a stop. Right outside the room in which I was lying.

I frowned puzzledly.

"Fran, are you back?" I called out again.

Still no answer. A deathly silence.

Expecting the door handle to turn any minute, I jumped up off the bed, my novel falling to the floor with the sudden disturbance, and rushed towards the door. My breath seemed to catch in my throat. My heart was thudding madly. Suddenly, a weird feeling of unease was gripping my stomach.

I pulled the door open, expecting to see a figure standing there to greet me.

But there was nobody there.

The flat was completely empty, except for myself.

Then I remembered that the old lady who used to have the flat before my aunt, a woman called Jessie, had died there a few years ago. Like my aunt, she too used to drag her feet as she walked along.

Were the shuffling footsteps I had heard so clearly actually been hers?

Suddenly, I was in no mood for further contemplation. I hastily put my book away, locked up the flat, and was out of it like a shot.

Right to this day, I can still hear my dad's reaction that Sunday afternoon as I arrived back home:

"You're back early, Al. What's wrong?"

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## A Real Horror Story

I will call myself Jenny

I am not sure where to begin, as all my life I have been surrounded by real ghosts and premonitions that have come true.

I shall begin by telling one story, and if you want more, I can tell you many.

While I was expecting my third child, even though I was told not to have anymore by the doctors, but I knew the child would be born. It starts seventeen years ago.

I was going for my check up with my then sister-in-law. I was so pleased because the doctor wasn't in so I could leave earlier than expected, so I asked my sister-in-law to go for a coffee, as there was a cafe in the hospital, it was very crowded but I didn't care, so anyway I was drinking a coffee when suddenly I went all funny, stood up and said, "Oh my God, something is going to happen to one of us."

My sister-in-law got really scared and said, "Jenny, what do you mean?"

I replied, "One of us, me or my brothers and sisters."

With that, I started running out of the hospital to get to my car. Everyone was staring at me, but I didn't care; all I knew was I had to get home.

When I sat in my car, it wouldn't start.

I knew something was trying to stop me, so I stood in the middle of the main road and stuck my hands up in the air to stop the first car I saw.

Well, a car did stop and I begged him to take me to where my husband was working. He did, I ran out of the car screaming at my husband that something bad has happened to one of my siblings. Without speaking, we got into his car to come home.

As I entered my house, the phone was ringing. I picked it up without speaking and on the other end it was my sister's husband telling me my sister had been killed in a car crash. I just dropped the phone.

At the time I went crazy in the hospital was the exact time my sister died.

This is a true story and there are many more. If you are interested, let me know.

Jenny

## A Scottish Haunting

A call came through to a local spiritual centre in Woodford, Essex, that a house had been having some strange supernatural phenomena that was causing the two elderly occupants some distress.

The phone call for me to check it out came at a busy time for me, so I asked to get someone else. Then I was informed that this was a “Red Code 5.” These come up once in a blue moon and are rated as the very highest category in spirit infestation.

So on asking for what was happening:

- (1) I was told that food would go missing in the night,
- (2) Things would be moved about inexplicably,
- (3) Dark shapes would be glimpsed quickly that disappeared,
- (4) Footsteps could be heard walking round the ceiling for much of the night.
- (5) The old couple swore that they heard muffled unintelligible spirit voices.

Now the average haunting had just 2 or 3 of these phenomena, but this had 5, so I went as soon as I could.

The old Scottish couple had been in dispute with another Scottish clan and believed the haunting was connected to a clan battle going back some 300 years, and as the old chap spoke about the dispute, he jumped up and took an old sword from above the fireplace and was shouting; ” If it be anything but ghosts, I would slay them with ma claymore as we did before ye ken”

This excitable old chap was at his wits end, and as my accomplice and I set about a close examination for spirit contact, we drew a blank. We could find no signs of a malicious haunting.

It was actually a relief to me, as I was anxious of a long drawn-out battle with a whole nest of spirits which may have to be exorcised. So on asking if they were on any medication, something perhaps that would cause

hallucinations, they seemed pretty well balanced and not in dementia, and no signs of nocturnal cerebral anoxia, night-time oxygen starvation in the elderly that can bring on realistic imaginative dreams. Many sleeping tablets, particularly the soporifics of the Benzodiazepan variety, can instigate strange dreams. We decided to spend a couple of hours quietly in the bedroom, where most of the footsteps were heard.

After a time, yes, we heard them too. The spiritual centre was contacted, and Colin and his wife came for the night watch, and we went home, content that an experienced medium and her husband were there over night at the Scottish couple's troubled home.

The weekend intervened and then I had a brief, but stern, call to come by the spiritualist centre. I thought I had seen it all, and wondered what had happened in the night, but what occurred had me stumped!

It turned out that after an examination of the loft to investigate the footfalls, a bunch of asylum seekers had broken through the attics from the empty house 2 doors down and were creeping out at night and stealing food from the Scottish couple and the people next door!

The police were called and no less than ten people had been living in the loft spaces! This was seen as hilarious, "Haunted by Refugees" was the headline on the monthly Woodford spirit newsletter, that took some living down, but it is true that most so called "hauntings" have a very physical explanation.

The funniest thing of all was that the old Scottish chap really believed, and absolutely insisted, that the foreigners were sent from a rival clan to spy on him!

T Stokes

## A True Ouija Experience

Hi, my name is Michelle, and I am the age of 19 years now. I would like for you to read my story and tell me if YOU think that this is real or what.

It all begins when I moved to Minot, North Dakota with my brother and his girlfriend. I was 15 years of age at the time. I am 19 years of age now. Well, we were just sitting around talking about the past when one of our neighbours came around the side of the house and asked my sister in law to go and see her for a second. Minutes later she appeared and she asked me if I would like to play with an ouija board. Out of curiosity, I went.

She told me that she had contacted this young couple that had died in the house with three of their four children and the woman who they had contacted wanted to speak to them. I thought for sure that they were just lying and just saying this to scare me, which was not going to happen (so I thought). I went next door with my sister in law and my sister in laws neighbour and we were sitting in her living room on the floor and we were playing this ouija board when all of a sudden we were interrupted by these loud banging sounds coming from the basement. (Note that this is a duplex that was once a house.) We got scared and thought that it was our neighbour's b/f who had been visiting with my brother next door and we thought was trying to scare us. We thought that we would play the following night since it was so late in the evening. We only figured out so much that night of the names of the family, and that they had died horrible deaths in that house.

Well, the following night, we went over to the neighbours once again and decided to reach "Deb" again. Succeeding in contacting her, I decided to ask her a few questions as to which she was, starting with her last name. As we all had our fingertips on this board, I thought that I would scare them by giving them a false last name: St. John.

Well they had believed this and again we were trying to get some information off of her as to how her and her family had perished in the home. Well, finding out the exact date, which was in the year of 1990, we decided to look up this information in past newspapers. So I went into the library and went to look at past newspapers when we had looked at the month and year that she had given us, not expecting to find anything but you know nothing. When we turned the page of the newspaper just about to give up on the search. When what do you know we seen the house that we were staying in and it had all these cops and

everything around them and they were taking out peoples bodies and had crime scene written all over it. The newspaper said that the woman had fed and killed three of her four children including her husband with rat poison. They had found the husband hanging in the basement. The three children were at the table, and the one that survived was hiding in the bathroom screaming to the 911 dispatcher until the cops got there and the mother deb they have found her in her bedroom with a suicide note laying next to her that read that she was deb and that she had not wanted children but she got really depressed after she had her first one and continued to have more children and that she is leaving Charlie (name withheld) for reasons because he is the oldest and her first born and the only one she truly loves.

Well, we had learned that deb had slit her throat and died. Charlie, her oldest son, said that mommy had told him to get his food earlier while she put special mix in his other sibling's meal. He was then told to lock himself in the bathroom. He walked out 10 minutes later to a horrible scene.

Well, we decided to ask Deb about this and that is when she got really upset with us and said that her husband wants her to quit talking to us. Well, we wouldn't let that happen. He supposively got on the board and started telling us that we were going to be sorry. I started laughing and he spelled out 2 words for me house fire 2 people. I was like what does this mean and he said 2 months. I was like was I going to die. And he started to say hahahahaha over and over.

Well, my sister in law was thinking this was me and me thinking this was her. We continued using the board and she asked it how much she had. It answered her with the correct answer and it said she was going to have a girl. And what do you know, she had a girl. It also told me that I was going to have a girl within a year. And walaw I had my daughter.

Now following this incident with the ouija board, we went back to our hometown where our family lives and were telling people about what happened with this board and what it told us. Including my cousins. And my aunt. Well about a month and a half went by, and I was thinking that this board is just, well, lying. Well, one morning, I had just put my nephew to sleep; he was only 3 months old. When the phone rings and my uncle is telling me that he has bad news and that there has been an accident. My cousin and one of my friends were in a house fire. They were both pronounced dead at the scene.

Well, back home is where I went and my cousin the one who passed away. Well, his sisters asked me how I would know that someone would die in a house fire.

I told them that I thought it was going to be me. But the ouija board didn't simply tell us WE were going to die. But he didn't point out anybody else either.

Well, as you can see, after that experience I never ever touched a ouija board again after that.

You could email me at [belcourt\\_is\\_where\\_im\\_from@yahoo.com](mailto:belcourt_is_where_im_from@yahoo.com) if you would like to hear more encounters with these incidents.

## Abbey The Weeping Ditch Lady

I'm Lydia, I'm 13 years old and my Step dad Paul is 30 at the time he was 28 and I came across your site about a month ago.

It started out as a normal night shift he was going to Duxfords hexel on a clear winters night. My mum Lisa had not been well on that day so he said to her " don't worry I'll take my bike" so he went out to the shed and got his bike ready and he was just about to leave when I noticed he hadn't got his lunch/snack with him I ran in and brought it to him. He took a torch with him in case there were any problems with his bike along the way.

He got up the road and turned onto the main road. Coming up to the first road sign (bearing in mind it was pitch black and there was no cars or people other than my step dad on the road therefore there being no source of light other than the moon to project an image.) he noticed a narrow whitish glowing mound that as he got closer seemed as if it was floating, he thought nothing of it and carried on cycling.

He got closer and stopped immediately as he saw that the pile he had seen was floating and that the alleged pile was actually a girl that only looked about 16 or 17. This had a massive impact on my step dad as he was very sceptical and did not believe in seeing ghosts at all. He thought to himself that it was probably just another person from our village but then he saw that she was walking over the ditch that runs along out main road. He thought that this was ludicrous as the ditch drops about 6 feet he also noticed that she had no feet and this really freaked him out. She was weeping and then turned round and looked dead ahead at my step dad, he jumped as she appeared to have no eyes and she had a blank expression across her face. He heard a car coming from the direction he was facing and the headlights were on. My step dad looked away from the girl and looked back after the car had driven away leaving yet more darkness. The girl was gone.

Where my step dad had spotted phantom girl behind it was a field that for hundreds of years before had had an abbey until it was knocked down in the late 1600's hence the name that we gave her, Abbey.

This has changed my step dad's views on ghosts dramatically.



## Angel of Death

Hi, my name is Stephanie and I would like to share a very scary experience that happened over 20 yrs ago.

I was sitting in the living room of my grandmother's house one day, along with her and my aunt. All of a sudden, I saw this large black shadow rise up out of the floor of the porch and swing itself around and leap over the side of the wall and disappear into the ground.

At first no one could speak or move. My grandmother started to cry and my aunt was scared and so was I. My other aunt came in from the kitchen and told us we were nuts and nothing was there. She said something must have flown past the glass doors.

My father finally got there and my grandmother was still upset and told him what had happened. She told how worried she was because two weeks before that her ex-husband, who lived two houses up from her, killed himself because he suffered from cancer. My dad told my mom not to get so upset because it was nothing to worry about. How I wish that was true, because not more then two weeks later, my father passed away.

Every time I think about it, I still get spooked.

I am not sure if anyone will believe me, but I know it's true and I just wanted to share what happened to me.

Thank You

Stephanie

## Bedtime Spectre

Last week I was in bed when I tried to put my feet to the bottom. It felt like somebody was sat on the end of my bed. I was too scared to look.

The night after while again lay in bed. It felt like someone was holding my foot near the toes, very gently but firmly.

Nothing has happened since, but it spooked me a little.

I was wondering if it was one of my lovely relatives who had passed away.

From Tracy

## **Blackpool Ghosts**

The Fylde was an area of forests and bogs dating back to Roman times. We were known as the water dwellers. The Romans built a road which went through Preston, and then continued west to a port situated north of Fleetwood. The ancient parish of Bispham was recorded in the Domesday Book. The first mention of Blackpool is found in the Register of Bispham Parish Church, in which is recorded in the Christianry on September 22nd of that year of a Child belonging to a Couple who reside on the Bank of the Black Pool the year was 1602. The people began to build cobble and clay huts near to the area of the "Pool". In the Bispham parish register, the names of " de Poole" and "de blackpoole" were mentioned, and the name of "Black Poole", was shortened to the present day name of 'Blackpool'.

At the beginning of the 19th Century, Robert and Helen Cookson had lived at Layton Hawes Farm, an extensive property of 500 acres, which stood on the borders of the townships of Lytham and Marton. The land where the Cooksons once farmed is now the site of Blackpool airport, but the old farmhouse can still be seen on certain photographs taken of the air pageant, which was held there in 1909. The five Cookson sisters never married and they lived in Blackpool for many years. By 1851, Helen, Teresa and Margaret were living at No 1 Belle Vue Square, at the end of the Strand, in Blackpool. The sisters were instrumental in the very beginnings of the school, which was to become Layton Hill Convent, as all the family were very much into religion and education. This later became Layton Hill Grammar School, which was then merged with St Joseph's College and then became St Mary's RC High School, which is where the story begins. This building used to be a convent school where many nuns lived and prayed over the years. Today the road next to the school is called St Walburga's as it was on the hill of the same name; this was not always the case. In 1901 the road was known as the 'Lonely Lane' which is not surprising really having seen this place in a thunderstorm it does look very haunted indeed. The chapel extension was built in 1910-1920 and has been added to over the years; most of the original orchard has been built over now. The building itself is dedicated to a Cornelia Augustine Connelly ( 1809 – 1879 ) she was known as a woman, wife, mother, foundress and educator, she was indeed instrumental in the setting up of convent education schools in England and the North West.

From 1989 to 1990 I was lucky enough to attend as a 6th former at this school and was delighted with the brief history I could find out and its

paranormal legends. The strange thing is in my local library there are no records about the history of this school or building.

### Stories and rumours

A white/grey lady has been seen in the grounds, I think she was possibly walking where the orchard used to be.

The original chapel had to have a cleansing.

A nun fell to her death from the 3rd floor, records are unsure if she was pushed or committed suicide.

Many babies are buried in the grounds that were mothered by the nuns, but never made it past infancy.

A nun is asleep in the 3rd floor dormitories and 'dreams' there is a fire, she goes to the location and tries to put it out. In the morning the remains of a nun are found but no evidence of a fire.

There are underground passages than run the length of the school. This story I can verify, as I was lucky enough to know the caretaker at the time. He let me explore underneath the school, which was fascinating to say the least. The only place I could not go was in the room of the Head teacher, it was occupied most of the time. Personally I believe there was a trap door that led to a church down the road, and it was used during both world wars.

### My own Personal accounts

When I would walk there and back to class through the chapel I always felt very uneasy, almost like I was being watched. I then found out what had allegedly in the chapel, needless to say I found a different route to class.

I was having a crafty smoke inside the school outside the art room, I had checked that there were no classes and no one in the room, the door was indeed locked. Imagine my utter horror as the door handle began to move, and then rattle. I just ran back up the stairs, white as a sheet. After a few minutes I decided to venture back down again, as there was one way to the

room there and back. Again I was horrified to find that someone or something had written on the huge wooden door, 'Leave this place'.

My final account I have saved for last. I was practising a play in the main hall with a few friends; in the hall was a huge statue of the Virgin Mary holding the baby Jesus. I was staring at the statue when the Virgin Mary slowly blinked her eyelids, once. Again I ran away, but did not want to tell my friends what I had witnessed. I did however ask a couple of them for stories about the school. A cleaner 4 years ago just left, why, she claimed that the statue moved of its own accord.

No doubt there are many more elements of the history of this place that even now I do not know. I just know I would like a chance to see if it is really haunted!

The first 2 are of Cornelia





<http://www.visionmagazine.uk.com>

Issue 13 of Vision (with Derek on the Cover) has an article that I have written. (As above)



Here is a link to a picture on the Vision website of one of my paranormal pictures

<http://www.visionmagazine.uk.com/The%20Paranormalgallery.htm>

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 Juliette W Gregson 2006

This article was very kindly sent to me by the Webmaster of the Blackpool Ghosts website at [www.blackpoolghosts.co.uk](http://www.blackpoolghosts.co.uk)

You can discuss Blackpool Ghosts with her, and our other members, in our [Forum](#)





## Blackpool Pleasure Beach

Blackpool is the UK's most popular seaside resort. For years, thousands of holidaymakers from all the British Isles and the world have flocked to the Lancashire town to take in its many attractions, from its famous Golden Mile and its illuminations to its wonderful sandy beach.

But aside from its famous tourist attractions, Blackpool also has the odd resident ghost or two.

The most notable one that has been reported is the phantom that is said to haunt the Ghost Train at Blackpool Pleasure Beach. The ghost goes by the name of "Cloggy", so called because he is the spirit of a ride operator who used to wear clogs. Witnesses claimed to have heard Cloggy walking around inside the Ghost Train, the sound of his clogs clattering on the tracks making an eerie, spine-chilling sound. Many of the staff there have reported hearing these strange footsteps.

Cloggy died about 20 years ago, but his is not the only spirit that haunts Blackpool's attractions. His friends include a possible female ghost in the Arena. There are also spectres in the Star Pub and Sir Hiram Maxim's Gift Shop.

Staff working late at night, walking across to the tractor bay, have felt really cold, chilled to the bone and an "awful" presence. At the Star Pub there have been sightings of shadows and a male figure in the cellar, living accommodation and Morgan and Griffin Bars. He is said to bear a resemblance to Karl Marx. Five years ago two workmen claim to have spotted him.

Four years ago, a figure was seen at 3am walking through the bar before disappearing.

The ghost of a small female child, aged about nine, is said to have been seen at Sir Hiram Maxim's Gift Shop. Sir Hiram Maxim's Flying Machines is the oldest ride at the park, built in 1904. And about three years ago an item moved itself overnight to a completely different spot.

You might think that all these spooky happenings would frighten the punters off. On the contrary, they're still flocking to the Pleasure Beach where the ghosts are seen as part of its rich history.

## Borley Rectory



To any ghost hunter, Borley Rectory has always been one of the most intriguing and fascinating residences on the face of the planet as regards paranormal occurrences. Described as being the most haunted house in England, Borley Rectory has been the subject of intense investigation by hundreds of researchers and experts over the years, and even to this day, people are still profoundly interested in the creepy stories that have, for so long, surrounded the property and its location.

Borley Rectory was erected on the site of an ancient monastery, and the ghost of a sorrowful nun, who strolled along the so-called "Nun's Walk", was already well known to the villagers at that time. The story goes that she was a wayward sister from the nearby nunnery at Bures who had fallen in love with a monk from the Borley Monastery. The two lovers had tried to elope together, but had been quickly

tracked down. The monk was executed and the nun bricked up in the cellars of the monastic buildings!

The Rectory was built back in 1863 by Reverend Henry Bull, but was later destroyed by a large fire in February 1939. The house was located in Essex near the river Stour, and it was reported that a great deal of poltergeist and related phenomena did occur there even before anyone had moved in.

In 1930, Reverend Lionel Foyster and his family moved there, but left only 5 years later after a staggering 2000 accounts of unexplained paranormal phenomena. From strange writing which appeared on a regular basis on the walls, to unusual apparitions and figures appearing to be moving through the gardens at night - the family were constantly plagued by these disturbing supernatural occurrences and events.

The spirits haunting Borley Rectory were believed to be responsible for strange messages scribbled in pencil on the walls. The words in capital letters were written by investigators trying to communicate with the spirit entity.

The most famous ghost hunter in all paranormal history, Harry Price, investigated the Rectory extensively. However, much controversy has surrounded his findings, and the debate about exactly what he experienced there still goes on even to this day.

The last people to reside in Borley Rectory were Captain William Gregson and his family, and after the fire it was thought that the ghosts had actually moved across the road

to the nearby Borley Church. One thing is certain, however, and that is the extent to which these hauntings had occurred after and during the time when the Rectory had been occupied. There were dozens of mysterious photographs taken throughout the years, some of them showing what appeared to be strange dark figures and apparitions in the grounds around the Rectory.

Were these pictures nothing more than exaggerated remnants of someone's overactive imagination, or perhaps something of a much more paranormal nature? Nobody will ever really know for sure, and Borley Rectory will probably remain one of the most haunted houses in the history of paranormal research.



## **Dead Mother's Voice**

I have had several unexplained experiences in my life, but one that upset me greatly happened 13 years ago. This is absolutely true.

My mother had always been a regular visitor at my home all through my married life and helped me with my children when they were small.

When she could no longer get about, I found her a small rented bungalow, just minutes away from my house, so that I could look after her.

For 8 years I cared for her and my children visited her often.

By the time she died, my children were all grown up and my daughter had a baby girl of her own. About a week before the baby's first birthday she told me "I just want to see Amy be one". Meaning that she wanted to see my daughter's child reach her first birthday. She did not have any lingering disease and had all her faculties to the end.

She died less than two weeks after Amy's birthday.

The day before her funeral, which was a hot July day, at around 5am, the telephone rang. My mother had been in the habit of calling me early just before she died. I had to walk to the landing where we had a small telephone on the wall and as the sun was very bright, I drew the curtains in my bedroom. I was fully awake.

On answering the telephone, my mother's unmistakable voice spoke to me. I asked her where she was and she replied "I don't know". This upset me very much, as my mother never spoke of spiritual matters or the progression of the spirit, and would indeed wonder where she was.

Christine.

## Ghost Dream

I'm not sure what the date was, but I know it was in the beginning of March.

When I was asleep, I had a dream of a little girl in a forest with pitch black eyes. She was standing there, and then a ghostly scream came out of her.

While this was happening, I felt my blankets being pulled off slowly . . . and then I wake up out of it!

It was 3:30 something - can't remember the time - my blankets were half off and there were no witnesses cus it was in my room pitch black.

I know somebody wasn't fucking around with me, cus if somebody came in, the door would creek loudly cus it needs to be greased.

I'm 16 years old. I don't do any drugs and I don't drink. I am pretty average.

This is my account that scared the shit out of me.

## **Ghost Girls and Ouija Boards**

(These true experiences were posted to me by John Weber of the Yahoo Group, Creepy Photography)

I have a few stories to share.

When I was quite young, maybe 3 or 4, I saw my first ghost. I was sleeping, and awoke suddenly because i had to use the restroom. I turned over, and saw a little girl. This little girl looked somewhat like myself, but had no colour at all. White as the snow. I could not see through her though. She smiled and reached out to me. I screamed and ran to my mother. My father never believed me, but my mother secretly did.

When I was 11, I got a Ouija board for my birthday. We decided, since it was too late, to place it under my bed, unopened, until the next day. All night long, it shook and jiggled. I gave it away the next day, and never had any other problems of the sort.

When I was 14, I held a séance with 6 of my friends and one friend's young sister. Everything was going as planned, and we had all necessary materials. An athame, salt, chalice of juice, altar, ouija board, everything. Our candles were lit and we were proceeding to, talking to a presumed spirit through the Ouija board. All of a sudden the room went black, as if someone had blown all the candles out. A mirror fell behind us and shattered. The windows started to rattle and banging sounded on the door. The youngest girl started to cry, saying something was hurting her. Finally, the light came back and we blew out the candles, closed the circle, and left.

Hope these are sufficient! My email address is jena\_lynn03@yahoo.com



## Ghost In The Uniform

This experience occurred about two years ago.

My boyfriend and I were having a two-week holiday around our country, New Zealand. We ended up staying at a quaint little B&B style accommodation near Tongariro National Park.

We were in bed, on our second night there, and I was asleep. I suddenly came awake and I felt the bed been shaken.

I looked to my left and there was a man in an old army uniform. Like, in the 1800's or something. He was kicking the bed and, although no words were coming out, he seemed to be saying, "Wake up".

I was frightened so I reached for my boyfriend but saw that he was choking. His eyes were closed, his brow was sweaty and he appeared to be asleep but he was struggling for breath and all pale. I figured that he was having a nightmare so I frantically shook him awake.

He came out of it gasping for breath and after I grabbed him a glass of water and waited for him to calm down I asked him what happened. He told me that he was having a nightmare that a man was strangling him to death. I said that was weird and then told him about the man who had woken me up. I figured that it was a dream, even though I wasn't entirely convinced.

Then my boyfriend gave me the fright of my life when he gasped and said that the man who was strangling him in his dream also had an old style army uniform on. My boyfriend wanted to compare the physical attributes of the man in the uniform but I was too scared to talk about it anymore.

Needless to say, we were scared to death and left in the evening.

From Janae Moors

## Grandpa's Ghost

My grandpa died June 23, 2004.

The night after my grandpa's death, I had a sleepover. My best friend came over. We were up till 4:00 in the morning.

Then, all of the sudden my cat started whining like she was scared. Turns out my friend had heard that cats could see ghosts. My cat had seen a ghost. We think that my cat had seen my grandpa.

I went over to sleep with my best friend because I didn't want to be all alone. So 1 hour later, I started crying. I was so scared, I turned on the light, woke everybody up, and turned on the TV. This is where it gets strange.

The next morning, my cat did it again. My cat got out and went to the cemetery and we did not know where she went.

We went to the cemetery to find her. Come to find out, she was digging the dirt out of my grandpa's grave.

Do not say this is not true because this story is true.

From Wayne H. Parkinson

# Haunted Hospital

I work in a hospital in Ohio that has stood for many years. My co-worker seems to have that sixth sense it takes to see ghostly beings and she sees them in our office. It was rather un-nerving at first, but now I'm used to them being around.

One apparition in particular seems to be active around Christmas time. Our hospital was, at one time, an acute care hospital, having an emergency room, surgery suites, and patient rooms. Now, it has been reclassified as a mental health facility and more administrative offices.

But to return to the story. She was on her rounds one night as a security officer and she observed a male near the doors to our Crisis Center. Most doors in our facility are secured and it takes a key card to get through.

She yelled out to this gentleman, as he was a little distance away when she saw him, "Sir, can I help you?"

He turned around, looked directly at her, turned away and went THROUGH the doors leading to the outside. The doors, however, didn't move. She describes him as a young man in his 20's, wearing jeans, a white shirt, and carrying a green sweater. More people have seen him but, as yet, no one has really been able to speak to him. We'd like to help him cross over because we believe he may have died in our hospital when it was still a full service facility.

That would have been about 20 years ago and that's a long time for anyone to wander. We feel he deserves to rest in peace finally. He's not the only ghost who's been seen, heard or smelled in our facility, but he's the most active one that we have.

Donna, Tipp City, Ohio

# Haunted House

Hi,

This happened to me in September 1997 when I was living with an abusive boyfriend (now my ex).

We moved into a house in Griffydham, Leicestershire in Elder Lane, it was a beautiful big house and we were renting it.

The day after we'd moved in, I was unpacking in the kitchen when I felt like I was being watched, like someone was looking over my shoulder. I thought nothing of it and continued with my unpacking, but I kept seeing something moving out of the corner of my eye. I would turn to look properly and nothing was there. I found this rather unsettling.

About a week after we'd moved in, my boyfriend was in the living room and I was in the kitchen. The sun was streaming through the window; I had nothing on my mind apart from mundane work issues. I was chopping up vegetables for salad. I looked down and I saw standing behind me a pair of shiny black shoes with legs, but as I was looking down and back, I couldn't see much more. I turned to look properly over my shoulder, thinking my boyfriend had come in, to greet him and nothing was there.

I ran through to the living room and demanded to know if he'd been in the kitchen. He laughed at me at first, thinking I was joking, then he saw the look on my face and explored the house thoroughly. No one was there. I was very concerned, not about the presence of a ghost, but the fact it may frighten me into dropping a plate. If I broke anything, my abusive boyfriend would go mental and not speak to me for days, he'd get very angry.

My boyfriend returned to watch TV and I went back into the kitchen alone. I stood in the centre of the room and, feeling like a prize idiot said the following: Hi, my name is Joanne and my boyfriends name is ... We've just moved here as you know, we know this is your house and you've probably been here for ages. We're only actually going to be staying a year, so we won't be here forever or try and take the house from you or anything.

It's just that, well, my boyfriend is a bit scary at times, he goes mad at me if I drop a plate or a glass, he gets really mad.

Anyway, I was wondering if you could stop coming up behind me like that because I'm scared I'll drop a plate or a glass or make some such mistake and he'll go mental. Thanks ever so much.

The incidents stopped from that day and only happened again in August 1998, the day before we moved out, and I was once again packing things in the kitchen. I felt a friendly presence looking over my shoulder.

Perhaps it had come to see me off!

Joanne

## The Brown Lady



Commonly known as "The Brown Lady", this photo is undoubtedly the most well known and familiar image of a spirit ever captured on camera.

Taken in 1936, the photo shows the "Brown Lady" ghost at Raynham Hall in England.

She is called the "Brown Lady" due to the brown brocade dress that the ghost has often been seen wearing while wandering the halls and staircase of Raynham Hall.

As the story goes, two photographers, Captain Provand and his assistant Indre Shira, from Country Life magazine, were capturing the old Hall when one of the men caught sight of the ghost. A photograph was quickly taken just seconds before the figure disappeared.

When the snap was developed, it clearly showed a faint, vaporous figure gliding down a staircase.

The photo of The Brown Lady was published in Country Life magazine on December 1st, 1936, and it immediately caused a sensation.

Despite close examination by many experts, no signs of fraud have ever been detected.

Although some sceptics would probably argue that the photo appears to be a relatively easy double exposure trick, the question is still asked today: Why would two well-known photographers, with an extremely good reputation, decide to fake a ghost photo? Their reputation alone makes it highly improbable that they would do such a thing. The debate about The Brown Lady photograph still rages on even to this day.

The other unusual thing is that the ghost was seen before the photo was taken. Normally, most paranormal photos aren't discovered till after the film has been developed, so photographers do not usually get the opportunity to see a ghost, photograph it and have such a perfect image of it appear on film.

The ghost seen in the photo is reportedly that of Lady Dorothy Walpole, who once lived at Raynham Hall.

Born in 1686, she "officially" died of smallpox in 1726.

She was the sister of Sir Robert Walpole, who was considered to be England's first Prime minister.

In addition to The Brown Lady, a number of other ghosts have been seen at Raynham Hall: The Duke of Monmouth, two ghostly children and a ghost of a cocker spaniel.

## The Ghost Boy

I was walking with a friend of mine one day and we spotted an old home...so we decided to investigate. We got the front porch and she knocked on the door. No one answered...naturally of course as it looked abandoned. I took out my flashlight from my purse that I was lugging along with me and searched around. I noticed a key on the porch and used it...it opened up easily enough so we both went inside to tour around the haunted looking place. There were cobwebs everywhere and a stench was in the air. Meg said she wanted to get out of there but I said. "Nah . . . let's look around a bit ok?" she nodded her head in agreement but I knew she was more than anxious to get back home to a nice warm bed that would be awaiting for her.

We walked around the parlour of the house and noticed a shadowy figure on the wall. We heard a strange sound coming from the hallway and walked carefully over to it. We saw a small child sitting in the corner, crying. I asked the child why he was crying and he said because he could not find his toy. I asked where he last left it. He told me in the attic. I decided to go to the attic area and look around. I found a treasure box and opened it and there was a small ball in it, so I figured, 'hey this must be his toy' so I took it to the boy and asked him if this was his toy and he smiled and said it was. He seemed delighted to see it. I smiled back at him. My friend Meg was smiling as well and we left that old house and went back often to see the ghostly boy and always found time to play charades with or other games.

Now...that I am much older, I think about the boy that dwelled inside that old spooky house and hope that one day, he will find me and talk to me or one day...I shall go back to him and play another game.

Melanie Miller



## The Haunted Airfield

The World War Two airfield known as R.A.F. Bircham Newton in rural England, has long been a Mecca for both students of the paranormal, and spiritualist mediums arriving on a mission to help and heal. The part of the airfield where even sceptics hear voices, and old aircraft noises on a regular basis, is actually on what are now the tennis courts, and it is here most paranormal activity occurs. So it was here that we focused our main attentions.

Such things as the setting up of machinery and the gadgetry of the paranormal, inevitably attracts attention, and soon we had the obligatory bunch of "Mickey takers", with the usual jokes that was probably older than they were. The words of Horace Walpole came to mind: "The world is a comedy for those that think, and a tragedy for those who feel ". And it was into the world of feelings that we were to trespass. Ghosts fall roughly into two categories: there were those who were just the emotions of long ago impressed into the ether, and like mindless recordings doing the same round time after time, year after year, and those that were alive to their surroundings but trapped in time, and it was these that we wished to communicate with, to see why they would accept no mediums help to pass on to their correct sphere.

In order to gain a verifiable record for posterity, we had with us the paraphernalia of the E.V.P. specialist. Plus some M.O.D scanning devices not normally available to investigators, which meant we could snatch whole conversations from the past. Electronic Voice Phenomena, is the means with tape recorders, and some small metallic amplifiers, S.T.R. conductors, kilner jar and sound plates, to regain sounds lost in the past, on a recording.

The government consistently denies using mediums and psychics during World War 2, But due to the negligence of Winston Churchill, whole intelligence departments were run by soviet agents and a lot of their material on the contributions made by British psychics has been available from Soviet files, thanks to people like Vasili Mitrikhin, Oleg Bzorski and others. In fact the British agent Peter Wright of " Spy catcher" fame, spoke of the possibilities of E.V.P. reclaiming voices of the dead during the troubles in

Cyprus, and experimented from his home in Essex, this man a great British patriot, was cheated out of his pension by the very government he served, while the soviet defector Anatole Vrinisky has described him as an electronics genius and one greatly feared in Moscow. However, we stood about for quite some time on the windy tennis courts, and the shouts and comments of the dead airmen, both amazed us, and gave explanation of why these men would not go to gods allotted place, until they had their say.

One airman acted as spokes man for the others all gave their names and rank, He said there were many airmen gathered here, which really shook me, and I wondered the reasons why this could be so.

Steve an old hand in these areas, who held the sound plates began to weep and was shaking visibly. With an emotional voice the airman told us that these bomber crews had been targeting not enemy soldiers but, dormitory towns, where German soldiers wives and children lived, these towns were largely undefended against attack, for surely there would be no need to defend them, and Winston Churchill ordered not the German army, but the families of German soldiers to be mass fire bombed.

Again, it was Churchill who refused to allow Germany offers to surrender since 1942, he and "Bomber" Harris wanted only complete destruction, they called this many times, "total war". This airman's spirit then said one cold, lonely and noisy bombing run, he suddenly found himself with other British airmen, in a pushing throng of women and children, making for a large staircase that arose up to quite where he could not see, but saw a mother trying to carry two injured children, and on offering to carry one was shocked to see and smell, the child's burned flesh, it was at this point that he realised that although he spoke no German, he could understand every word spoken, and on turning to his air colleagues, he suddenly knew they were all dead.

Gone was any feeling of enemies for all helped each other to reach the stair. But almost all the British airmen decided to remain behind. These men are both trapped and guilt ridden, they plead for their voices to be heard, they see themselves as war criminals, they signed up to fight soldiers, not the wives and children of soldiers, and need some degree of closure, their anger after all these years is still palpable.

Asked if they wish for help to progress on, almost to a man they do not, one man with a Scots accent said it is justice for the dead for which they wait. And please to tell their families they were all O. K.

We read together for them the address of Canon Henry Scott -Holland, once dean of St. Paul's: "Death is nothing at all, I have only slipped away into the next room, I am I and you are you. Whatever we were to each other that we are still. Call me by my old familiar name; speak to me in the easy way you always used. Put no difference into your tone; wear no forced air of solemnity or sorrow...What is this death but a negligible accident? Why should I be out of mind because I am out of sight?

I am waiting for you, for an interval, somewhere very near just around the corner.  
All is well."

Further reading:

*Falsehoods In Wartime* by A. Ponsonby

*From Admiral To Cabin Boy* by Barry Domville

*Was The Wartime Bombing of Civilians A Necessity Or A Crime?* A.C Grayling

Unfortunately the Churchill papers have been so sanitised as to be virtually worthless.

T.Stokes

Lecturer in paranormal studies.

# **The Phantom Wood Chopper**

(This creepy incident was experienced by my mother when she lived in apartments, on Merseyside, many years ago)

Over the years, I have had many strange and weird experiences which I have been unable to find an explanation for. But the one that really stands out in my memory happened way back in the early sixties, when I hadn't been married long and was living in apartments.

The property where the apartments were situated was actually a very large old house, which had been rented by an elderly man who decided to let the rooms off to people who were desperate for accommodation, as also the house was too big for him to live in on his own. It really was a large and creepy place, and I could never feel relaxed and hated being alone in there for any length of time. The hallway and stairs leading to our rooms were very dark, and the air was always extremely cold when we passed this particular corner, and my skin would go all prickly, and I couldn't wait to get in my room and close the door quickly.

At the very top of this house, there were two attics which had been empty for a couple of months, as the previous tenants had moved out, but they'd left two chairs behind on the landing, saying we could have them for firewood because, at the time, people were still using coal fires.

Well, this particular day, my husband and I had just got back after a day's shopping, and I was starting to make the evening meal when suddenly there was this loud chopping sound . . . and it was definitely coming from the attics, which were above us.

As there were only two of us and the elderly tenant in the whole house, we thought it was him. But then the sound got louder and louder, and it persisted, until I finally opened the room door and shouted up to the attic, thinking that I was talking to the tenant. I got a reply from him, but he was answering me from downstairs. Then, at this particular moment, the chopping sound stopped. I told the tenant I thought it was him chopping the chair, but he told me no and said he thought it was us chopping the chairs up for our fire.

After learning that none of us had been up to the attics, the tenant went up to investigate. But then he shouted down that the chairs were still in one piece, and he could not explain the chopping sound.

The following evening, I was talking to the tenant downstairs as I waited for my husband to come home, when suddenly this weird chopping sound started again from the attics upstairs. We looked at each other in sheer disbelief.

The chopping lasted for about five minutes, in which time my husband arrived home. And then it stopped, as suddenly as it had started. I told my husband what had happened. Needless to say, we could not settle in that house after experiencing such a creepy, inexplicable noise, and eventually moved home.

However, even to this day, that weird chopping-of-chairs sound is still etched, vividly and disturbingly, in my memory, and I will never ever forget it.

The Webmaster

[www.trueghoststories.co.uk](http://www.trueghoststories.co.uk)

# 36 True Ghost Stories

## *With Free Giveaway Rights*

We asked our *Evolution Ezine* readers to share their personal paranormal experiences, and the overwhelming response far exceeded our expectations. Many interesting stories were submitted, and we have now compiled some of the best stories for you here.

Some are downright spooky, others are touching, but all of them are simply . . . unexplainable.

**(If you haven't yet subscribed to *Evolution Ezine*, [click here](#) now to subscribe for FREE and get hundreds of free self improvement gifts)**

Whether you believe in ghosts or not, you may still agree that sometimes things happen that don't seem to have a logical cause.

For example, the sound of footsteps when no one appears to be there; scents with no obvious source, flashing lights or malfunctioning equipment, light touches on the skin, cold spots – these experiences are often shrugged off, rationalized away.

Some of the stronger activity that can come along with a haunting include objects moving of their own accord, doors opening and closing, loud banging or knocking, disembodied voices, fully visible apparitions, and even more aggressive activity like scratches or burns appearing on the skin, or spontaneous fires with no apparent cause.

These experiences are harder to dismiss, and have been known to turn skeptics into believers.

Paranormal experiences can happen to people from all walks of life; all cultures, age groups, genders, religious groups, and ethnicities.

They can happen to both believers and non-believers – although staunch non-believers might be more likely to dismiss minor paranormal experiences than believers would, and believers may be more likely to label an experience paranormal even if it could otherwise be logically explained.

According to a recent <sup>1</sup>Harris Poll, 42% of adults polled believe in ghosts, compared to 82% who believe in God, 60% who believe in the devil, and 32% who believe in UFOs.

Others who don't believe in ghosts may still agree that “something” is causing the activity, but rather than classifying the source as ghosts or spirits they may feel more comfortable with scientific explanations like abnormally high electromagnetic fields causing hallucinations, or psychokinetic energy expended during periods of stress or emotional trauma.

Regardless of your personal beliefs on the subject of ghosts and the paranormal, you will surely enjoy the following haunting tales, shared by our readers in their own words.

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<sup>1</sup> Harris Interactive Poll November 2-11,2009 - [harrisinteractive.com](http://harrisinteractive.com)

## Skeptic No More

It didn't take long before weird things began happening. Little things at first, like lights flipping on without anyone turning them on. My dad, a natural skeptic, claimed the electricity was wired wrong or something. Then other things began happening, the television channels would begin flipping while you tried to watch television, even if you were alone and had the remote right next to you. Cassette tapes (this was before CDs) would stop in the middle of a song and rewind itself to the start of another song then play.

All of these things were annoying but the one thing that really worried my mother was when she began hearing footsteps pacing back and forth through the room my brother and I shared at night. The first time she heard it, she came in there thinking it was either my brother or I, but when she came in to tell us to get back in bed, she found both of us sleeping soundly. Once again, when she told my dad how worried she was about it, my dad just laughed it off. "They hear you coming and jump in the bed before you get there." It got to the point that on these nights she heard this, she couldn't sleep and sometimes she even slipped into our room to sit in the corner out of fear for our safety.

She would only go to bed during the day, after we had gone off to school and my dad off to work. She claimed that her sleep would often be interrupted by shutting doors or the toilet flushing even though she was the only one in the house. When she finally went to her friend and told her about what was happening, the friend was not shocked. The friend said that she knew the house was haunted and not to worry, that she was sure it was just her grandmother and that her grandmother would never hurt us. My dad once again, chuckled at the effects of an over active imagination. My dad had always been spared in the experiences the rest of us knew all too well. Even if he did experience something, he always had reasoning behind them.

That changed one night when he was home alone, watching television. He heard someone on the carport, being that he had all the lights off, he instantly decided that someone was trying to break in. So, he tiptoed into the kitchen to peek out the window to see who was on the carport. Just as he reached the kitchen, he heard the screen door open. He grabbed a knife, assuming that whoever it was, was intent on coming in. He peeked out the window again (the window was placed at an angle that you could see who was knocking at the carport door) and no one was there.

So, he reached for the door knob to go out and see what was going on, and the door knob twisted in his hand from the OUTSIDE. Needless to say, we moved out within 2 weeks. My dad is still not ready to admit that it had been a ghost, but he does say that the house was just plain creepy and that something beyond human understanding was going on there. – Contributed by Phil

## Mischief on the Farm

When I was in high school I dated a guy who lived on a very haunted farm, in Virginia. This farm was a multi-million dollar horse farm where they bred and trained show and race horses.

There are at least ten barns on the farm, used for various reasons. One of the barns held about 20 old antique carriages. These carriages are old and big, to move them takes a crane.

There are guards that worked for the farm that made nightly rounds around the farm to make sure everything was fine. No one could get in the gate without them knowing. The barn with carriages was used for tours; each carriage had a plaque explaining the history.

One morning one of the guards went into the carriage barn. All of the carriages had been moved around and put in the wrong places.

Needless to say the guard was very freaked out; it is not possible to move all the carriages in one night, and especially without anyone knowing.

The guards have also shared with me some of their scary experiences doing their rounds.

One night we'll call him 'Buddy', was doing his rounds checking on all the barns. He noticed a light on in one of them that weren't supposed to be on. A light was on in the room where they have a TV and a microwave; there is a room like this in every barn.

Buddy went into the barn and hung out for a minute watching TV, there was no one in the barn, and he would have seen them. He hung out for a little while and then left, he shut off all the lights and soon as he shut the door to the barn every light in the barn came on! Needless to say he ran for his truck and got out of there! – Contributed by Josh

### *Researching a Home's History*

*If you suspect your home might be haunted, it's a good idea to research the history of the home and property.*

*A good place to start is with your local town clerk's office. Ask to see land and deed records, which should list the names of all previous owners.*

*You can also visit your local library and search through old newspapers that are preserved on microfiche.*

*This can be a tedious process, but you may stumble across stories relating to the history of your house, like newsworthy former residents, and even tragedies like fires and unnatural deaths.*

*Finally, don't forget to introduce yourself to elderly neighbors who have resided in the neighborhood for decades – they may have some very interesting tales to tell!*



## A 30 Year Haunting

I am laughing, because we have had a ghost following us around for the last 30 years. I only saw a shadow of a figure walking by the window every so often. One day, our three year old asked, "Mommy, who is that man in the blue plaid shirt?"

Then, I was able to see him fully. Brown hair and full clipped beard. Dark blue flannel shirt and brown serge pants. Handmade boots. We have moved three times since seeing him and he follows us to every new home. Walks the perimeter of the outside of the house only. Never comes in. We believe he is a dead relative who is earnestly trying to protect us.

I also saw a ghost at a B & B we stayed at. The owner was delighted as the ghost had only been seen a few times. She opened the door to our room while I was in the bathroom. Thinking it was my husband, I looked out. She was wearing a Victorian nightdress and had her hair in a long braid. She was walking a few inches off the floor. I later learned that the Victorian floor boards had been removed to show off the wide floor boards. So, she was 'living' in her time and space. She did look back over her shoulder at me, though. And, I knew she was aware of my presence. Very interesting! – Contributed by Lynn Latson

## Disaster Averted, and a Joyful Goodbye

I have had several experiences in my life. I will tell you about two of them. First of all I am a professional horse trainer.

One Sunday afternoon a group of my friends & I were riding on the side of a country road. I was on my best horse. We were all chatting as we were riding along & all of a sudden this voice in my head which was a very loud male voice that I had never heard before said "Look Down".

My horse was just about to step into a lot of barbed wire mostly hidden in the grass. I immediately stopped my horse & went around it. Had it not been for this spirit guide not only could my horse been very badly hurt but myself as well if he had gotten tangled up in this barbed wire. I asked my friends if they had heard anything & none had.

My second experience: my best friend died of cancer several years ago. We rode together, we trained horses together; in fact she introduced me to my husband. About a month after she passed away I had the most vivid dream of my life. I was standing on a farm house porch & this truck drove up pulling a horse trailer & my friend got out & we ran to each other & hugged. She looked great, I can describe to a T what she was wearing, there was a man driving the pick up and in the trailer was one of her best horses that had died. She told me that she was very happy now that she had found someone. She showed me a big diamond ring, I think this was her way of showing me she really was happy. (She had not had good men in her life.) I did not get a look at the man, apparently I was not supposed to.

This dream was not like any other I have ever had. I can describe the house, the trees everything around me. Everything was in beautiful color & even though this has been at least 5 years ago I can still see it as if it were last night. I understand that this is a wonderful gift that we can receive from someone on the other side & I have to agree. I know she is happy even though she was taken at only 60 years of age. – Contributed by Roberta

## No Trespassing!

As a kid of about 9 years old, I went into an abandoned house I had been in earlier that day to get a clock that I saw there. After negotiating my way from the basement door to the stairway leading up to the main floor, I was a bit out of breath.

There was so much junk piled almost ceiling high, over the entire basement, plus it was dark, for lack of sunlight and you could barely see. It took me a good 15 minutes or so to reach the stairs.

Once there I started up slowly. Step by step. Inch by inch. I started to smell a foul odor that I now compare to the smell of death. My adrenaline started flowing big time and the closer I got to the door that lead out to the main floor, the more weak in the knees I got.

When I finally reached the top of the landing and I was about to open the door, an eerie, raspy voice said slowly “ggeeetttt..oooutttt...ooffff...hheeerreeeeeeee”. Well needless to say autopilot kicked in and I was out of the house the same way I came in, in less than 30 seconds it seemed.

When I was outside, I started to run home but my friend’s father saw me come out of the house visibly shaken and asked what happened, so I told him and took off for home. I later found out that he called the police who investigated and found no one in the house. So, you tell me, because this happened 46 years ago and I remember it like it was yesterday. – Contributed by Tom Blake

## *The Dangers of Ghost Hunting*

*The possibility of encountering unfriendly entities is often a less serious concern than the likelihood of being injured physically in unsafe locations.*

*Abandoned houses, old factories or hospitals, litter-strewn lots and fields – these places often have plenty of broken glass, rusty nails sticking out of old boards, ramshackle staircases and unsafe flooring that can cause serious harm to investigators.*

*Avoid investigating places like this alone – partner up with someone you trust, or better yet, a team of people working in pairs.*

*Even seemingly safe locations may have hidden dangers so working with a team is always a good idea.*

*Always be sure to get permission before investigating any private site, abandoned or not.*

## Silent Passenger

In September of 1984, I was practicing two evenings a week with the Northeast Oklahoma College Orchestra in Tahlequah, Oklahoma. Tahlequah is about an hour's drive northeast of Pryor, which is where I lived, but the hills and scenery made the long drive a pleasant one.

One night, practice was cut short with the conductor informing us of a severe storm approaching the area. I left Tahlequah at approximately 7:30 that evening and proceeded to drive home.

I was just outside of town when what appeared to be a large, white bird skimmed the hood of my 1979 Mercury Cougar and glided up over my windshield. I ducked, but not before seeing that the bird's wingspan covered the whole front windshield in both width and length. I was relieved when the expected collision did not happen and continued on my way home without stopping.

The air had a heavy feeling and there was a growing fog, but the night was still clear enough for me to watch for my landmarks. A typical girl when it comes to directions, landmarks are essential for me. Even when the drive was a straight run like this one was, landmarks are comforting.

Some time later, I noticed that I had not seen a familiar landmark, an unpaved road that turned off to the right, but figured I had missed it due to preoccupation with the bird incident. Time passed, I kept driving, but now I was getting nervous for while the scenery was as I expected it to be, I did not see any of my familiar landmarks. I started wondering if I had somehow turned off the highway without realizing it.

I was considering turning around to head back towards Tahlequah when I noticed a man up ahead at the side of the road. I could not see him clearly but got the impression of the wind blowing dust all around him. It was his eyes though that caused my sudden unease. Even at the distance I was from him, his eyes glowed a bright electric blue. I remember thinking there was no way I was going to stop for him — impending storm and no other traffic be damned, the night had been weird enough without stopping for a hitchhiker with glowing eyes. Nevertheless, I continued to let the car slow and finally, stopped . . . even while I was conscious of telling myself I was not going to do that very same thing. The man got in silently and I started back down the road.

Although he was sitting next to me in the front seat, I could not get a clear image of him. It was as if I did not want to see him. I did, however, try to make small talk. I timidly asked his name, giving mine when I received no reply. I attempted a few other questions that were also met with silence and after a short time, gave up with a nervous laugh.

I was scared now. It seemed like I was driving a long time. I knew I had not turned off and was on the right road, but the one town that stood between Tahlequah and Pryor seemed no closer, nor had I seen any of my landmarks.

I was lost, even though I knew there was no way I could be. More than the silent man next to me, the dichotomy between those two existing realities is what scared me the most. I knew I was lost but I was not lost. I nervously ignored my silent passenger as I tried to reason out my situation, and admittedly, tried not to panic.

All of a sudden, I felt a wave of nausea and dizziness pass over me, but it passed immediately and was quickly forgotten as the stoplight in the center of Salina, the town between Pryor and Tahlequah, rushed towards me!

I was elated and as I stopped for the light, turned towards my rider with a huge stupid grin and laughed. I was getting ready to exclaim, "We made it!" for there had been in the back of mind a worrisome doubt that we would. The words died in my throat because the man was no longer there.

Bewildered, I looked around for him, but instead, saw a medium-sized dog out my passenger side window sitting in the deserted parking lot of the closed gas station on the corner.

The dog was white with beige markings, but more importantly, possessed those same glowing electric blue eyes. I acknowledged him through our eye contact then he turned away and I drove the rest of the way home without incident until I reached Pryor.

I was not even in the driveway when my parents came running out. My mom was yelling at me and crying at the same time. My dad just stood there glaring and pale. My 15 year old sister was crying and yelling along with my mom. I was, again, simply bewildered.

After things calmed down, I found out the reason for them being so upset. It was four o'clock in the morning when I made it home ... eight and a half hours after I had left the college for the hour drive home. Several tornadoes had made a direct hit in the area on the route I took and the roads were torn up and damaged. I have no explanation for the lost time, nor did my car, as

### ***Ghost or Angel?***

*Some paranormal experiences seem to bridge the gap between commonly accepted ideas of human ghosts, angels, and even animal spirits.*

*During moments of crisis or danger, people often report seeing or sensing deceased loved ones offering their protection, encouragement, support, and love.*

*Equally common are reports of benevolent strangers in human form, radiant beings that seem angelic in appearance or behavior – and even animals that seem otherworldly.*

*Interestingly, most often these guiding spirits seem to materialize in a form that corresponds with one's spiritual beliefs, which certainly inspires a sense of trust and acceptance of the experience.*

both mileage and gas were approximately where they should have been. Something took me safely through the storm, although admittedly, via a long drive elsewhere that resembled but didn't quite match my normal route. And my rider . . . ghost, guide, skin walker? I don't know; I've never seen either form since. – Contributed by Caprice

## Glimpses of Loved Ones

I have had several experiences with ghosts – mostly with my own family after they have crossed over. My daughter, Natalie, left us at nine months old. She was a happy and spiritual child, who enjoyed being in her walker and playing with plants. She had the ability to touch them and heal them. On July 1, 1972, she passed away from smoke asphyxiation. We stayed with friends in Burlington, Ontario, while at the same time holding the memorial service and cremation there as well.

We returned to our apartment for a week before taking the ashes to England to be interned at the Church, where my husband, at the time, and I were married.

I was sitting reading in my living room when I heard Natalie's walker coming down the corridor towards me. Nobody was there, of course. The sound continued into the living room and stopped next to a "rubber" plant that was dying. There were still one or two leaves on the stalk. They suddenly started to move up and down. I sat there gaping at what was occurring – for not only were the leaves moving, but the earth in the pot was being ejected and landing on the floor. I knew it was Natalie. She was telling me to repot the plant. She was also telling me that everything was Ok and happy.

Several years later, I received a call from my father in England, telling me to come over as my mother was ready to "leave". She had cancer and it had spread throughout her body. I arrived home and went in to see my mother. She was in a coma. I was shocked by her appearance, as I had not seen her in nearly nine months. I knew that this was due to the illness. I told her that I had arrived safely and bid my farewells, wishing her well on the next leg of her journey. It was good to just sit with her and tell her how I felt.

She passed away shortly afterwards. My father went into automatic mode and made arrangements for her to have a Russian Orthodox service in an Anglican Church. This was unprecedented at the time and particularly in the village where outsiders had not lived there for centuries. My mother had managed during the years of living there to convert everyone.

The day of the funeral, a friend of ours, who was also an orthodox priest came down from London to perform the ceremony. The Church was full of friends, acquaintances, and the Villagers. Mum's coffin stood in the main aisle between the choir stalls covered in flowers. It was beautiful.

Father Vladimir went up to the high altar and turned to the congregation – “You realise that Marie (Moura) is now closer to you in death than she was in life”.

I turned to look at the coffin and as I did so, I saw my mother, as she was before her illness, reclining on the first “choir” pew, laughing her head off. I choked rather loudly. My father scowled at me angrily (for disturbing the service), my grandmother, who was standing on my left, burst into tears again, and my sister, on my right, jabbed me in the ribs (that hurt). I was still smiling though.

I found the experience to be very helpful in my grieving process. It was good to know that what we perceive in the physical is but an illusion of the reality.

Mum had transcended and become who she was, a beautiful light that shone brightly in all the lives of the people in that church. There was no reason to be sad. She was still there, beyond the veil and she was happy and what the priest had said was indeed true.

When my father passed away three years ago, I experienced a totally different visitation. I arrived in England after my father had passed and my sister and stepmother had arranged for me to attend a “viewing” at the local funeral parlor.

I must admit that this seemed a little creepy to me, despite my previous experiences with “dead” bodies. I went though.

As I looked at my father, I felt no “energy” in the body. Physically, he looked good and was dressed in his favorite clothes. I had no sense of his presence in the “viewing room” at all. My sister was upset and crying. I made my farewells and left the room.

Just outside, I felt a presence or energy, gentle and comforting and I heard: “I am here and will always be here for you. I am home and everything is OK. Look after your sister and Joan (my stepmother). I smiled!

### ***Goodbye, For Now***

*One of the most common types of supernatural encounters reported is deceased loved ones coming back for one last goodbye.*

*Sometimes these encounters occur in dreams, but they also occur in broad daylight while one is wide awake.*

*Contact can come in different ways, such as feeling the presence of a loved one nearby, feeling a warm, light touch on your hair, smelling the deceased person’s favorite perfume or cigars, or even visually seeing an image of the person.*

*Hardened skeptics may dismiss these experiences as “wishful thinking” but in most of these cases the survivor is left in a positive, uplifted state of mind, sincerely believing that their loved one is okay and still exists in some form.*

*This belief is often enough to help the survivor transition through the grief process more easily – which is much more comforting and transformative than mere wishful thinking could ever be.*

The one main thing that I really realised with my father's death is that the body is indeed just a vehicle for "WHO WE ARE". Death is a portal to another reality. We, in our dense bodies, just can't see the other side yet. – Contributed by Susan

## Young Visitor

Our home has quite a lot of paranormal things. My Mother, my two sisters and myself have all encountered something paranormal.

Last Sunday as I was arriving home from softball practice, I got that little churning in the stomach that something terrible was going to happen. As I stated I had practice so I needed a shower. When I got into the bathroom I felt a chill, but that didn't make sense because it was a good 70 degrees outside.

I went to get a towel from the basement. My cat was down there and when I went to pet her she looked behind me and hissed. That alone scared me half to death but when I turned around nothing was there. I was frightened so I grabbed a towel and went back up stairs.

When I was all done with my shower I wrapped a towel around me and went to get my heart pendant necklace from the counter and I heard a loud "click". I turned around to tell whoever was at the door to get out but when I turned nobody was there.

I thought it must have been my sister playing a trick since everyone else was gone but when I got to the living room I saw my sister left me a note saying she was around town with friends and would be back around eight o'clock. Later that night I kept seeing a little shadow of a girl in a blue dress running around the house. That night I did not sleep. – Contributed by Steve

## Mischievous Prankster

Years ago my children and I lived in a small cottage. My daughter told me that she thought we had a female child (ghost) about 6 or 7 yrs old living with us and that she could hear her giggling sometimes. I saw her just outside my range of peripheral vision once in a while, but when I would turn towards her she wouldn't be there.

One night I had to go out and had my niece come over to sit with my children. Sometime during the evening she had kicked off her shoes and when it was time for her to leave she couldn't find one of them. We tore the house apart, and went through the toy box repeatedly to no avail. She finally left for home one-shoed.

After she left my daughter came up and told me that she had heard our little friend giggling each time we had gone through the toy box. I got the kids ready for bed and got ready myself and just

before I turned in I stopped in the room with the toy box and said firmly, but kindly, "Give it back."

Sure enough, the next morning her shoe was sitting just as pretty as you please right on top of the toys in the toy box.

Our little friend didn't really bother us, we don't know her story, and she just seemed to like being a small part of our family once in a while. We've since moved on and it seems like she stayed behind. Hopefully her new family has been good to her. – Contributed by PJ

## Spirit Manifestation

When our neighbor found out that my aunt was psychic, told fortunes and communicated with people who had passed on, she invited my aunt to make contact with her mother who she missed so much.

So, we went to the neighbor's home next door and sat in the living room. My aunt proceeded to kneel in the middle of the room on the carpeted floor. She began saying the name of the departed person and instructed us to look at a small reflected light in the corner and focus there. It was daytime but with curtains drawn. Several minutes passed . . . 10 or 15. We sat quiet and waiting. There were about 6 of us and my dog.

My aunt got louder and louder and even emotional with tears while she called the name of the neighbor's mother. It was pretty creepy because I had never seen my aunt do anything like that before.

Eventually, to our amazement, a smoky, transparent and wispy form appeared in the corner of the room where we were focusing. The shape resembled a human form kind of floating in the corner. The white wispy insides were moving around which looked something like smoke but it was contained with an edge. We were stunned.

Suddenly my dog ran over to it and started to bark. Then the neighbor's husband quickly got up off the sofa and flipped on the light saying he didn't believe in such things (using a couple of expletives). I think the guy was really scared . . . like the rest of us! So, the ghost disappeared as soon as the light came on.

That was my one and only encounter with a ghost. I don't recommend inviting entities into ones environment like that! My aunt has since died. For me, I only invite the Loving Creator, the Absolute, Jesus Christ, Guardian Angels and all other good guys into my presence . . . cause who really knows what is out there in all the other unknown dimensions . . . just waiting for invitations . . . - Contributed by Diane



## Terrifying Encounter

As half Navajo and Hopi I've had my share of "experiences" on and off the Navajo and Hopi "rez" (reservation). I hope that I won't get any ridicule from any other Native Americans for posting these experiences.

One experience that I would like to share happened when I was 14 years old (I'm now 29). This is an experience that I have only shared with a small number of people and am now writing down for the very first time. My brother who is a hardened soldier is still scared about what happened to us this particular evening.

On with the story . . .

As a teenager, I would visit my grandma at her home on the Navajo rez for several weeks every summer. I loved to spend time with her, eat her delicious fried bread, and hear her tell us stories.

Every so often my grandma would hire a worker (the harmless town drunk) to do odd jobs around her house and property. One evening right before the sun went down, I was asked by my grandma to take him home, which was about four miles out of the valley where she lived.

I was more than happy to, seeing that I was only 14 years old and was asked to drive a truck! Mind you that on the "rez," nobody cares that you're only 14 years old and driving around. Hell, there's hardly anybody around to see you anyway!

So my 9 year old brother jumped in the truck cab with me while this "worker" and my dog shared the tailgate of the truck and we were off. After I dropped the worker off at the shack that he and his brothers called a house, we headed back down the road to grandmas.

### *Keeping the Bad Spirits Away*

*In all cultures there are spiritual traditions and practices that are believed to repel negative or evil entities.*

*One well-known ritual includes waving or blowing the smoke of smoldering dried sage leaves through a home or around a person who is believed to be under psychic attack.*

*Other common techniques involve carrying or wearing small stones or crystals believed to repel negativity; ritual prayer or chanting power statements; visualization of white or golden light; and bathing the person or area with salt water to neutralize negativity.*

*It is also customary in most cultures to seek the assistance of a spiritual advisor like a priest, shaman, or spiritual healer to clear the negative energy or entities.*

*While these techniques can vary widely from region to region, almost all of them have one requirement in common: the unshakable belief in the triumph of good over evil.*

As I mentioned before, it was evening and the sky was a deep red as the sun began to set behind us. We were leaving a nice dust trail from the dirt road and the radio was playing music from the only radio station that could be picked up from the nearest town of Holbrook, Arizona.

There was nothing unusual, nothing weird. It was at this time that my eye caught movement of something in the bushes a little up the road to the right of us.

I remember slowing down thinking that it was one of the many free roaming sheep in the area that would dart out in front of the truck. As I passed where I thought I saw it, I sped up thinking nothing else of it.

Then out of nowhere I just felt this dark feeling of fear and dread. I had no idea why I was feeling this way but I definitely felt that something was wrong.

As I play this memory back in my mind, there are only a few clear memories that I have of that evening. I clearly remember looking in my rearview mirror and seeing the dark silhouette of something very tall and very skinny that seemed to be covered with some kind of hair or fur running behind the truck after us!

Whatever it was, it wasn't a normal human or human at all. I remember hearing my brother crying and my dog barking ferociously at whatever was chasing us.

I remember speeding very fast and shaking violently as the truck bounced on the washboard dirt road. I distinctly remember that this thing was only getting closer as my brother cried "it's coming up on your side!"

I remember being as scared as hell and thinking that I didn't want to die. At the moment that I thought would be our last, I remember speeding around a bend in the road and seeing a car coming towards us in the opposite direction. At that moment I felt instant relief and felt that whatever was following us was gone.

Shaken up but alive, we made it to grandma's house wondering what the hell had just happened.

We ran inside not looking back, hoping that whatever was chasing us had not followed us home. As we told my grandma about our experience she didn't seem too surprised, which surprised us. She continued by repeating stories that we had already heard at one point or another about black magic, witches, and something that the Navajos call Yee Nadlooshii or Skin walkers. Needless to say, I didn't even want to look out any of the windows at all the rest of that night. As a matter of fact, I never drove on the reservation at night until I was 21 years old.

Without going too deep into explanation, I'll just say that these Skin-walkers are evil men and spirits that use black magic for evil doing. I tell you that as farfetched as it may sound, they are

real! I believe that if God and his greatness are real, the devil is equally as real and also has his ways of showing himself.

This may not sound very scary to some readers and that may be due to my lack of writing skills. But what happened that evening really did happen and scared the living crap out of me. I invite anybody to visit this part of Arizona if you have any doubt or want a huge scare. I promise you that you won't be disappointed. – Contributed by Faith

## One Big, Happy Family

We are currently living in a very large 2 story home, which we have been renting for over 3 years. We are a family of 5, with my husband, myself, and our 3 grown up children, their partners, and our 14 month old grandson. We also share our home with some interesting entities?? Or maybe it should be, they share their home with us. The only history I can find is that this entire housing area used to be a large homestead. In the last century, it was a colony for settlers.

Our first experiences with our ghosts occurred shortly after we moved in. Our kids told me stories about their experiences, but I would not have believed it, until my husband told me his story. (He is a lovable skeptic.)

He awoke in the early hours one morning, to a gentleman standing beside the bed, just looking at him. Also, there was a young boy with him. My husband says that the gentleman was dressed in a suit (period costume), very similar to a butler, or waiter, and the boy was also dressed in period costume – similar to play clothes from that era. They disappeared after a minute or so.

Since then, they have been seen, by everyone in this house, except me. I have only heard them.

We also have a lady with red hair, styled neatly on her head, and she is wearing what looks like a red ball gown, from yesteryear. She stands at the bottom of the stairs, next to the sliding door, which is the entry to a large room downstairs. In that room is a drinks bar. Behind the bar is the gentleman in the suit that my husband saw. (Our kids are using this room as a bedroom.) Our son says that he feels safe with the waiter (?) there, and sleeps soundly when he knows he's there.

Also, we have a small ghost dog, similar to a terrier. This dog is playful, and scuttles up and down the corridor with the little boy. We have wooden floorboards, so every noise is obvious. The little boy also has the most delightful giggle!

A lady with blonde hair passes through every so often. She has been seen by our frightened next door neighbors, who awoke to her standing at the foot of their bed one night. Our daughter was doing her hair one night, and she saw the blonde lady in her mirror. Our daughter watched her (in the mirror) walk across the room, and disappear through the wall.

Also, one night, our son-in-law opened the back door to the large room downstairs, and a very well-spoken man's voice said, "Oh please!!" Our Labrador used to bark when she was in her bed in the downstairs laundry. (She has sadly passed away now, from cancer, after 11 and a half years.) We couldn't see anything or anyone, but she did.

Our grandson smiles and giggles at someone near the top of the stairs, and our touch lamps dim and get brighter while nobody is near them. Our grandson's baby toys play music, and make sounds while nobody is near them. The lady in the ball gown opens up the toilet door while someone is in there.

I am the only one who hasn't seen our ghosts, but I hear playful laughter, and sense a combination of warmth, and occasionally a cool brush of air around me. I'm not worried about their presence, as long as my family is safe. I sense that we are safe and protected in a way. So life continues, albeit in an unsuspecting way. – Contributed by Shorty57

## Spooky Sleepover

I have lived in New Mexico my entire lifetime, and never moved. As result of living in the center of the southwest, I have heard the story of 'La Llorona' multiple times, and in many different versions. I live very close to about two rivers, and when I was little, I heard a version of the story where she drowned her children in the river that I could easily walk to. I never thought that I would pay it much attention, never the less see her, hear her, and slightly see, but recently, all that changed.

I have three friends that are brother and sister to each other. It was summer of 2008, and we were having a sleepover. We had been planning this for about a month, and earlier in the day,

## *Spirits in the Mirror*

*Many cultures believe that spirits can easily manifest in a mirror or other shiny surface.*

*This belief may stem from an ancient practice known as "scrying," which involves gazing upon the surface of a vessel of water to see visions of the future.*

*American mourners in the Victorian era covered all of the mirrors in a home where a wake for a deceased person was being held, fearing that the soul of the deceased might become trapped behind the glass of an uncovered mirror.*

*Some cultures around the world continue to uphold and expand upon this tradition by covering not only mirrors but all shiny surfaces during periods of mourning.*

we had bought all the food and other snacks we could imagine. We had planned to fire up the grill at make s'mores at about 8:00 and just sit outside and have a good time. At every sleepover we have, it seems that the Halloween decorations seem to get taken out of the closet a lot. This time, I randomly grabbed a plastic skull I carried with me at every one.

8:00 came around, and we made s'mores in the front yard. It was fun, seeing as I was the first, second, third and last to set mine on fire. We walked around barefoot on the driveway for a bit. I set the skull on the wall of our patio. After a bit, we sat in front of the door, talking silently.

During a small moment of silence and nothing to say, we heard a moan come from up the hill. It sounded outside and very close but still far away. We ran inside, and in the haste, I nearly got shut out. We were all accounted for, and we ran into my room. When we heard it, it seemed like it was coming our way fast. We all believed it was La Llorona, but we shook it off as one of my neighbors trying to scare us. The two streets we lived on had ex-criminals and people with mental disorders everywhere.

I eventually noticed that I didn't have the plastic skull with me. About two or so hours later I walked through the dark hallway, switching on as many lights as possible. Right when I was in my entryway, I looked out the narrow window next to the front door. I saw what looked like a misty shape of a person hovering there. It looked kind of like a woman, but I couldn't tell very easily, it was all very light. I didn't stay to find out; I turned tail and ran back to my room. Right before I got to running half of the two feet into the hallway, I looked down a bit, and saw my plastic skull right next to the door.

I still am not sure if that really was La Llorona, but one of the friends at the sleepover, the older sister, had heard her once before, and the moaning sounded just the same. – Contributed by David

## Howling in the Night

As the author of my new book, "True Ghosts", I have over 22 true ghost stories in my history. My husband and I live with our ghosts and typically ghosts do not bother us. We understand them, and they are welcome in our home.

However, there was ONE experience that terrified both of us. That is the one I will submit here!

One stormy, snowy winter night, my husband and I went down into our basement to install a punching bag from the ceiling. My husband had been experiencing a lot of stress in his job, and we decided he could work out his aggressions by punching the punching bag. We had all our tools laid out on the table and were just about ready to start pounding the holes for the bracket that would hold the punching bag.

Then we heard a clap of thunder, kind of unusual for a snow storm. THEN suddenly we heard a very anguished, low, moaning sound outside the side door to our house! We stared at each other. The sound came again. It sounded like a human voice howling in agony and frustration. I have never heard such an anguished moaning howl before! It stopped my heart for a second!

My husband bounded up the stairs two at a time and opened the side door and looking around. I came up behind him to take a look as well. There was about an inch of snow on the ground, and we fully expected to see footprints going around the house and God knows what else, but there were NO FOOTPRINTS IN THE SNOW. Not a single one!!!

We were both so unnerved by the experience that we never even went back downstairs that night. We abandoned our project entirely, and spent the evening trying to figure out who, or what, had made such anguished sounds outside our door!

I have my suspicions.

I believe it was my mother and that she was trying to warn us not to hang that punching bag! Maybe she was afraid that the storm would connect with the metal brackets we were going to attach to the ceiling. She always was afraid of being struck by lightning. My husband thinks it was a ghostly animal howling to get in. Many of our beloved animals are in spirit now, so he could be right! We have never met a ghost who caused actual harm to anyone, although I once was pushed down several steps during a ghost-busting session! Ghosts typically aren't strong enough to do much physical harm, but they sure can cause their share of fright! – Contributed by Sheila Van Houten

## Moving Objects

I've been living here for about a year now. I've been noticing some semi-strange things happening. When I moved in I heard quite frequently (along with a couple of other people) the sound of a cat meowing in the hallway. I didn't own a cat at that time (I own three now) and on one occasion I saw a medium-sized black blur go by my foot one night on the way to the bathroom.

As I stated before I now have three cats and probably wouldn't hear or see anything strange now. There is also the issue of objects disappearing or moving. Oddly it seems that lighters and other small objects are what tend to go missing more often. At first I thought it was the cats moving them and putting them someplace, but I've moved my furniture many times, scooped out the litter box (in the odd chance they buried them) and on one very odd occasion (creeped me out) I found my lighter that a few minutes before had been on the couch beside me in my underclothes drawer in my room. I had just gotten home that day and hadn't even been in there, let alone my underclothes drawer. – Contributed by Tim

## Keeping Company

When me and my husband moved into our apartment, I knew there was something in there. I can still feel them and they are stronger now. I took pictures of the apartment one night and when I looked at them, I was amazed at what I saw.

Above the kitchen door there is a golden flame. I know there is nothing to reflect that image on the door because I checked everywhere in the kitchen for it. In our bedroom there are 5 orbs on the side of the bed that I sleep on. In the other bedroom, there were two feather orbs. There was nothing in the living room or the bathroom.

I was just amazed to know that the orbs were on my side of the bed. Sometimes I can feel someone touch my hand when I am in bed but no one is there. I am not afraid of them. I actually like them there because I don't feel as lonely when my husband is at work at night. – Contributed by Tammy

## Servants Still on the Job?

My family and I were living in an old converted carriage house in New England. During the 1800s the carriage house (barn) was home to 3 indentured servants who did quarry work for the nearby home owner. They were all mistreated by him. And the story goes that they all hung themselves in the second floor of the barn.

When the barn was converted the area where they all died became my son's bedroom. He would wake in the night screaming (he was an infant). A psychic friend told me he could see them.

Things often went bump in the night and I would find items moved about the house upon waking. My husband's tools always went missing. There were cold

### *Types of Haunting Activity*

*Paranormal experts believe that there are varying types of haunting activity.*

***Residual Activity*** - The term “residual” often refers to energy that has been imprinted on a location and continues to replay over and over, like a recording. The common belief is that there is no intelligent or conscious “soul” involved in this type of haunting, so no direct interaction between the spirits and the living.

***Intelligent (Conscious) Activity*** - This type of haunting usually involves direct interaction between a ghost and a living person – like being touched or spoken to directly, or making eye contact with an apparition.

***Poltergeist Activity*** - The term poltergeist means “noisy ghost” in German because most poltergeist activity includes sounds of knocking, moving of furniture or loud vocal sounds. However, most paranormal researchers believe that a poltergeist is not a ghost at all – but rather the projected telekinetic energy of a person who is emotionally overwrought.

*In most poltergeist cases, a pubescent teen or emotionally distraught person is involved.*

spots where these men supposedly hung themselves. The house always had a very ominous, heavy feel to it.

Eventually, a knowledgeable friend told me I could talk to the ghosts and tell them to leave, that their time was over and the house was ours now. It worked for 2 of them. The feeling that I was being watched by a very tall, very large, angry man never left me while I lived there. We moved after about 2 years. – Contributed by Pam O'Donnell

## Life Goes On

In the late 1970's I had a couple of friends named Gail and Dale. They had two young sons, Matthew and Abram. We had all been in a vegetarian food co-op, in Fresno, California. Dale and Gail were married, but had separated. Abram, who was about four years old, came down with a rare type of hepatitis. They took him to a doctor who practiced some of the more natural healing methods, some holistic medicine.

Unfortunately, they were unable to save Abram. He was a bright and friendly boy. On a summer day, he passed away. A wake was held at his mother's house, in Fresno. I had never been to this house before. There were many family friends there, to support Dale and Gail in their time of need. I had picked out a good plate of food and had sat down next to Gail's sister, in the living room of the old, two story house.

Then, in the midst of the eating, crying, and singing I suddenly noticed Abram's spirit, sitting there in the middle of the living room on the floor. I was pleasantly surprised. For one, he was there, apparently conscious of the other people who were there for him and his family. But, also, he seemed so happy! He appeared to be absolutely enjoying all of the attention he was getting. I had the urge to nudge his aunt, to let her know that he was there; but I thought that she might not be mentally prepared for such a phenomenon. I kept it to myself.

Later that day we went on a caravan into the mountains, to return Abrams ashes to the earth. Dale, who was sick with the hepatitis virus also, drove a number of us in his new cargo van. He was very sick, but determined to give his son a proper send-off from this world. We were a close group of people.

While in the mountains above Fresno, we gathered in the woods to hold the ceremony for the departed young, beautiful boy. Being friends of both Dale and Gail, who had been separated, I wanted them to at least temporarily put down their differences, for Abram. I put my arms around each one of them, at the same time, to bring them together while we said goodbye to Abram. With sadness in our hearts, at least some important healing took place. I had brought them physically back together; and opened the door for them to heal their differences on other levels. Later, I took what would be the last photograph of Dale with his remaining family.



Three weeks later, Dale passed on, also. We took another journey up to the mountains, above Fresno, to return Dale's ashes to the earth.

Then, some weeks later, I visited Gail at her house. I told her about having seen Abram's spirit, at his wake. I pointed out the exact spot where I had observed him. She exclaimed with astonishment that that was his favorite place in the house to play! She also told me that after the funeral service for Abram, Dale had spent the night at her house and had expressed his love to her. They had made up.

Then, she told me that after Dale had died, his spirit had visited her and told her that he loved her. She told me that she had told Dale that she knew that he loved her. She understood that he was telling her that. She expressed that he was very emotional about it. They had overcome their differences and expressed their love for each other. Then they had achieved closure, as he passed from this world. They had found love for each other, again.

Now, he was ready to move on into his next phase of life, after death. They had reconciled their differences and found their love again. Then they moved on, in different worlds. It was a bittersweet departure, of two members of a family moving on into the hereafter, while the living understood that they had just detached from their physical bodies. Life goes on, even after life.  
– Contributed by Richard Iyall

## Objects Disappearing and Reappearing

It started the day we were moving in. My roommate kept seeing something "running around", on the roof of the house, out of the corner of his eye. Something small, is all he could tell. He got a strange feeling about the house. (Of course, I didn't learn of this until later). I do remember him running outside with a can of salt. He put a salt ring around that house at the time, I had no idea what that meant or why he would have done such a thing.

We got all moved in and Gregg had to sleep in the living room, because while moving, his bed broke, so he was sleeping on the couch. About a week after we moved in, he woke in the middle of the night and saw a woman standing in the living room. He panicked, squeezed his eyes shut and waited a while and she was gone.

Several days later, he was awakened again in the wee hours of the morning by a blood-curdling scream. He jumped up to discover that there was no one there. However, his mother called a few hours later to let him know that his grandmother had died precisely at the time of the horrifying scream.

(Keep in mind that I only heard of these things the mornings after they occurred. I never heard or saw these things in my room).

Gregg left to go to his grandmother's funeral in Mississippi. While he was gone, I brought the old bed from my mother's house that I had used years before, and set it up in Gregg's room so he would have a bed. Sometime while he was away, my watch (brand new) disappeared. I could have sworn I left it on my dresser in my bedroom. I searched high and low for that watch, and couldn't find it anywhere.

I finally gave up after days of searching and thought it would turn up eventually, as things do. Gregg came home soon after (he was only gone about two and a half days). He showed me a new CD he bought (NIN) while he was out of town. He also told me about a dream he had about the woman he had seen a few nights before.

He said in his dream, someone told him that if he saw her again, to "tell her to hold her baby close" and no harm would come to him. We talked about that dream, then, he took his CD to his room and went to nap. A few days later, he asked me if I had gone into his room and borrowed the CD. Well, I hadn't seen it since he brought it into the house. I jokingly said, "It's probably where my watch is!" About three weeks later, I found my watch sitting on my dresser, exactly where I had left it a month before, and the same day, Gregg's CD showed up on his nightstand, just where he had left it weeks before. – Contributed by Tim

## Frightening Vision

My husband and I were looking at the right side of a duplex for rent. It had fresh paint, clean windows, and to him, looked very attractive. But the instant I crossed the threshold, I wanted to run away . . . for just an instant, inside my mind, on my "personal movie screen", if you will, I saw the following scene - I was on my back in a bed in a dark room, facing the door, which was half-open. A figure was standing in the door, backlit, and was approaching the bed. All I could tell was that it was a man wearing a long coat and a hat. Creepy, huh?

My husband noticed nothing, and couldn't understand why I said "NO" to the place. Then, a year or so later, our neighbor next door to the trailer we then rented, told me about a duplex she rented . . . that was haunted by a little old lady she kept seeing . . . but when I started describing my experience, SHE freaked out. Her neighbor in the duplex described waking up one night exactly the same way! What are the odds . . . it was the same duplex! – Contributed by Judy

## Ongoing Disturbances

There are so many stories it is hard to decide which is the best. The other thing is that this is ongoing even today. We moved into a new house on Hwy 40 on the east side of Indianapolis when I was in the 6th grade. Strange things began to occur almost immediately. The house is a tri-level.

One evening while myself and some girlfriends were all upstairs talking we heard the rocking chair downstairs squeak as if someone was rocking in it. I thought maybe it was my sister and that maybe she had come in the back door. I got up and as I headed down the steps, once I got to the flat, the squeak stopped. I went on down but no one was there so I turned around and headed back up the steps. Just as I got to the top the squeak of the chair started again, so I went back down the steps only this time I turned the chair upside down.

Another story, my sister and myself shared a bedroom and one night she woke me up and told me her bed was shaking. I didn't believe her at first but then later when it happened again I felt it shaking too. Mine was steady and not being bothered so she slept with me that night. Another story, my brother had a friend of the family spend the night with him and his friend was woken by someone coming up the stairs, turning down the hallway, and coming into the room and stopped at his bed. He was so frightened that he never came back.

Another story, my mother thought we had played hooky one school day. We had an intercom throughout the house. She was doing dishes upstairs in the kitchen when she heard through the intercom children laughing coming from the downstairs. She went downstairs and there was nothing. We were all in school. These stories go on and on. The house is still haunted but they typically do nothing but make noises, crying, laughing, walking into the rooms, oh and yes they love to turn the TV off or on. They have sent pennies flying across the floor, and even sat down on the edge of the bed. – Contributed by Dawn

## Super-Natural Renovations

'73 to '74. Moved in a house that junkies "squatted" in before we moved in. During clean-up, we'd hear walking upstairs or in adjoining rooms. A friend of the family that was helping had three dogs, mean dogs. They were brought in to scare trespassers away but they cowered & had to be dragged out at the end of that cleaning session. One, a Bavarian shepherd that would bite Satan just spun in circles barking & staring upstairs.

I shared a bedroom with my nephew & we only had a box spring to sleep on. He'd have it one night while I slept on the floor, then the next night we'd trade. One evening it shook a few times. I knew he was just getting settled but if he shakes again I'm going to say something.

He says, "Hey man, why don't you relax." "Me," I snapped back, "I thought that was you!"

### *Disturbing the Dead*

*A large percentage of haunting activity occurs when people begin renovating a home or building.*

*One common theory is that the spirits were "sleeping" or lying dormant and the noise and activity woke them up. Another is that the spirits become angry when their former home starts changing from the way it was.*

*In most cases the activity calms down again after the renovations are complete.*

Fifteen minutes later he jumped straight up & shouted, "Something's pulling my blanket!" At the bottom right side of the box spring, there was a hole the size of a cantaloupe. His blanket had been pulled inside it. We had two cats & suspected it was one of them but when we lifted it, the corner of the blanket was the only thing we saw.

I wore a large afro then. I called it, ironically, a super-natural because it was a foot high. I got up earlier than anyone else in the house to prepare for school. I was combing it when I heard footsteps walking the 12' wooden porch leading to the door. It had a polyglass center & a shade in front of that. I raced down to see who was here this early before they woke the house. I pulled the shade open & there was no one there but the sound of the steps went right past me & up the stairs.

When I shared this with my nephew, he suggested I probably didn't have to comb my hair after that & I said, "No, it was OTAY," & did my best Buckwheat impersonation. – Contributed by Dwayne O. Parish

## Greeting an Unseen Visitor

Back in the early 1980s I was exercising six of our hounds together in the water meadow. They had, as usual, gone through the meadow at a gallop but on the way back were sniffing around for anything interesting. One bitch was slightly ahead of me and she suddenly stopped, started wagging her tail as she looked over to her right, walked a few yards to her right, and sat down with her head up as if greeting someone.

Then she got up and walked off and each of the other five, as they reached the same spot, did exactly the same thing. They had never done anything like this before and never did again but it was just as if there was a person they knew well standing there, except that they were much more submissive in their greeting than was usual for this exuberant group. – Contributed by Hilary

## Friendly Apparition

I guess it has probably been nearly 20 years ago since I had a ghost experience. At the time, I was in bed in my downstairs bedroom where it was substantially dark, although not dark enough so I couldn't see stuff in my room. I used to work 3<sup>rd</sup> shift, so I'd sleep during the day, and so kept my bedroom dark.

Anyway, I woke up and saw a faint image of someone standing at the foot of the bed facing me. It wasn't an entire body, but about down to the waist. Anyway, when I saw it, (I think it was a female form) I mentally said to her, "What are you doing here?" and with that it disappeared. It

wasn't spooky or scary at all; it was more like waking up and finding someone in your room who you didn't expect to be there.

I think some people make it spooky, but really, ghosts are just people who don't have a physical body. Just like other people, they come with different attitudes, understandings and so, if and when you experience the presence of a ghost, say hello and be friendly. :) – Contributed by Jerry Dechant

## Good Ghost, Bad Ghost

I have had a couple of experiences with “ghosts”. At least, that is all that I can call it, as I have no other category in which to put these experiences. I am not a person who looks for this kind of “adventure” so even I had a hard time believing it.

The first one happened when I was in college. I was attending a lecture given by a well-known Canadian photographer and the room had been darkened, to allow for us to watch his slide presentation. One series of photos were not my “cup of tea” and my mind wandered. I noticed a man walk down the center aisle, and move towards my photography teacher and his wife, who were sitting one row ahead of me and across the aisle. I noticed that he was blonde, tall, and slim and was wearing a plaid jacket.

He moved over to stand behind the couple and had a big smile on his face as he looked down at them. Suddenly, I realized that this was odd, and just as quickly as I realized that and focused my attention there, he was gone – I mean “disappeared”! I, of course, “freaked” and told my class mate what I had seen – and he, being quite familiar with the teacher, approached him after the session and told him the story. Apparently, I had described the teacher's wife's brother, who had recently passed, right down to the plaid jacket. She took it to mean that it was a message for her that he was okay and still with her.

The second incident happened on my way home from my job in the city. It was an hour or so drive, and on the particular occasion, I must have drifted off, because suddenly I felt my shoulder gripped and shaken hard, and realized I was headed for the ditch! I don't know which startled me more – almost crashing or that grip – since I was totally alone in the car. I know it wasn't my imagination because for a good ten minutes afterward, I could feel the remnants of that grip on my shoulder . . . and thank god for it. Those kinds of ghosts are always welcome . . .

There was one other incident, where I had just gone to bed. All of a sudden, I felt this weight on me, and heard this: “I've had enough of you”, and it felt as if the “presence” tried to bite off the side of my face. I wasn't sleeping or dreaming. I had just gotten into the bed – and I can tell you, I didn't stay there. Whatever it was I don't ever want to have that kind of experience again. – Contributed by J. Simpson

## “Night Marchers” on the Beach

I lived in Hawaii for 15 years and would often hear stories of ghosts that are specific to the Hawaiian Islands. One kind is known as the “Night Marchers”. They are supposed ghosts of dead warriors and/or royalty that periodically return to this world and march in formation once again. Just before I left Hawaii, I was camping out alone on a remote beach where I hoped no one would find me, but something did. In late May during the waning moon around 10 pm, I heard people walking by my tent. I thought they were fishermen out for a night dive so I just lay still and waited for them to pass, hoping not to be noticed.

That is when someone came to my tent and called out my name in a deep, guttural, masculine voice. I was petrified with fear because I knew it was something otherworldly. I was on an island where no one knew my name.

I later did some research; the Hawaiian moon calendar declared that that month and phase of the moon is when the “Night Marchers” appear. The beach where I camped, Anae’ho’omalua was the site where two major armies met in the days of old for a showdown.

My Hawaiian friend said, “Lucky you no get out of da tent.” It is said that if you cross their path, they will take you with them. Your body will be found and the doctors will put “heart failure” on your death certificate. I don’t care if people laugh at me; they ARE real. – Contributed by S. Hickman

## Just Passing Through

I used to live out in the country and we lived there several years with nothing happening. My life was and is still typical of most people in the USA today. The property is located at the bottom of a hill, but the area where the house is located is on top of a hill. The driveway was very steep and difficult to get up the driveway in inclement weather.

I used to work with mentally and physically handicapped adults in a classroom. There was one individual that had several handicaps and he took a liking to me. He had a surgery that ended up with complications and he passed away the next day. A few weeks after this I started noticing some sounds late at night when I was in the office. Didn’t think anything about it because we lived in the country and there are lots of sounds that make no sense. One night I turned around when I was surfing the net and saw what looked like a see through floating white mass with long eyes and a droopy mouth. It was completely transparent, but floating right at the door, not moving. Needless to say it scared me a whole lot. Actually, I thought I had fallen asleep and had been dreaming. These occurrences started happening more and more as the weeks went by. I started talking to the “ghost” and never got any reply or movement to me or away from me.

After several weeks I kept racking my brain trying to figure out why I was seeing this image more and more. It finally hit me who I thought it was. It was the ethereal image of this man who had passed away.

One day in the classroom I was in charge of several weeks before his demise he walked up behind me and patted my back. It was like some creepy ripple spread over my body. I twisted around to see what or who it was and it was this individual. It sent goose bumps up and down my entire body. I think he actually had passed something to me by the pat on my back.

I kept talking to this image over the next several weeks and I told him he needed to go home. It seemed like he was waiting for me to recognize him and let him know it was ok to pass on to the other side. Finally he never came back again, but this is where the interesting part comes in.

A couple of weeks after this I started seeing a progression of images or ghosts going from my son's room on the north side of the house to my bedroom where the ex was sleeping.

There were all kinds of images just walking through and not bothering anything but just moving through. There was this one that looked like a gypsy. The man was short and had a typical hat of the nineteenth century and a heavy wool suit. All these images were in grey tones, no color whatsoever. After this I never got too excited about them.

One night I got up to go to the bathroom and walked into the living room to get a drink. In a black chair we had there was this floating white cloud in the seat of the chair.

I know you are going to say it was a reflection from outside. It couldn't have been because we closed all the curtains so no one could look in after we went to bed.

### ***Haunted Places or People?***

*Robert A. Baker, a well-known skeptic, author and investigator of the paranormal, was fond of saying, "There are no haunted places, only haunted people."*

*Anyone who has ever had a paranormal experience would probably disagree with him - but is it possible that his assertion contains a grain of truth?*

*Why is it that certain residents of a supposedly haunted house can have dozens of paranormal experiences, while others living in the same house notice nothing unusual?*

*The answer may be as simple as varying levels of sensitivity to energy, which many people believe that spirits are; spiritual energy and intelligence (souls) of once-living persons.*

*In recent years, electronic equipment that can measure environmental changes such as abnormally high levels of electromagnetic energy, changes in temperature and barometric pressure, and other common signs of paranormal activity are becoming popular tools for investigators.*

*Readings from these machines can help confirm and verify the impressions of people who are experiencing unusual activity.*

I walked over to it and put my hands around it. The orb was cold and clammy feeling. I was able to put my hands through it and it felt like a dense fog, but in the house. After this I could feel a distinct temperature difference around that chair. I never told anyone about it, not even my son or the ex. She never knew about it due to some medical problems that could have caused her lots of complications.

One evening my son came out of his room and walked down the hallway to the family room and stopped and stared at me for a couple of moments. Didn't know what was wrong. He said how did you get in here. I said I had been here for over an hour and hadn't moved. He said he saw me in the office sitting at the computer. I asked him if this was something he had seen before. He said he had seen lots of things but thought I would say he was seeing things.

I told him about the start of the ghost stories. He said there were several incidents also. We kept hearing bells in the family room after this and never could find them. By the way, we both hate bells so there were none in the house.

We had cans fall off the shelf in the pantry that were single stacked, not 2, 3 or 4 high. We had a little Yorkshire terrier that would go into the kitchen and just start growling and barking, then fear would set in. This happened time after time.

We lived there for several years and had no problems with evil spirits, but lots of different beings passing through like we were not there.

A weird thing about having company over was they never came back inside the house. One of my son's friends came into the house and as soon as he walked in said what is wrong here. He had an uneasy feel as soon as he walked in. He came inside one other time and that was it. He would visit outside, but never in the garage or house after that.

The previous owners built the house 2 years before we bought it. When we bought it they were more than happy to move out. They moved within two weeks of the time we bought it. They built another house about a mile away very similar to that one, but on flat ground.

All my son and I could come up with for the reason there were ghosts in the house was where it was located. Remember when I first started this tome I told you the house was at the bottom of a hill, but up on top of a mound.

We think we were living on top of an Indian burial ground and the spirits were coming through me because of the man who touched my back and sent chills through my body. He knew he was not long for this world and gave me a part of him to help him pass on to get his much needed rest.



A few months after the beginning of the passing of the ghosts we moved. Since that time neither my son nor I have seen another ghost. A person sees things out of the corner of their eyes, but nothing as real as the experiences that we had in that house.

From the time we moved in, to the time we left it was nothing more than a place to live. In other words, it was a house and not a home. It was a great location, but I knew there was something not right about the house from the time we first saw it. Now we know what was wrong with the house. – Contributed by Dean Wankel

## A Visit from the Future

Something made me wake up one night and as I opened my eyes a young blonde man was starring me in the face. It was such a lovely face that I was not frightened by him. He told me that something major was going to happen to me and he showed me this very old staircase.

I kept looking for this over the years, thinking I might meet the man of my dreams there. I started to have heart troubles and then I got breast cancer. With all the chemo and radiotherapy my heart got worse. In the end they put me on the transplant list; I only had 24 to 48 hours left to live when a heart came through.

When I was well enough to walk around the hospital, I came across the old part of the Alfred hospital and there was the staircase. My heart donor was a 21 year old male so I gather it was him telling me what was going to happen. I feel so privileged to have met him. – Contributed by Shirley Fagg

## A Warning from Beyond

I ask not to see ghosts, but it is ok if I hear them or see them do physical actions, which brings me to my ghost story. I came to my grandmother's house to take care of her because she was getting dementia about 6 yrs ago. She was a strict Catholic and really didn't believe in the afterlife. On one of her good days I told her that when she died to let me know she was still around. She said she didn't think that was possible but would try if she could. She passed away about 6 months later and I am still living in her house.

One night I was cleaning the kitchen up after dinner in which we had lasagna or spaghetti . . . something with tomato sauce. I was washing off the countertop and noticed something on the floor. I looked and thought it was some sauce that had spilled while making dinner. But when I went to get a paper towel to wipe it up and came back the spot had grown.

It started from one end of the kitchen and went the length of the kitchen floor and made a right angle over to the chimney. I turned on the bigger light and realized it was not sauce but it looked

like the stuff you get in the hair dye boxes in the tubes that you apply weekly to keep the color up.

Now I knew I had a tube of that stuff in my bathroom on a shelf above the bathtub that I had never used. So I went and looked at the tube and it was flattened at the top like someone had used it. I matched the stuff in the tube to the stuff on the floor and indeed they were one in the same.

So I am thinking my Gramma did this and what was she trying to tell me? I was thinking . . . hair dye . . . is someone going to die? Am I dying? What is it? Well, she was pretty anal about keeping the kitchen floor clean and it did need a scrubbing, so I wrote it off as her wanting me to wash the floor.

A friend came over the next day and told me that the smell of gas was very strong in the house. So I called the gas company and they sent a man out to check for leaks. He told me that it was this pipe that ran along the ceiling in the basement and over to the furnace (L) shape, which was right next to the old coal chimney that ran up through the kitchen. This pipe that he showed me was directly under the kitchen and ran the length of it.

I got goose bumps when he showed it to me. So what Gramma was doing was outlining the gas pipe that was leaking, only I didn't really understand it until after the fact.

So pay attention to things that move and go bump in the night it may be one of your loved ones trying to tell you something. – Contributed by Karen Lehrke

## Tragedy Replayed

The most profound 'seeing' experience happened when I was 18 years old and studying for my A Levels at Friends School in Lisburn, Northern Ireland, which has been in existence for a few hundred years. It was mid-October and my final school exams were starting in a few days. I was a boarder at the school and it was well after 1am when I called it a night and closed my books.

I left my bedroom which was on the third floor of the boarding department, to visit the girls' communal bathroom. It was extremely cold and eerily quiet and as I rounded the corner, I saw a young woman standing about half-way down the long corridor, just past the bathroom's door. She was dressed in a soft grey long dress that looked like it was made of some warm material, with a bodice that was laced up the front and a white blouse of sorts. She had a pretty face and long blond hair that was neatly pinned back. I was so startled I said 'What are you doing?' (I was a senior Prefect, so checking on naughty girls up to no good was 2nd nature!) Then I realised she was a few years older than me and she looked so sad. My heart was pounding and I still remember the hot, prickly feeling that shot through my entire body when I realised I was seeing something that was paranormal.

A few moments went by and she just stood there, looking at me. I felt that nothing was going to happen unless I made some move, so I took a deep breath and started walking towards her. She watched me for a bit and as I got close to the bathroom door, she turned and calmly walked/glided further away, down the corridor.

At the end of the corridor was a door into a small TV room. I watched her go through this door towards the building's outside wall, where there was a large floor to ceiling window. She stopped, turned and looked at me and then turned back, paused for a second and then seemed to take a big step – and disappeared. Needless to say, my visit to the bathroom was the fastest ever!

A few days later, I plucked up the courage to tell one of the other senior girls, who told the Matron.

She called me into her study that night and explained to me that I had seen 'The Lady in Grey'. She said that this lady was a teacher at the school in the 16/17/18th century (can't recall which one), when Northern Ireland was at war.

I can't recall what the fighting was about but apparently, the winning side had taken to chopping off the heads of those opposing soldiers they killed, marching through the town of Lisburn with these gruesome heads impaled on pikes.

The Matron's story was that the Lady in Grey was engaged to a man who was on 'the other side'. Her family were completely against her engagement so she and her fiancé had decided to elope.

The day this was supposed to happen, this lady had looked out from her classroom and had seen her beloved's head impaled on a pike of a soldier marching past the school. She was so grief-stricken that she had taken her life, by jumping out of the floor-to-ceiling window that I had seen her disappear through.

### ***Simple Ways to Catch a Ghost***

*Even if you don't have access to fancy electronic equipment for ghost-hunting, there are many simple, affordable ways to try to capture paranormal evidence.*

***Digital Recorder*** - *Digital recording devices have become much less expensive than they used to be, and most of them are quite sensitive, able to pick up even subtle sounds like rustling or sighing.*

*Even better, they are available at most department stores that have electronics departments.*

*Set up your digital recorder in a location where you have been experiencing activity and allow it to record all night long (be sure to use a recorder with adequate recording time available). The next day, listen closely for any unusual sounds.*

***Electromagnetic Field Meter*** - *Many paranormal investigators believe that the existence of ghosts or spirits create fluctuations in electromagnetic fields, which can be measured with a small electronic device called an EMF meter.*

*Take readings of your home during calm moments and again when activity spikes and see if there is a difference between the two.*

She apparently has been seen through the centuries many times, but always on that night in mid-October – the anniversary of her and her fiancé's death. The school records these appearances and the Matron offered to show me the archives, but with exams upon me – and then the celebrations of leaving school forever, I never took her up on her offer. – Contributed by Sheelagh

## Ghostly Hitchhiker

My wife and I were on our way home after visiting her brother. It was just a little after 10:00 P.M. As we were driving along, my wife (Linda) said it felt as though someone was sitting in the back seat with their knees pushing against the back of her seat, making it very uncomfortable for her to sit there.

I said "If you want to ride with us, shift over a bit so Linda is comfortable." At once the pressure eased up and Linda said she was fine. There was not much traffic coming our way, but every so often I would glance in the rearview mirror to ensure I was not being tailgated.

Well, about a minute after my statement, I glanced in the rearview mirror and could see a tall young man (about 6'2"? approx.) sitting in the centre of the back seat. He had a slim build and a hair style like the 50's duck tail that was popular with the guys. I then told Linda what was going on, and said I was going to check something out. I made sure no traffic was coming our way, and quickly looked over my right shoulder. There was no-one in the back seat.

I figured that that was kind of interesting and checked the rear view mirror again. The young man was still sitting in the same position and I could see the outline of him as clearly as I could see my wife. I then told him he was welcome to come all the way home with us or he could leave anytime he wanted. We lost him a few miles after that.

Linda and I were not in the least disturbed by this, and we hope that at least for a little while, we were able to make him feel welcome. We hope that he will soon find the peace that he deserves and is reunited with his loved ones. For me personally, it was an experience I will never forget. – Contributed by John Stufko

## Premonitions of Loss

I'm sorry, but I have a one-of-a-kind name so I am using only my first initial and maiden name lest the rest of my family stumbles upon this confession in a Google search. Only my poor husband knows about these experiences and has even somewhat witnessed them through his close association with me, but I have had no less than 4 "encounters" so far.

The first and oldest seems more and more like a dream as time passes (at least I wish it had been). My Grandpa had been in the hospital in Houston for a few weeks in critical condition. My brother and I lived with him and Grandma at the time. I was six. One night, when I knew Grandma was asleep and alone while Grandpa was away, I took this opportunity to slowly crawl into her room, hoping to get some of the Oreos she kept stashed under the bed.

I was just pulling out the long rectangular Tupperware container which held my prey, when I heard my Grandpa's voice sternly snap out my name with the tone he'd always used when I was in for a whoopin'. Almost that same instant, as I jumped out of my skin, startled, the phone at Grandma's bedside rang. It was very, very late (or early, however you wish to see it), and as Grandma sat up to answer the phone, I started wailing with despair . . .

Grandpa was dead, and I knew it before Grandma even picked up the phone to get the news from the hospital. My grandparents had lived in that house for almost 50 years . . . he'd built it himself. So it doesn't surprise me that others have seen, heard and in some cases felt grandpa's presence.

Ten years after his death, his 2 year old grandson, who had never seen him in life, would suddenly call out a hello to a corner of the living room. When asked who he was talking to, he'd reply it was his Papa (the name our Grandpa asked us to call him). "Can't you see him? He's a big man!" this toddler would shout out. Grandpa was 6 foot 3 and 250 lbs.

From time to time, Grandma said she would awake suddenly when someone would slap the bottom of her bare feet jutting out from beneath the blanket.

Grandpa loved to mess with her like this in life. Guests sleeping over would hear noise out in his woodshop at night, but checking it out would reveal only his empty two story shop and silent tools and equipment.

Having once before known someone I loved was dead before the news was delivered through normal channels, I was not surprised by my latest experience a month ago.

I was standing in the bathroom with the door open to the hall, brushing my hair when I saw to my left side someone pass by in the hallway wearing a brown flannel shirt. My husband never wears anything flannel since his "grunge" days in college, but here he was standing there dressed like my Dad would dress, staring quietly at me while I finished tying up my hair for the night before I turned to look at him. When I finally turned to make fun of him for his clothes and ask where he'd dug them up, no one was there.

No one was in the hall anymore . . . and I thought suddenly and quite strongly of my father. Calling to my husband, he shouted back from the living room. He'd heard someone by the front door and then moving down the hall but had thought it was me.

We called to check on my Dad. To my sadness and horror, I was informed he had just died less than half an hour ago. It comforts me that he'd decided to come for one last look at me. –  
Contributed by D. Wallace

## Messages from Mark

In 1983 my cousin Mark was murdered. I was not really close to him but his death impacted me so much! He had just graduated HS and was going to start college. He and his girlfriend went to a rock concert. On the way home they stopped to get something to eat. That is when some guy tried to rob him and Mark was shot in the head in the scuffle.

I had never had "Ghost Encounters" until Mark passed. It started the night of his first "viewing". He had no flowers when we got to the funeral home so my son and daughter and I went to get some. When we were leaving the florist shop the sales person gave us 3 individual "red long-stemmed roses". When we got to the funeral home we placed the flowers by the casket and the roses on the lid of the casket.

As his parents were viewing the body, they started looking closely at the area near Mark's head. They called the Funeral director in and he started looking as well. They talked a bit then the F/D took the long-stemmed roses from the top of the casket and placed them alongside Mark's head . . . strange at the time.

The next day I went and bought a rosary for Mark just in case he did not have one. That night at the rosary service at the Catholic Church, I found a little black rosary on the pew I sat in. It was coiled up and the crucifix was standing straight-up. It caught my eye and I picked it up. Mark's classmates started to view him and placed flowers, pictures, notes on his chest and consequently they all covered his hands as well.

I was so overwhelmed with grief that I forgot about the rosary I had bought for him and did not place it in the casket. The day of the funeral (after he was interred) I told my aunt and Mark's mom about the rosary I had bought and about the little rosary I had found. I showed the little black rosary to my aunt and she freaked out!!! She said "this is Mark's rosary. How did you get it??" I told her what happened in the church. By this time they were crying and could not recall if Mark had "his rosary" at the time he was interred. His hands were covered with flowers and the other stuff his classmates had placed on him . . . strange.

Two weeks later I was sitting in my living room talking to my husband before work. There was an atrium that ran the entire length of the house and the living room opened up to it. As we were talking I saw a plant in the atrium move as if someone peered out through the plant. I caught a quick glimpse of the person. I turned and the leaves of the plant were moving but no one was there.

My husband got up to see if someone was perhaps in the next room . . . No, no one was there. Within 2 minutes after that I saw Mark walking through the atrium!!!! He was clear as day but I could see through him!!!! My husband asked me what was wrong. He had his back to the atrium so he did not see Mark. Of course my husband thought I was losing my mind.

I know what I saw. I will never forget it. Mark was wearing a crazy “tacky” outfit. It was a multi-colored t-shirt with a hole at the bottom, navy blue cord pants and Van’s slip-ons with black and white checks. A couple of hours later my other cousin called me all scared and told me that her daughter Nannett had stated that she had “seen Mark” at Doreen’s house (my house). In a lucid dream perhaps, or maybe some sort of “vision”.

She was in her bedroom in her home . . . AND she had never seen the atrium since it had just been added to our home. Nannett had not visited my home since it had been built. She described the area of my home where she saw Mark, which was the description of the atrium! She described the same outfit including the T-shirt with the hole. However, in her case Mark was wearing “light blue” cord pants. We could not quite understand what had happened.

We waited a couple of weeks before approaching his mother with our experience. When we did, we were shocked to find out that Mark would wear that outfit when he worked on his car . . . and he wore either his navy blue cords or his light blue cord pants.

She took us to his closet, opened the door and there was the shirt with the hole on the bottom, cord pants, light blue and dark blue and checkered Van’s!!!! His mom was sure we saw Mark. There is no way we could have known about the “crazy outfit” . . . strange.

At that moment I decided to ask her why they had placed the roses near Mark’s head at the first viewing. She said, “It was so strange. There were three drops of

## ***Spirit Communication***

*Various ways to communicate with spirits:*

***Ouija board*** – A board with letters and numbers and a “planchette” (pointer) that can be manipulated by the spirit to spell out messages to the living.

***Automatic writing*** – Relaxing your focus, allowing a spirit to control of your hand and write messages on paper.

***Pendulum*** – A small pendant or stone suspended from a chain. Questions are asked of the spirits with instructions to swing the pendulum clockwise for yes, counterclockwise for no.

***Trance mediumship*** – A medium (spirit sensitive) allows a spirit to take over his or her consciousness and communicate with the living.

*Most experts agree that spirit communication by these methods or others can be dangerous because you are essentially “opening a door” between the physical and spiritual realms and may not be able to keep out less desirable entities.*

*It’s a good idea to seek the assistance of an experienced spirit communicator, or at least ground and protect yourself before attempting spirit communication.*

fresh red blood on the pillow next to his head.” They placed the roses there to hide them!

A few weeks after this visit with his mom, I had done some “automatic writing”. I did not even know what that was!!! I was sitting with a pen in my hand, ready to write down a grocery list when all of a sudden I started writing BUT, “I” wasn’t actually consciously doing the writing. It was a scary feeling. I just went with it.

Mark had communicated saying that he took the “roses” because me and my children had cared enough to get the flowers for him. He stated that the three roses represented me and my two kids and that he would be with us always and watch over us . . . he has to this day. My son and daughter believe it too!

Mark communicated messages to me, directed to his mother, for months. She was able to validate the messages as she knew what he was talking about. I did not!!!

She said that the handwriting looked exactly like Mark’s. She showed me some old homework papers of his. Sure enough, it was the same script!

Then all of a sudden Mark stated that he could no longer communicate that way . . . other spirits were “getting in” and that was not good. (We had started experiencing poltergeist activity in the house. This is a whole other story.)

He said, “Stop this form of communication. I will leave you signs to let you know that I am with you.” He then drew a sideways 8 with a little tail on one end. I did not know what that meant. Later we were told that it could be an “infinity sign”.

I started finding them all over the place, made from anything from string to wire. Soon my children were finding them as well. I mean sure you will find something in that shape once in a while . . . but, everyday 10-20 times a day, all the same perfect shape of an 8 with a tail??? To this day we find them. Not in copious amounts like years back, but on a regular basis. Makes sense now, an infinity sign with Mark’s personal trademark, “a little tail”.

Many more things happened during that time. Especially with the poltergeist activity before Mark said to STOP! I even got some help from Thelma Moss and Cary Gainer. They were parapsychologists at UCLA and were the technical advisors for the movie “The Entity”. I would go into that but it is too much to share in this format.

All I know is that Mark is still near. It seems that when I or my kids are going through a rough moment Mark will leave us his “mark” to let us know “I am here”. I guess it is Mark’s way of letting us know he is our “Guardian Angel forever and into infinity”. Love you Mark! – Contributed by Doreen



## Mischievous Former Tenant

I moved into my present flat in Sept 1991, actually 19/9/91. I was not aware that the previous occupant had died of a heart attack in the bathroom, on the toilet!

The move took a week and once I had moved in, I started to paint the flat which was all in pink; pink rooms, pink doors, pink carpet! It is quite possible that painting the flat in white may or may not have upset the unseen occupant, who, again, I learned much later, loved her flat and simply loved the colour pink!

I would start painting the flat as soon as I returned home from work and continued painting for 3-4 hours each evening. One evening a colleague telephoned me. He was on the night shift and wanted to have a bit of a chat, so I told him to call back as I was in the process of washing the paintbrushes and then wanted to watch a favourite soap, could he call after the soap finished? He agreed.

Whilst I was washing the brushes in the bathroom, the bathroom door quietly closed, despite there being a door stop. Not only did the door close, but all the hinges etc. of the door lock – internal mechanism, simply came apart and fell into the door cavity, thus locking me inside the bathroom.

Now the bathroom does not have any windows, just a ventilation system. I used whatever instruments I had on hand to try to un-jam the door/lock but to no avail, I was locked in!

At about 8pm, I heard my phone ringing and ringing, this was my colleague phoning me back. By this time, I had started to feel fairly dizzy, as the ventilation system was not just old but had not been serviced for years!

At about 9pm the phone started to ring again, and then again at 10pm. All this time, I did what I could to open the bathroom door, but it was shut so tight! I did have an old knife with me that I had used to stir the paint. Well that was no help either, apart from the fact that I managed to take the door handle out as well as some of the mechanism, thus making a small hole in the door, just big enough for an eye to peer out of! All this time, I kept shouting for help – to no avail!

Thankfully, one of the walls of the bathroom divides my flat from the next door flat, so I started hammering on the wall. Nothing happened! I remembered the elderly lady who lived next door was hard of hearing and she'd had her T.V. on full blast, so I banged on the wall harder than ever.

At around 11:30ish, the old lady heard the banging, and managed to make out that I had been locked inside my bathroom. She said she would call our housekeeper, who lived a few doors down. Just my luck, the housekeeper was out! All this while the phone kept ringing and ringing!

It must have been around midnight that I heard the housekeeper with a locksmith trying to open my front door, and all I could hear was that the front door was jammed, the lock would not turn!

Anyway, the locksmith managed to partially break the front door down. Once in, the elderly lady asked if she should answer my phone which had been ringing incessantly. I could hear her say to my colleague 'No you can't speak to her, she is locked in her bathroom'. The poor locksmith had to break the bathroom door down as he was totally unable to open it from the outside.

When the door finally opened, he accused me of having turned the inside lock! But on closer inspection, he just could not understand why the main part of the lock mechanism had fallen inside the door cavity! 'Oh' he said, 'poor workmanship'.

Now the previous occupant had lived in this flat for years and years, and she never had a problem with the locks on the doors! How did the doorstop move away from the door? What made the door close? There was no breeze. I had had my back to the bathroom door, when it closed shut!

About 4 months down the line, I was told by my elderly neighbour, who had been childhood friends with the previous occupant of my flat that the lady had died in the bathroom.

After this incident, a number of other occurrences took place, i.e. the cooker would turn on by itself, just the gas! When having a really hot bath one night, I found myself looking up at the mirror to see an invisible hand writing the full name of the previous occupant!

This was the last straw. I asked this lady to go in peace and leave me alone. Though she did leave me in peace, I would see from time to time a shadow flitting past,

### ***Like Attracts Like?***

*There is a theory that people who are sensitive to spirits usually attract entities that exist on a similar mental and emotional wavelength.*

*For example, a person who is often stuck in negative thoughts and turbulent emotions may be more likely to attract spirits that are also negative in nature. Likewise for bright, positive people attracting more benevolent spirits.*

*It is also believed that spirits may be drawn to activities that reflect their dominant state of focus while they were alive. A person who drinks heavily may attract spirits who were also heavy drinkers or drug abusers – almost as if the spirits wish to live vicariously through the activities of the living person.*

*Fascinating experiments have been performed based on this theory, with promising results. In homes where negative spirit activity was recorded, occupants deliberately began improving their moods and attitudes by focusing on happiness, love and joy. They threw loud, fun parties, played cheerful music at top volume, and filled their homes with flowers and sunlight. More often than not, this creates an inhospitable atmosphere for the negative spirit(s) - they leave and the activity stops.*

going towards the very tall Victorian windows overlooking a garden.

I was then told by my next door neighbour that Ms. Barrow had her desk near the window, where she would sit and write – she had been one of the top committee members of the Royal Society for the Blind, an organisation she had committed her life to, and in return had been awarded an OBE (Order of the British Empire).

Day's later, I called in a priest to come and bless the flat! But did Ms. Barrow leave?? She would return every now and again. She left me in peace 4 years later, when my elderly neighbour died in her sleep in the flat next door! For my new neighbour who moved in, that is another story!

Not wishing to take any more chances, I decided to keep a cat, and when he passed away, I have kept other cats – they are pretty sensitive things and no doubt would warn me of any unseen, eerie, not-of-this-world beings!!! – Contributed by Lubna

## Silent Specters

During college, I was doing an internship and staying with friends of the family, a married couple in their forties, in St. Petersburg, Florida.

One night I awoke to what seemed to be some sort of “hissing” sound. When I opened my eyes, there was an old woman glaring back at me. She was barely 2 feet away and appeared to be yelling at me, but could only muster this faint, raspy hiss. I was frozen with fear.

She was translucent, so I could sort of see through her. I could feel the cold, and see that she did not want me there. I eventually came to my senses, and I yelled, “Go away! Go away! You don't belong here!” And she vanished.

So, the next morning as I sat down to breakfast with my hosts, I told them about my encounter from the night before. Both of their faces turned white. They looked at each and then back at me. Then they told me that the previous owner was an old, mute woman who had died in the very room I was staying in.

And here's another fun one . . . I grew up in the Pinelands area of South Jersey. It is well known for being home to the legendary “Jersey Devil”.

There is a mile and a half stretch of road called United States Avenue, with nothing but thick woods on either side and almost no streetlights. We used to drive this route to get to high school and to visit friends on the other side of town.

Well, one night I was driving back home along this route. Off in the distance on the right-hand side of the road, there was some strange illumination. I began to slow down. As I got closer, it appeared to be some sort of humanoid type figure running through the woods toward the road.

I slowed even more and tried to focus my eyes. I was now within 50-100 feet of this thing, and it looked almost like a person engulfed from head to toe in red and yellow flame. They were running quickly toward the roadside.

Now, the woods along the road were cut back about 15 feet on each side. As it approached the clearing, I slammed on my brakes. This thing hit the clearing for a couple steps and then jumped all the way across the road in front of my car and landed on the other side.

But then it stopped. It stopped and turned its head to look at me. I froze. It only looked for a second, but what's weird was that it was a puzzled look, as if to say "What are you doing here?"

I felt as if I had somehow stepped into this creature's world or dimension. Then it turned away, started running into the woods for another 10 feet or so, and then just vanished.

I was all alone, stopped in the middle of this dark road. My heart was pounding through my chest and I was squeezing that steering wheel like my life depended on it. I finally regained some composure, hit the automatic door lock, and sped home. To this day, I am still not exactly sure what kind of entity I saw there.

These are just two of the many encounters I have had over the years. – Contributed by Scott

## Loving Caretaker

I have had a great many experiences with ghosts. For some reason I seem to attract them. The experience that is most precious to me is an experience I had with the ghost of my mother who crossed over 36 years ago.

I was pregnant with my son who is now 16 and had some complications, which resulted in an emergency c-section. I was rushed to the hospital in Baltimore hemorrhaging and fighting for my life and the life of my son. I arrived at Johns Hopkins University Hospital and a fetal monitor detected no heartbeat. I was rushed to surgery to stop the bleeding and to remove the baby.

When I woke up from surgery I learned from my very good friend that my baby was in the neonatal intensive care unit and that I was also in intensive care. She had told the nurses she was my sister.

As we were talking a woman came into my room and said that she needed to check my incision. She looked so much like my mother but I was in a drugged state and slipping in and out of

consciousness, I couldn't speak to her. She was wearing a white nurse's uniform, blue sweater and paper hat. Her auburn hair was done up in a 1950's style.

She checked my incision and told me that no one had washed my legs. She went to the sink and brought back a tub and sponge and washed my legs. When she was finished she held my hand as I drifted in and out of consciousness. She told me that both my son and I would be all right, and left the room.

My friend told me that after she left me and the nurse she went to the NICU to see my son. She left my son's side crying because the nurses had told her that he had no heartbeat when he was born and he had a 50 percent chance of survival. The nurses in the ICU had just told her that they did not expect me to live through the night.

As she walked through the doors the same nurse who had entered my room was walking into the NICU and stopped her and hugged her and told her not to worry, that we would both be all right.

We were all right, and when my son was three months old we took a trip to my family home. I brought back a box of pictures from my childhood and was showing them to my friend. We went through many, laughing at the clothing, the hairstyles.

And then we got to my mother's nursing school graduation picture. My friend froze and asked me who was in the picture. I told her that it was my mother.

She broke out in goose bumps and said, "She was there. She washed your legs, she told me you and David would be okay." And I knew it too. Her presence has always been with me. I have always felt her and knew that I would be all right. – Contributed by Maureen O'Toole

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